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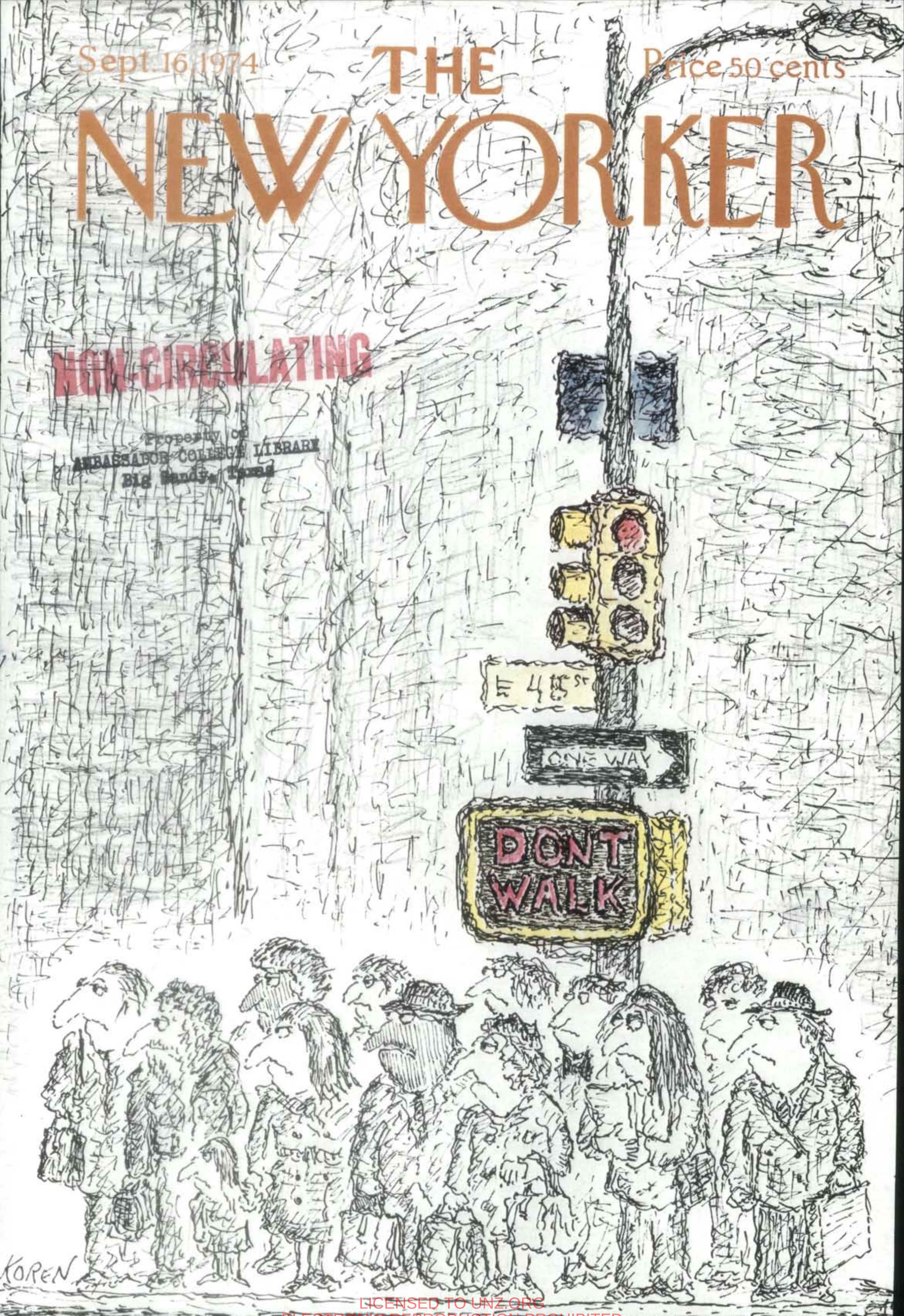
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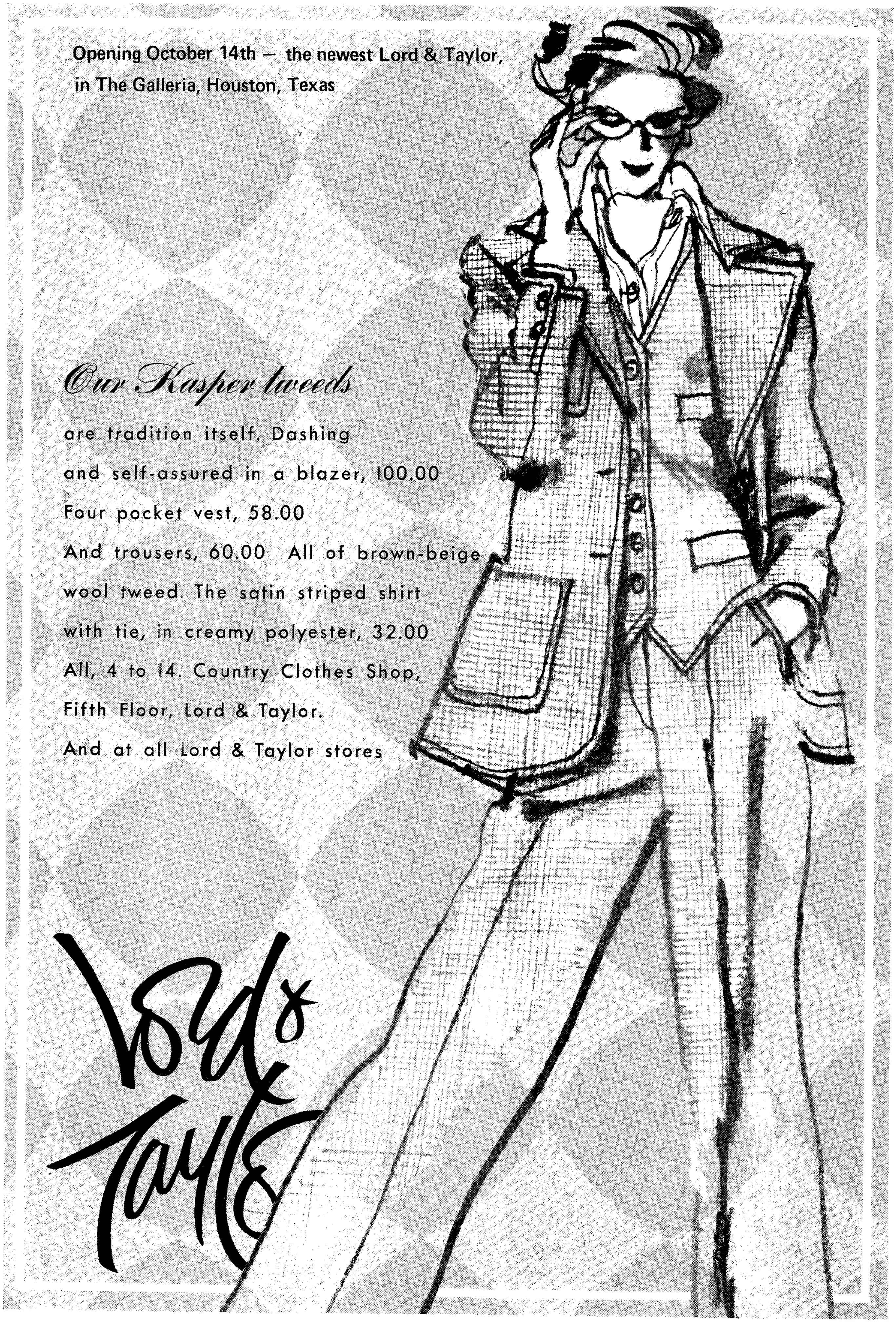

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Bad Habits—A pair of very funny one-acters by Terrence McNally, each of them set in a sanatorium. The performances, under the direction of Robert Drivas, couldn't be better. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Candide—A triumphant version of the once-doomed Bernstein-Wilbur-Voltaire musical. Voltaire still comes out last, but it doesn't matter. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Lorelei—The first ghost musical. The only thing in it that is not ectoplasm is the star, Carol Channing, who has true grit and would break her own leg for a laugh. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Magic Show—A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning are worth going to see. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Nightly, except Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten—Colleen Dewhurst, Jason Robards, and Tom Clancy, in José Quintero's stunning production of one of the great O'Neill soul-searchings, with self-hatred nearly always outwitting self-esteem. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

My Fat Friend—Being fat is a familiar metaphor for feeling unloved, and Lynn Redgrave touchingly plays a fat girl determined to get thin and be loved. George Rose plays a bitchy homosexual friend of hers, all for laughs, and laugh we do. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Over Here!—A musical about the war-torn forties, little of which is to be believed, though nearly all of it can be enjoyed. With the Andrews Sisters and a large, capable cast. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Scapino—Closed for four weeks; scheduled to reopen at the Ambassador Theatre, 215 W. 49th St., 265-1855, on Friday, Sept. 27.

Thieves—A sort of "Grand Hotel" of high-rise apartment living, blessed by the presence of Marlo Thomas. The author is Herb Gardner. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Why Hanna's Skirt Won't Stay Down—A play by Tom Eyen. (Top of the Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. YU 2-9292. Tuesdays at 7:30 and 9:45, and Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The World of Lenny Bruce—Frank Speiser in a one-man show. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE:** A sparkling all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll, with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good. Reopens Wednesday, Sept. 18. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,985 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30.

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Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)... **GOOD EVENING:** Peter Cook and Dudley Moore in a splendid two-man revue. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3.)... **EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA:** A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays at 8; Wednesdays at 8 and 10; Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **MOONCHILDREN:** Michael Weller's comedy about a group of college students living a communal life back in the sixties. Mr. Weller is a quite funny writer, and the tone of his play always seems right, but his perpetually prankish and plaintive characters, in their undergraduate limbo, become very wearing after an act or two. The production, under John Pasquin's direction, is excellent. With Jim Jansen and Renée Tadlock, among other good actors. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.) ... **PIPPIN:** A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry and John Rubinstein play Charlemagne and his son. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **RAISIN:** A jaunty and heartwarming musical has been made out of Lorraine Hansberry's old-fashioned play about a black Chicago family on its way to white middle-class mediocrity. Directed and choreographed by Donald McKayle. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th

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DRAWINGS: *George Price, James Stevenson, Charles Addams, J. B. Handelsman, Lee Lorenz, George Booth, Frank Modell, Alan Dunn, Burt Silverman, Stan Hunt, Charles Saxon, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Joseph Mirachi, Tom Funk, Donald Reilly*

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MISCELLANY

National Mexican Festival and Rodeo—Marches, drills, and riding events, set to the music of a mariachi band. Tony Aguilar, Flor Silvestre, and their sons, fifteen-year-old Tonito and six-year-old Pepito, head the troupe. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday through Friday, Sept. 11-13, at 8; Saturday, Sept. 14, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Sept. 15, at 2 and 6; Monday, Sept. 16, at 8; and Tuesday, Sept. 17, at 4.)

BALLET

Stars of the Bolshoi Ballet—A company of a hundred and thirty, headed by Maya Plisetskaya and including a corps de ballet and a symphony orchestra, in a one-week engagement—Tuesday, Sept. 17, at 8: Act II of "Swan Lake," *divertissements,* and "Carmen Suite" (New York première).... ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 18, at 8: "Ecole de Ballet" and *divertissements* including "La Rose Malade" (New York première).... ¶ Thursday, Sept. 19, at 8: "Black Swan Pas de Deux" and "Ecole de Ballet."... ¶ Friday, Sept. 20, at 8: Act II of "Swan Lake," *divertissements,* and "Carmen Suite."... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 21, at 2: "Ecole de Ballet" and *divertissements* including "The Dying Swan."... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 21, at 8: Act II of "Swan Lake," *divertissements,* and "Carmen Suite."... ¶ Sunday, Sept. 22, at 2: "Chopiniana" and *divertissements* including "La Rose Malade." (Metropolitan Opera House. For information about tickets, call 799-5089.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

Chet Baker—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Trumpet, leading a trio, Mondays and Tuesdays, from nine-thirty to three.

Gato Barbieri—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Tenor saxophone, leading a sextet, at ten, through Sunday, Sept. 15.

Kenny Burrell—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Guitar, leading a quartet, at nine-thirty, through Saturday, Sept. 14.

Jaki Byard—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, with bassist Major Holley, from nine, on Sundays.

Barbara Carroll—Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Piano, at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one, except Sundays and Mondays.

Ron Carter, Frank Wess, Roland Hanna, and Ben Riley—Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245). Bass, flute and tenor saxophone, piano, and drums, respectively. Starting Wednesday, Sept. 18, from nine to three.

Roy Eldridge—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Trumpet, with Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, Major Holley, and Eddie Locke. Nine-thirty to three, except Sundays.

Maynard Ferguson—Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300). Trumpet, leading a combo, at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 11-12.

Sonny Greer / Russell Procope / Brooks Kerr—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Drums, reeds, and piano, respectively. Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three, and Sundays from five-thirty to seven-thirty and nine-thirty to twelve-thirty.

Tiny Grimes—West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750). Guitar, leading a trio, from nine to one, Wednesdays and Thursdays.

Roy Haynes—Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832). Drums, leading a quintet. From ten to three, Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 12-14.

Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). With vocalist Dee Dee Bridgewater, Mondays at ten.

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Lee Konitz—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Alto saxophone, leading a trio. Wednesdays and Thursdays, from nine-thirty to three.... ¶ Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Mondays and Tuesdays, from nine-thirty to two-thirty.

Ellis Larkins—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Piano, with bassist Al Hall, from eight to one, except Sundays.

Peggy Lee—Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000). Singing at dinner and supper, beginning Thursday, Sept. 19.

Odetta—Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870). Singing, beginning Wednesday, Sept. 18.

Buddy Rich—Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855). Drums, leading a septet, except Sundays.

Sonny Rollins—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Tenor sax, leading a quartet, at nine-thirty, beginning Monday, Sept. 16.

Jimmy Rowles—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, from nine-thirty to two-thirty, except Sundays.

Zoot Sims—Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150). Tenor sax with guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli, from nine-thirty to one, except Saturday through Monday, Sept. 14-16.

Mel Tormé—St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500). Songs, at dinner and supper, except Sundays and Mondays. Beginning Thursday, Sept. 12.

Michal Urbaniak—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Electric violin, leading his quintet, Fusion. Starting Tuesday, Sept. 17, at ten.

Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Guitar duo. Sundays, from nine until two.

Dick Wellstood—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272). Piano, with trumpeter Billy Butterfield, saxophonist Kenny Davern, bassist Milt Hinton, and drummer Ronnie Cole. From nine-fifteen to one, except Sundays and Mondays.

●

(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A knickknack-cluttered, seaworthy, pub-flavored Chelsea gathering place that could easily be converted into a curio shop. The John Lewis Sound, a straightforward jazz trio led by drummer-pianist Lewis, ascends the central, elevated bandstand Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—On Mondays, between nine-fifteen and one, the Grove Street Stompers go to town on "Cake Walkin' Babies" and similar classics. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine to three, pianist Mabel Godwin conjures up other styles, other seasons. Closed Sundays.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—A soul-food restaurant with *savoir-cuire* and hospitality, but with such minor physical handicaps as obstructing pillars and a glare that pours out from the kitchen whenever the doors swing open. The jazz that is featured here is well chosen and well miked. Reedman Robin Kenyatta, who was formerly considered an avant-gardist, now works at combining jazz, soul, and reggae. He and his quartet perform through Saturday, Sept. 14. The Alex Wayne trio takes on the Sunday chores on Sept. 15, and on Tuesday, Sept. 17, drummer Zahir Batim brings in his Notorious Ensemble, a quartet. Starting Wednesday, Sept. 18, a fine, four-part collaboration that calls itself the New York Jazz Quartet takes off on numbers like "Who Can I Turn To?" and "Quiet Nights" in up-tempoed, undainty fashion. Its members are drummer Ben Riley, ex-Basie tenor saxophonist and flutist Frank Wess, superbassist Ron Carter, and Roland Hanna, who hovers over the piano keys (sometimes perched on a bench and a telephone directory) and pounces on them in a vigorous attack. Nine to three are the music hours. Closed Sundays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A Colosseum of a folk-and-rock club (by New York standards), this four-hundred-and-fifty-seat house somehow doesn't seem so amphitheatrical as it does intimate. Its top-notch sound system adequately projects even private, diffident performers, and its sensible seating plan provides tiered sections of aisled tables and chairs. Maynard Ferguson, once the Phillippe Petit of trumpet players, now churns out funky and gospel-tinged jazz with his band. Divided We Stand, a local four-person comedy troupe, opens things up for Ferguson Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 11-12. Friday through Monday, Sept. 13-16, Martha Reeves and her backup group let loose some fiery, soul-disposed energy. Franklyn Ajaye, a young comedian from Los Angeles whose routines depend on ghetto humor, appears on the bill with Reeves and company. Little Feat, a rock sextet that plays the West Coast blues, performs opposite Texas folkster Michael Murphy Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 17-18. And beginning Thursday, Sept. 19, singer Syreeta Wright, whose material is primarily the work of Stevie Wonder, trades sets with singer and pianist Mose Allison, who simultaneously creates a country and urbane presence, as he culls and borrows from Muddy Waters, Hank Williams, and Thelonius Monk. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Snacks.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Exercising a good and reverent ear for music, this warm and friendly bar and restaurant enjoys a high reputation among musicians and listeners alike. The choice spot in the room is the end of the bar, nearest the music corner. Jimmy Rowles, a subtle pianist and an occasional crackly-voiced singer, is currently occupying that niche with bassist Bill Takas. Sundays, Jaki Byard, an accomplished pianist who plays in many styles, receives enthusiastically good-natured support from bassist Major Holley. Nine-thirty to two-thirty every night but Sunday, when the music runs from nine to one.

Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855)—Several spotlights in this pleasant second-story jazz room illuminate Buddy Rich with his explosive septet—probably one of the best groups that Rich has worked with in years. Sal Nistico and Joe Romano make up a splendid reed section; Anthony Jackson is the strikingly agile electric bassist; John Bunch does wonders on piano; Angel Aaende more than holds his own on congas; and Jack Wilkins, a young guitarist, can be as lilting or as gutsy as the occasion may require. Rich himself holds the whole ensemble together wonderfully, and even soloes at times, but never at undue length. Two shows weeknights, three shows Fridays and Saturdays. Snacks. Closed Sundays.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Barbara Carroll, an accomplished pianist who played bop on 52nd Street in the late forties with guitarist Chuck Wayne, among others, is here Tuesdays through Saturdays. With an occasional look of wild delight on her face, she plays full-bodied piano with support from her bassist. At nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one. Dinner and supper.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—A casual and sometimes overly animated restaurant with a piano in the thick of

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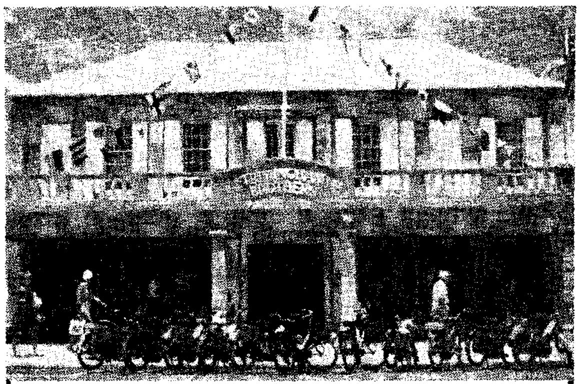

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it. Ellis Larkins, a subdued, understated pianist, along with his bassist, Al Hall, manages to capture the attention of his mostly preoccupied audience with gently playful but demanding stylings. The music runs from eight to one. Dick Hyman claims the keyboard on Sundays. Dinner.

Grand Finale, 210 W. 70th St. (595-4206)—A large square room, with red walls, red carpeting, red tablecloths, and Italian dishes with tomato sauce. Alaina Reed, a capable and vivacious young singer, performs Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Sunday, Sept. 15, singer Marta Heflin tackles some lightweight rock tunes. Mondays are devoted to unveiling new talent. Shows begin at nine and midnight.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An up-to-date version of the neighborhood pub. Twenty-two-year-old stride stylist and Ellingtonia fancier Brooks Kerr works with and learns from drummer Sonny Greer, who began his relationship with Ellington in 1919, and saxophonist Russell Procope, who joined the Ellington reed section in 1945. Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three, and Sundays from five-thirty to seven-thirty and nine-thirty to twelve-thirty. Alto saxophonist Lee Konitz sparks a trio, which also supports vocalist Lynn Crane, on Mondays and Tuesdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Wednesdays through Saturdays from four-thirty until eight-thirty, Gene Roland's Twilight Quartet, headed by the one-time Kenton trumpeter and arranger, is featured. Snacks.

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—Having moved this enterprise uptown from its former well-worn and warmly regarded informal quarters on Spring Street, the management has proved shrewd. The Half Note, now, by virtue of its polish, decorum, and black-tied waiters, a night club, is enjoying success on the crest of revitalized night life in the city. The very fine guitarist Kenny Burrell works with his quartet opposite pianist Lance Hayward through Saturday, Sept. 14. On Monday, Sept. 16, the great tenor player Sonny Rollins arrives to give vent to his crisply melodic, hard-driving solos. Music from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Popcorn and darts. Pianist Mike Abene plays through Sunday, Sept. 15, and Lance Hayward reclaims the piano stool on Monday, Sept. 16. Jim Roberts takes over, as usual, every Wednesday. On Sundays, Jane Valentine, a jazz singer, performs, and bassist Lyn Christie helps out Fridays and Saturdays. Live sounds from nine-thirty to three.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It's a long way from Bourbon Street, but the message is still clear. Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, Major Holley, and Eddie Locke deliver it from nine-thirty to three. Nightly, except Sundays, when the Frankie Dash quartet moves in.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—This once and recent New York pinnacle on the overamplified rock-folk-and-blues circuit is now under new management. Although the crowds have dispersed somewhat, and the place has lately acquired a near-staid character (for a rock club, that is), there is worthwhile music in progress. Currently appearing is the Deadly Nightshade, a fine, heavily amplified country trio, through Monday, Sept. 16. The three attractive, long-haired women, who seem strong and pioneer-tough, sing and play standard rural instruments—fiddle, washboard, guitar, bass, and kazoo. The group, based in South Hadley, Massachusetts (a long way from Tennessee), has primarily played, until a few months ago, the Amherst-Smith-Mount Holyoke circuit. On Wednesday, Sept. 18, Odetta, a woman of many powers, begins her rites. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays, two shows other nights. On Tuesdays, folk and rock groups play from nine to midnight. Dining downstairs. Drinks and snacks upstairs, where the music is.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—While a portrait of Henry VIII looks on from Tudored walls, conversationalists at the tables compete with the performers on the stage. The conversationalists are, for the most part, sundry businesspersons. The performers are Dick Wellstood, Billy Butterfield, Kenny Davern, Milt Hinton, and Ronnie Cole, and they play inspired Chicago jazz, assembled under the heading "The Eddie Condon Scrapbook" (presumably inspired by the recently published book, "Eddie Condon's Scrapbook of Jazz," by Eddie Condon and Hank O'Neal). From nine-fifteen to one. A Monday-night Dixieland sextet plays from nine to midnight. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

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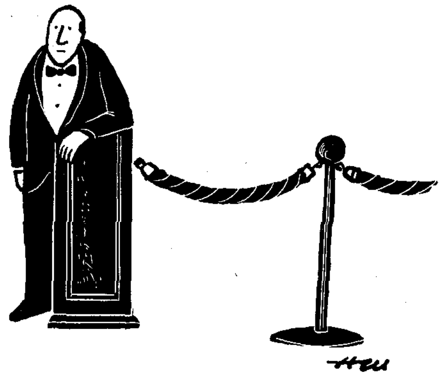
Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An upper West Side gathering place with a softly lighted main room and a glassed-in sidewalk gallery, both of which have tables for drinking and dining. On Wednesday, Sept. 11, singer Esther Marrow and her backing band perform some distinguished rhythm-and-blues. Drummer Roy Haynes takes his young quintet, the Hip Ensemble, through some moving, hep, and familiar material Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 12-14. On Monday, Sept. 16, organist Charles Earland's quintet begins working on advanced, robust arrangements. The hours are ten until three.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—A genuinely exotic night spot that boasts fresh-cut flowers on the piano, mammoth potted palms, an enthusiastic clientele, and a forties campiness. Ellen Greene, a young singer with the vibrato but not the power or control of an Ethel Merman, alternates with comic Ed Bluestone. On Tuesday, Sept. 17, Genevieve Waite, who has been in the movies, will try her hand at singing. Her childlike intonations will be aided by her husband, John Phillips, who was formerly a member of the Mamas and the Papas. Shows at nine and midnight. Monday nights are showcases for burgeoning entertainers. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—These two tiny and tired-looking rooms, with erotic (soft-core) tablecloths, are dominated by guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli and tenorman Zoot Sims (who will be absent Saturday, Sept. 14). Music from nine-thirty to one, except Sundays and Mondays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A friendly, well-maintained establishment that gives aid and comfort to those who happen to find themselves on the upper West Side. Mondays and Tuesdays, Chet Baker, drawn and gaunt, with long slicked-back hair, leads a trio back to back with the Lee Konitz trio, which performs Wednesday- and Thursday-night services. Vibraharpist Warren Chiasson slips in with his trio Friday and Saturday, Sept. 13-14, followed by tenor saxophonist Harold Ousley and his quartet the Friday and Saturday of Sept. 20-21. The satisfying guitar duo of Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma retains the Sunday-night slot. Music from nine-thirty until three Mondays through Saturdays and from nine until two Sundays. Snacks.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Sporadic weekend jazz in an upstairs room with all the character of a Spanish Renaissance refectory. Vibraharpist Roy Ayers directs his quintet Ubiquity Friday and Saturday, Sept. 13-14, from ten.



Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—In its earlier days, the Vanguard (now forty) was considered a bohemian curiosity. Today, some of the best musicians in the world do their best work here. Gato Barbieri, the extremely popular South American tenor saxophonist, heads up a sextet and plays prolonged, saccharine, wailing Latin-jazz solos through Sunday, Sept. 15. On Tuesday, Sept. 17, electric violinist Michal Urbaniak and Fusion, his fine jazz group from Poland, descend the murky staircase. Thad Jones, Mel Lewis, about fifteen other first-rate musicians, and lively vocalist Dee Dee Bridgewater take over on Mondays. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Right on a New York City truck route, this bar has red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a tiny (about five by ten feet) soul-food kitchen. Other assets: the piano-bass work of Hugh Lawson and Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays, and pianist Kenny Brawner and a bassist Mondays through Wednesdays. Music from eight until two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A wood-and-brick-walled retreat primarily patronized by Columbia students. The music that is keeping the students here from their studies these days is neither folk nor rock nor glitter. It is jazz—and somewhat old-fashioned jazz at that. Mondays and Tuesdays belong to the Swing All-Stars—Eddie Durham on trombone and guitar, drummer Sam Woodyard, trumpeter Franc Williams, and Sammy Benskin on piano. Durham (who replaces Russell Procope in this group), a Kansas City jazzman of the twenties and thirties, was one of the very first jazz guitarists, and he played and arranged for such history-making bands as the Blue Devils, Bennie Moten, Jimmy Lunceford, and Count Basie, not to mention his own band. Wednesdays and Thursdays, Tiny Grimes plays a bluesy, bebopping guitar with his trio. On Fridays and Saturdays Sammy Price, a boogie-woogie piano stylist, performs with trumpeter Ed Lewis, ex-Basie tenor saxophonist Paul Quinichette, and drummer Ditto. The No Gap Generation Jazz Band, another swing aggregation, led by clarinettist Art Miller, plays on Sundays with singer and pianist Mabel Godwin. Music from nine to one. Dinner.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The **PERSIAN ROOM** will open its fall season on Thursday, Sept. 12, with singer Don Cornell appearing at dinner Mondays through Thursdays and at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing to the Barry Levitt trio and the René Martel threesome from seven to one. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The **PLAZA RESTAURANT** provides dinner music by violinist George Cardini and pianist Jules Feuerstein. Their hours are seven-thirty to ten-thirty Mondays through Fridays. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT**, pianists Joan St. James and Ruth Andrews are on hand Mondays through Fridays from five to one, while violinist Sandu Marcu supplies the music Saturdays from five to one-forty-five and Sundays from four to midnight.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The grand rooftop is presenting the songs of Kelly Garrett at dinner and supper. A dance band begins at eight. Closed Sundays.

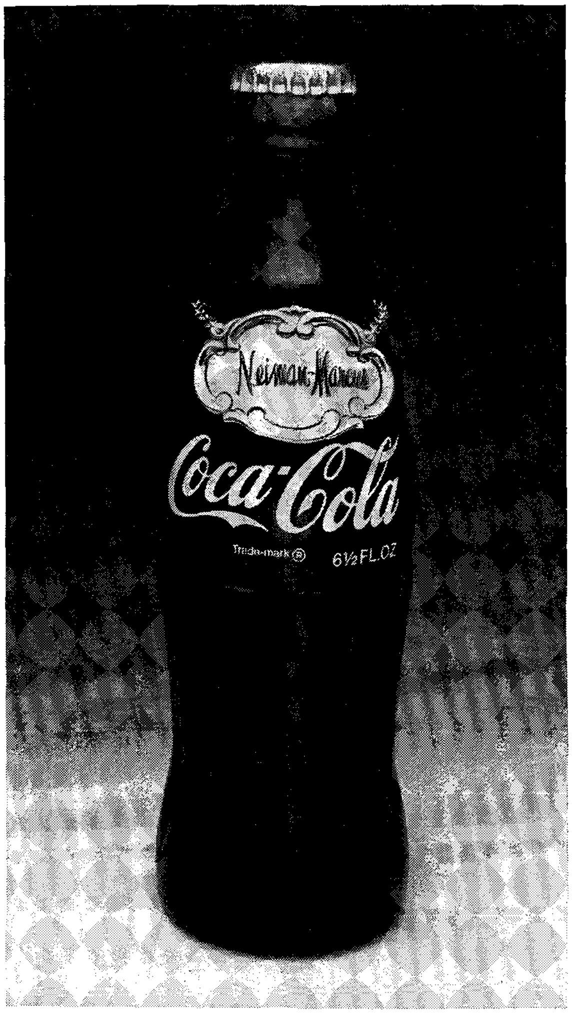
Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—On this sixty-fifth-floor height, Eleanor Fell plays harp from seven to eleven, Tuesdays through Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The **MAISONETTE** opens on Thursday, Sept. 12, to give Mel Tormé singing space at dinner and supper. Dance music will be provided by Al Porcino's orchestra and Anthony Terini's quartet. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Beginning Tuesday, Sept. 17, Ronny Whyte and Travis Hudson will sing and play piano in tandem in the **ST. REGIS ROOM** at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—On Thursday, Sept. 19, the **EMPIRE**

Historical note based on "Minding the Store" by Mr. Stanley Marcus, published by Little, Brown and Company.

IN 1907
WE HAD A DECISION TO MAKE.



The month was March. The city was Atlanta. And the setting was a small, but successful advertising agency.

Hard at work were three vital young people, Herbert Marcus, his sister Carrie and her husband A. L. Neiman.

Just two years before they had left Dallas. Marcus with the insult of a $1.87 a week raise after years of service in a local store. And Neiman with his tall, dark-eyed, young bride.

Among the little advertising agency's first clients was an Atlanta company that wanted to promote a new kind of drink. It tasted unique. It fizzed a lot. And it was called Coca-Cola. Soon, thanks to the efforts of the little agency, and the fact that people thought it tasted swell on a hot day, Coca-Cola was a name on most Atlantans' lips. And a bottle in their homes.

In fact, in just two years, this funny new drink had become so popular, that in March of 1907 the two Texans were offered an interesting deal. They could swap their advertising agency for stock in the Atlanta bottling company of Coca-Cola plus the Missouri franchise for Coke. Or they could sell out for $25,000 cash.

It didn't take Carrie and the brothers-in-law long to make their decision. After all, Coke might be a flash-in-the-bottle. And $25,000 was a lot of money.

Was it a bad decision? Depends how you look at it. If they had taken the stock in Coca-Cola they could have retired as multi-millionaires in a few short years.

Instead they went home to Dallas and opened their dream store.

So now America has both a soft drink and a store that are "the real thing."

Neiman-Marcus

NEIMAN-MARCUS IS IN DALLAS, FORT WORTH, HOUSTON, BAL HARBOUR, ATLANTA, ST. LOUIS. COCA-COLA, COKE AND THE SHAPE OF THE BOTTLE ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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ROOM resumes its career, and Peggy Lee will be the soprano at dinner and supper. Dance music by the Bob Rosengarden orchestra the rest of the evening. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

PEGGY BACON—Portrait drawings of the twenties and thirties, including many notables of the art and literary world, plus paintings by artists working in the same period. Through Sept. 28. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

GEORGES LACOMBE (1868-1916)—Forty-nine black-and-colored-crayon drawings by a member of the Nabi group, including studies for a four-panel sculpture named *Lit.* Through Sept. 27. (Shepherd, 21 E. 84th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

LJUBA—Surrealist paintings and aquatints. Through Oct. 5. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

DEBORAH REMINGTON—Abstractions. Through Sept. 26. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

PETER YOUNG—Lyrical abstractions. Through Sept. 28. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALONZO**, 26 E. 63rd St.: Works in various mediums by gallery artists and guest artists. Through Sept. 28. (Closed Mondays.)... **BARTHOLET**, 55 E. 76th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American paintings and drawings by members of The Eight (including Arthur B. Davies, John Sloan, and Robert Henri) and by Ben Shahn, Joseph Stella, and others. Through Oct. 15. ... **KRASNER**, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Appel, Calder, Feininger, and others. Through Oct. 12. (Closed Mondays.)... **LERNER-HELLER**, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: Oil and acrylic paintings, plus sculptures, by the gallery artists. Through Oct. 5. (Closed Mondays.)... **NICHOLLS**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Cartoons and cover paintings by Addams, Darrell, Getz, Hokinson, Martin, Miller, Modell, Price, Saxon, Stevenson, and Tobey. Through Sept. 28. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5.)... **WASHBURN**, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century works on paper by T. Addison Richards, Alice Trumbull Mason, and others. Through Sept. 28. (Closed Mondays.)... **ZIERLER**, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings by Avery, Davis, Marin, and others. Through Oct. 31. (Closed Mondays.)

SCULPTURE—Pieces by, among others, Giacometti, Lipchitz, Manzù, and Moore. Through Sept. 28. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

NATALIE EDGAR—Abstract paintings. Through Sept. 26. (Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

KOSSO ELOUL—Sculptures, graphics, and photomontage proposals for monumental sculptures. Starts Saturday, Sept. 14. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

SHERRON FRANCIS—Abstract paintings. Starts Saturday, Sept. 14. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

MIA LE COMTE—Painted-wooden cutouts of celebrated figures. Through Sept. 28. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT LOBE / ROBERT CRONIN—Wood sculptures. / Small reed constructions. Through Oct. 5. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOAN THORNE—Abstract paintings and mixed mediums on paper; first solo show here. Starts Saturday, Sept. 14. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: Twentieth-century American drawings by Shahn, Hopper, Hassam, and others. Through Oct. 4. (Closed Mondays.)... **MARLBOROUGH**, 40 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by thirteen artists from the Marlborough Godard Gallery of Montreal and Toronto. Starts Saturday, Sept. 14. (Closed Mondays.)... **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by gallery artists. Through Sept. 28. (Closed Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

BILL McGEE—Minimal color-field paintings. Starts Saturday, Sept. 14. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St. Closed Mondays.)

WALTER SATKOVSKI / JAMES SHEPPERD—Abstract stone sculptures. / Linear abstract paintings. Through Wednesday, Sept. 18. (55 Mercer St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

ALEX SIBURNEY—Photo-Realist paintings based on vacation snapshots taken by friends of the stay-at-home artist. Starts Saturday, Sept. 14. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

RICHARD TUM SUDEN / ALAN SIEGEL—Abstract paintings. / Painted wood and metal figures arrayed in sandboxes, plus color-field paintings with figures. Starts Saturday, Sept. 14. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

ANTHE ZACHARIAS—Large abstract paintings. Starts Saturday, Sept. 14. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

GROUP SHOW—Paintings and sculptures by Jennifer Bartlett, Linda Benglis, Robert Grosvenor, and other gallery artists. Starts Saturday, Sept. 14. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

OTHER GALLERIES

GEORGE MITTENDORF—Serpentine aluminum sculptures. Through Sept. 27. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

JOSÉ GUADALUPE POSADA (1852-1913)—Original prints by this mordant Mexican pamphleteer-artist. Through Oct. 2. (Washington Irving Gallery, 126 E. 16th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

GROUP SHOW—Four contemporary African artists, from Mozambique, Nigeria, Ethiopia, and Sudan. Through Oct. 19. (African-American Institute, 833 United Nations Plaza, at 47th St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

C. L. DODGSON (LEWIS CARROLL) (1832-98) / **JULIA MARGARET CAMERON** (1815-79)—Portraits from the eighteen-sixties by two of the greatest of Victorian amateur photographers. Through Sept. 30. (Elliott, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

ELLIOTT ERWITT—Photographs of dogs. Through Oct. 5. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

CHARLES HARBUTT—Works by a photo-journalist and teacher. Through Oct. 1. (Midtown "Y" Gallery, 334 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

LOU STETTNER—Photographs of people at work. Through Sunday, Sept. 15. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.: An exhibit examining the ways that billboards and road signs have been portrayed by about twenty photographers, including Atget, Evans, and Friedlander. Through Dec. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)... **NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY**, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.: Photographs of lower Manhattan by fourteen photographers. Through Oct. 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)... **SOHO PHOTO**, 30 W. 13th St.: Photographs by Bert Stern and others. Through Oct. 1. (Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7:30 P.M. to 9 P.M.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—Photographs, models, studies, and replicas of nineteenth-century New York public sculptures by, among others, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, Daniel Chester French, and Frederick William MacMonnies. Through Sept. 29.... ¶ About fifty Indian miniatures from the Jeffrey Paley collection. Through Sept. 29.... ¶ "The Belles Heures of Jean, Duke of Berry," an exhibit of the illuminated Book of Hours and the newly published facsimile of it. Starts Thursday, Sept. 12. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Drawings by German Expressionists, selected from the museum's collection. Through Nov. 10. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)... **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 11. Casual entertainment Fridays and Saturdays at 8: folk stuff, ballet, and such.

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The permanent collection is the main show just now. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Paintings and sculptures by American artists, from the museum's collection. Through Sept. 29.... ¶ Abstract paintings in acrylic by Jack Whitten, a young New York artist. Through Sept. 22.... ¶ Fantasy paintings in acrylic on canvas, metal, wood, and Plexiglas, plus pencil on paper by Jim Nutt, an original member of Chicago's "Hairy Who" group. Through Oct. 23.... ¶ Graphic works from 1965 to the present, by Alex Katz. Through Oct. 27. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Paintings, watercolors, drawings, and sculptures by Cézanne, van Gogh, Degas, Toulouse-Lautrec, Soutine, and others, from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pearlman and the Henry and Rose Pearlman Foundation. Through Sept. 29.... ¶ Puerto Rican stone and terra-cotta artifacts from the Taino culture (1000 to 1500 A.D.). Through Sept. 29. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The scanning electron microscope can magnify objects, such as grains of sugar or a segment of a fly's eye, up to two hundred thousand times. About a hundred photographic blowups of S.E.M. magnifications are on exhibit here. Through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Medieval manuscripts and letters, printed books, autograph manuscripts, and drawings—all gifts made or promised since the spring of 1973—exhibited in honor of the library's fiftieth anniversary. Through Nov. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A show called "Toys from the Attic," of which the centerpiece is the ten-room, two-bath doll house designed in the twenties by Carrie Walter Stettheimer and decorated by William Zorach, Gaston Lachaise, Marcel Duchamp, Marguerite Zorach, Alexander Archipenko, and other artist friends. Through Nov. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—A travelling exhibition (oils, watercolors, and drawings) of landscapes, figures, and still-lifes by Henri Manguin (1874-1949), one of the original Fauves. Through Oct. 10. ... ¶ More than fifty prints (by Cy Twombly, Brice Marden, and others) produced at the Untitled Press, a private printing press in Captiva, Florida, founded in 1969 by Robert Rauschenberg and Robert Petersen, whose graphics are also on view. Through Sept. 22. ... ¶ Approximately two thousand photographic postcards from the turn of the century to the present. Starts Friday, Sept. 13. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhaustive exhibition of manuscripts, books, newspapers, etchings, and documents by or pertaining to Washington Irving. Through Oct. 12. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center is TR 4-2424 and for Car-

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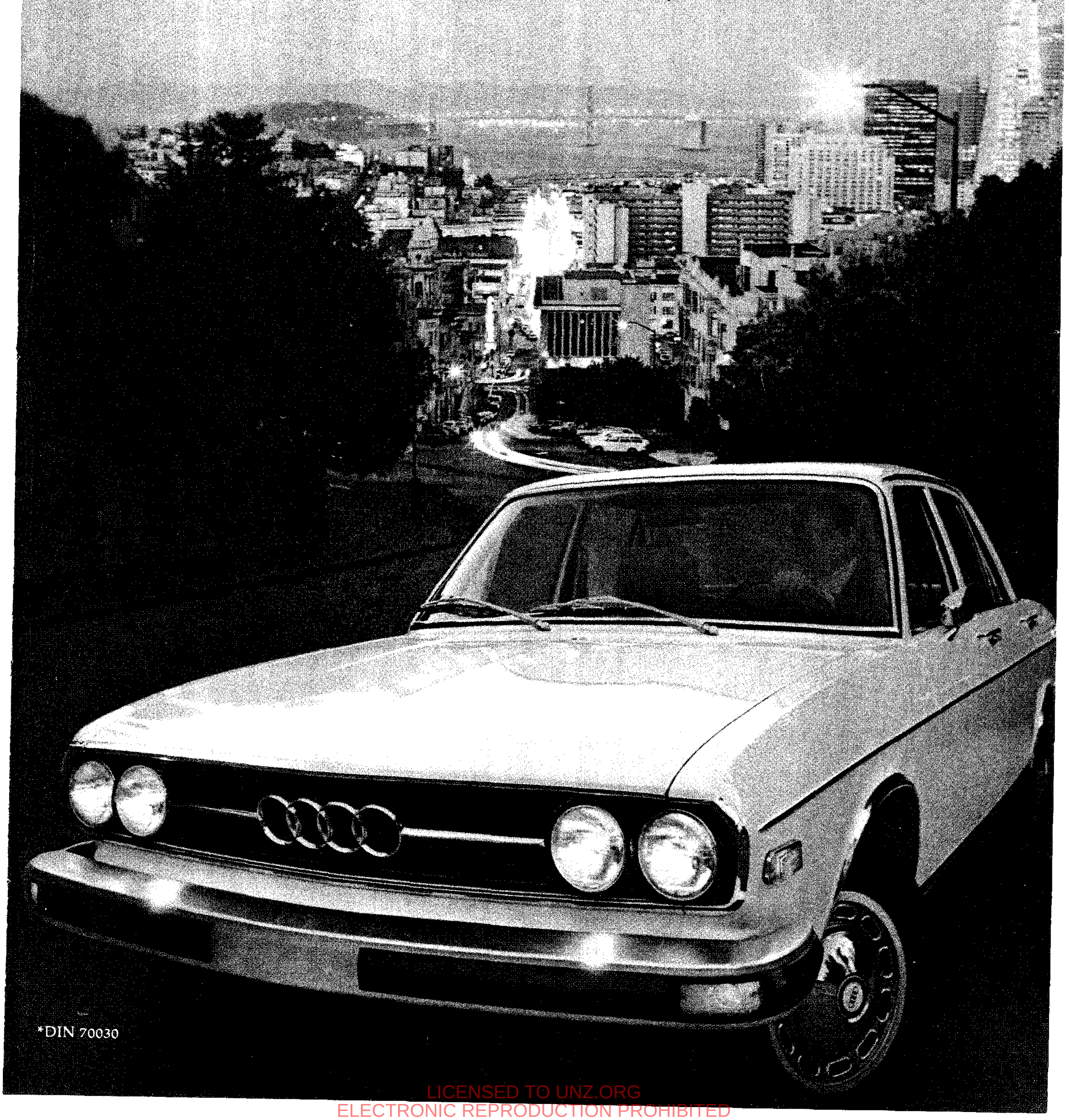
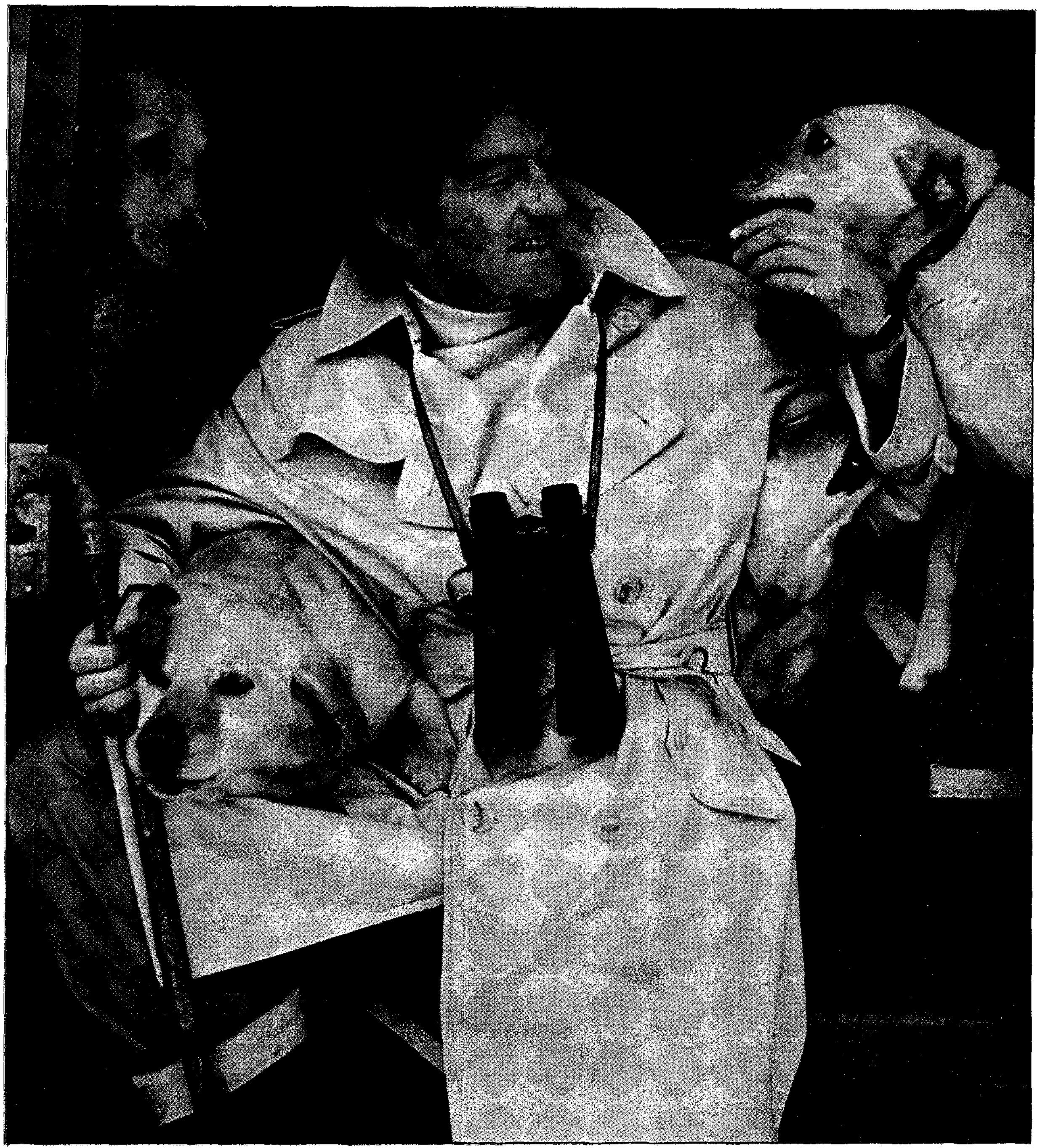


*DIN 70030

The English look is the Burberry look.



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negie Hall CI 7-7459. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

New York City Opera—Wednesday, Sept. 11, at 8: "Maria Stuarda," with Beverly Sills, Marisa Galvany, Kathleen Hegierski, and Tullio Pane; conducted by Luigi Martelli. . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 12, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Patricia Craig, Sandra Walker, Melvyn Poll, and Thomas Jamerson; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 13, at 8: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Sandra Walker, Tullio Pane, and Dominic Cossa; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 14, at 2: "Manon Lescaut," with Maralin Niska, Michele Molese, David Holloway, and Spiro Malas; Luigi Martelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 14, at 8: "Medea," with Marisa Galvany, Frances Bible, Barbara Hocher, and Richard Taylor; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 15, at 1: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Beverly Sills, Kathleen Hegierski, Gene Bullard, and Adib Fazah; Luigi Martelli. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 15, at 7: "The Mikado," with Diana Soviero, Carolyne James, Jeanne Piland, and Gary Glaze; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 17, at 8: "La Traviata," with Rita Talarico, Sandra Walker, Richard Taylor, and John Darrenkamp; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 18, at 7: A new production of Strauss's "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Ruth Welting, Alan Titus, and Dominic Cossa; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 19, at 8: "I Puritani," with Beverly Sills, Diane Curry, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Pablo Elvira; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 20, at 8: "Faust," with Carol Bayard, Susanne Marsee, Kenneth Riegel, and Samuel Ramey; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 21, at 2: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Ruth Welting, Alan Titus, and Dominic Cossa; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 21, at 8: "La Bohème," with Catherine Malfitano, Noelle Rogers, Tullio Pane, and Willard White; Giuseppe Morelli. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 10.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center, Pierre Boulez conducting the opening performances of the season, which will run through May 17—Wednesday, Sept. 18, at 8:30, a non-subscription benefit concert (with André Watts, piano); and Thursday, Sept. 19, at 8:30; Friday, Sept. 20, at 2; Saturday, Sept. 21, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Sept. 24, at 7:30 (all with Janos Starker, cello, and Frederica von Stade, mezzo-soprano).

RECITALS

Rollin Smith—Organ, in a program of music by Philip James. (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. Wednesday, Sept. 18, at 5:15. No tickets necessary.)

MISCELLANY

Welsh Guards and Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders—The massed bands, pipes, drums, and dancers of these two British regiments. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 20-21, at 8, and Sunday, Sept. 22, at 1.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Benny Goodman—With Peter Appleyard, Grady Tate, Urbie Green, Bobby Hackett, Hank Jones, Bucky Pizzarelli, Zoot Sims, and Slam Stewart, plus Barbara Carroll. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Sept. 13, at 8.)

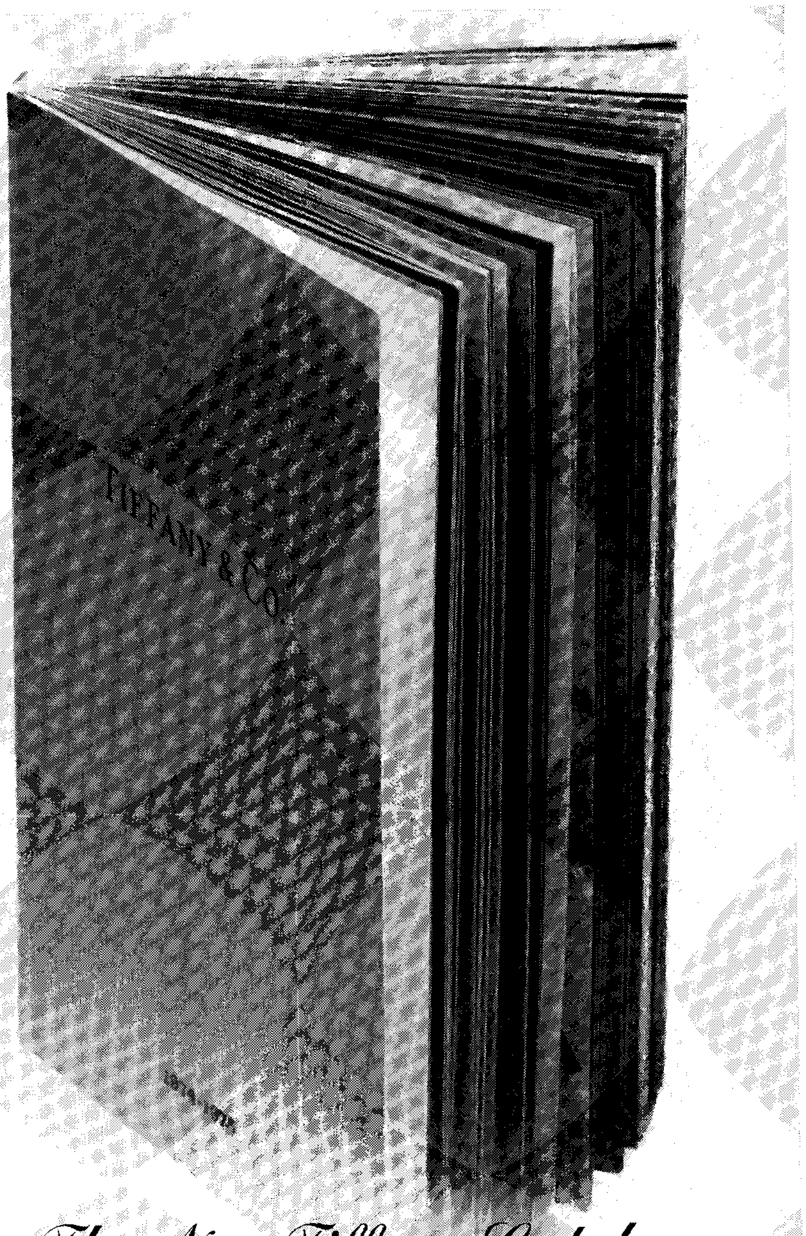
Miles Davis—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Sept. 13, at 8:30.

Country in New York—The first in this season's series of concerts, this one with Dolly Parton, Bobby Bare, and Ronnie Milsap. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, Sept. 14, at 7.)

Melba Moore—With Creative Source. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Saturday, Sept. 14, at 8:30.)

Rashied Ali Quartet—New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, Sept. 15, at 3. No tickets necessary.

Traffic and Lindisfarne—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Wednesday and Thursday,



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sept. 18-19, at 8 and 11:30. For tickets, call 541-7290.

John Denver—Madison Square Garden. Friday through Sunday, Sept. 20-22, at 8.

Joe Cocker, Little Feat, and Montrose—Academy of Music. Saturday, Sept. 21, at 8.

SPORTS

Baseball—At Shea Stadium—**METS:** Vs. St. Louis, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 11-12, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Chicago, Friday, Sept. 13, at 5:35 (twi-night doubleheader), and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 14-15, at 2:15. . . . **YANKEES:** Vs. Baltimore, Tuesday, Sept. 17, at 8; Wednesday, Sept. 18, at 2; and Thursday, Sept. 19, at 8. . . . ¶ Cleveland, Friday, Sept. 20, at 5:30 (twi-night doubleheader), and Saturday, Sept. 21, at 2.

College Football—**SATURDAY, SEPT. 14:** Army vs. Lafayette, at West Point, at 2. . . . **SATURDAY, SEPT. 21:** Army vs. Tulane, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Brown, at Worcester, at 1:30.

Professional Football—**WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 11:** New York Stars vs. Portland Storm, at Portland. . . . **SUNDAY, SEPT. 15:** Giants vs. Washington Redskins, at the Yale Bowl, New Haven, at 1. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Kansas City Chiefs, at Kansas City. . . . **WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 18:** New York Stars vs. Hawaiians, at Honolulu.

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3.

Racing—At **BELMONT:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 12. The Maskette Handicap, Wednesday, Sept. 11; the Marlboro Cup Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 14; the Matron, Monday, Sept. 16; and the Beldame, Saturday, Sept. 21. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:15 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:15 and 1:15.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 19. . . . **BOWIE,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, Oct. 19. The Chesapeake Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 21.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Oct. 12.

ET ALIA

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Sept. 12, at 2: Jewelry, from many owners. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 14, at 2: English, French, and Continental furniture and decorations; from several collectors.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

Jazz on the River—The river is the Hudson, the vehicle is an off-course Staten Island ferry, and the jazz (three hours' worth) is as follows: Friday, Sept. 13, at 7:30, Somos, Wild Bill Davis's trio, and Cecil Payne's trio (with Cavril Payne). . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 20, at 7:30, Howard McGhee's orchestra and Charles McPherson's quintet. (Slip 3, South Ferry Terminal. For information about tickets, call 541-5390.)

Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit—The semiannual show is on view daily, from noon until sundown; through Sunday, Sept. 15.

Bus Tours—Sundays, at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30, a London double-decker bus operated by the Municipal Art Society leaves from the Metropolitan Museum on a conducted architectural tour of Fifth Avenue, to Washington Square (with additional boarding stops at 59th Street and at Washington Arch), thence across to Third Avenue and back uptown to the museum by way of Third, Park, and Madison Avenues. The complete trip takes an hour and a half, and the number to call for information about tickets is 628-4555. Nothing doing on rainy days and parade days.

Flea Market—The New York Flea Market (6th Ave. at 25th St.) is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from noon to 7.

Delacorte Geyser—The big spout in the East River, off 48th Street. Flourishes 11:45 A.M. to 1:15 P.M., 4:30 P.M. to 6 P.M., and 8:30 P.M. to 10 P.M.

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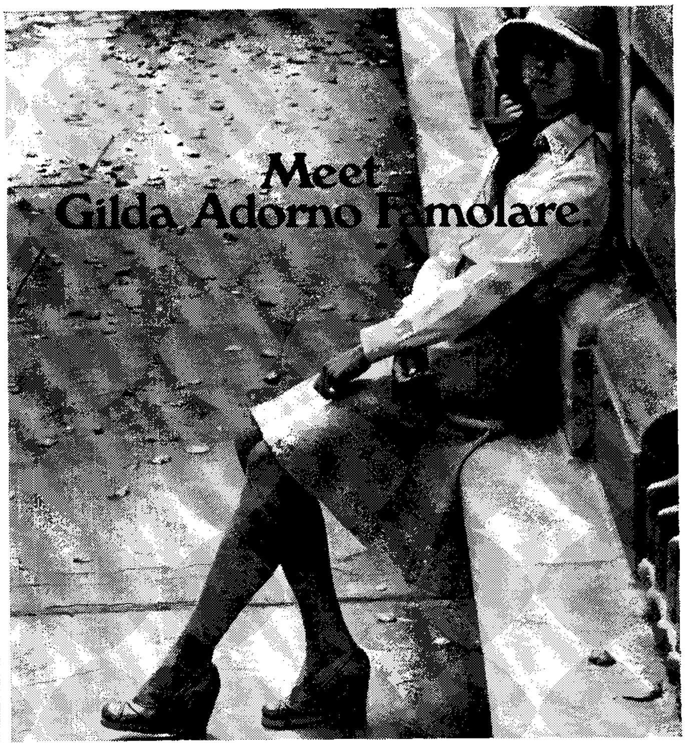
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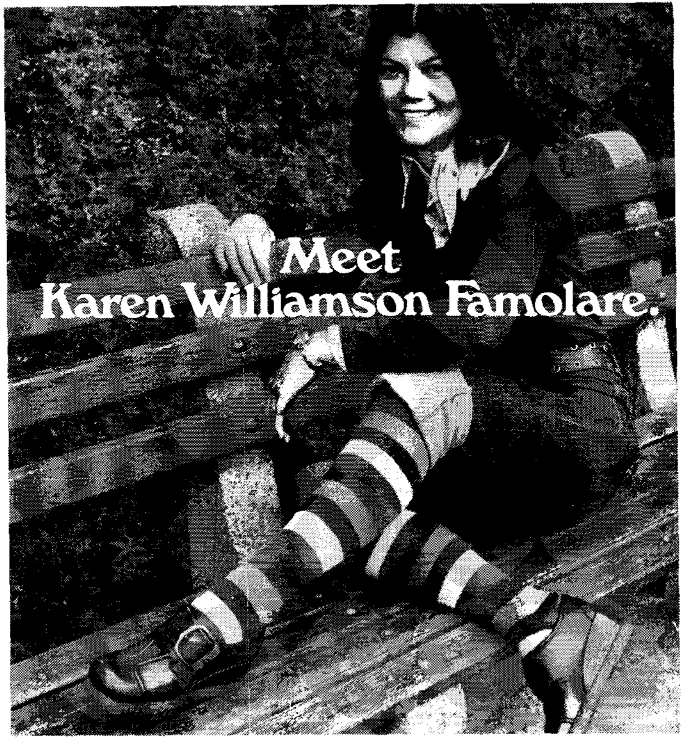
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15	16	17	18	19		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Sept. 14: "Reckless" and "Suzy."
Sept. 15-17: "Skippy" and "The Champ."
From Sept. 18: "It's Love I'm After" and "Jezebel."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Sept. 17: "For Pete's Sake" and "The Owl and the Pussycat."
From Sept. 18: "The Parallax View" and "Ash Wednesday."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 17: "Harold and Maude" and "Where's Poppa?"
From Sept. 18: "The Parallax View" and "Don't Look Now."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Sept. 14: "Buster and Billie."
From Sept. 15: "California Split."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Chinatown."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Sept. 16: "Pink Floyd."
From Sept. 17: "Animal Crackers."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through Sept. 14: "Animal Crackers."
From Sept. 15: "California Split."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through Sept. 17: "Suspicion" and "Mr. and Mrs. Smith."
From Sept. 18: "Spellbound" and "The Paradine Case."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through Sept. 18: "Flesh Gordon."
From Sept. 19: "Amarcord."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Chinatown."

East 59th Street I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Bananas," "Sleeper," and "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex."

East 59th Street II, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Garcia."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Through Sept. 14: "California Split."
From Sept. 15: "Scenes from a Marriage."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Escape to Nowhere."

First Avenue Screening Room, 1st Ave. at 61st. (753-5755)
"The Harder They Come."
Note: Friday and Saturday, Sept. 13-14, at noon and midnight: "The Henry Miller Odyssey."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through Sept. 17: "Claire's Knee" and "Bed and Board."
From Sept. 18: To be announced.

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through Sept. 17: "Buster and Billie."
From Sept. 18: "The Tamarind Seed."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Sept. 18: "The Sting."
From Sept. 19: "Flesh Gordon."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Seduction of Mimi."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Longest Yard."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Sept. 17: "Mame."
From Sept. 18: "The Parallax View."

Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
To be announced.

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Sept. 17: "Our Time."
From Sept. 18: To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Sept. 17: "Alice in Wonderland" and "Fantasia."
From Sept. 18: To be announced.

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Longest Yard."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Death Wish."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Uptown Saturday Night."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Savage Sisters."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Garcia."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through Sept. 17: "Alice in Wonderland" and "Fantasia."
From Sept. 18: "Pink Floyd."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Flesh Gordon."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Sept. 17: "Bananas," "Sleeper," and "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex."
From Sept. 18: To be announced.

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Sept. 17 at one or another of the theatres: "The Parallax View" and "The Last American Hero"/"Harold and Maude" and "Play It Again, Sam"/"Deep Throat" and "The Devil in Miss Jones." . . . ¶ Through Sept. 12: "Anna Christie" and "Camille." . . . ¶ Sept. 13-15: "Camille" and "Mata Hari." . . . ¶ Sept. 16-17: "Mata Hari" and "Anna Karenina."
From Sept. 18: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Sept. 17: "Blazing Saddles," "The Producers," and "The Twelve Chairs."
Sept. 18-19: "Key Largo" and "The Treasure of Sierra Madre."
Note: Sunday, Sept. 15, one performance, at noon: "College."

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Claudine."

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (265-8431)
"Walking Tall."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Tamarind Seed."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"The Girl from Petrovka."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"That's Entertainment!"

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
To be announced.

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through the afternoon of Sept. 17: "The Parallax View."
From Sept. 18: "Animal Crackers."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Sept. 11: "The Hireling" and "The Go-Between."
Sept. 12: "Pierrot le Fou" and "A Married Woman."
Sept. 13: "The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes" and "Avanti!"
Sept. 14: "Ulysses" and "Under Milk Wood."
Sept. 15: "Ludwig" and "Lola Montès."
Sept. 16: "Swan Lake" and "Yolanta."
Sept. 17: "That Man from Rio" and "Money, Money, Money."
Sept. 18: "The Lady Eve" and "Midnight."
From Sept. 19: Three programs of films shown at this year's Atlanta Film Festival.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Harry & Tonto."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Sept. 17: "Harold and Maude" and "Where's Poppa?" (No evening performances on Wednesday, Sept. 11.)
From Sept. 18: "The Parallax View" and "Don't Look Now."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Sept. 11: "Fires on the Plain" and "Forbidden Games."
From Sept. 12: "King of Hearts."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Sept. 11-12: "Reed: Insurgent Mexico."
Sept. 13: "The Mother and the Whore."
Sept. 14: "The Life of O-Haru" and "Princess Yang Kwei Fei."
Sept. 15: "A Free Woman" and "La Salamandre."
Sept. 16-17: "Reed: Insurgent Mexico."
Sept. 18: "In the Name of the Father" and "Adieu Philippine."
Sept. 19: "Partner" and "Les Créatures."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Sept. 17: "Kazablan" and "Travels with My Aunt."
From Sept. 18: "Buster and Billie" and "Easy Rider."

Beacon, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
Through Sept. 18: "Bananas," "Sleeper," and "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex."
From Sept. 19: To be announced.

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Through Sept. 17: "Our Time."
From Sept. 18: "The Tamarind Seed."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Sept. 17: "The Parallax View" and "Play It Again, Sam."
From Sept. 18: "Pink Floyd."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Sept. 16: "Mame" and "The Last of Sheila."
From Sept. 17: "Animal Crackers."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
"Harold and Maude."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Sept. 17: "For Pete's Sake" and "The Owl and the Pussycat."
From Sept. 18: "The Parallax View" and "Ash Wednesday."

FILM LIBRARIES

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Sept. 11 at noon: M-G-M cartoons and featurettes. . . . ¶ Sept. 11 at 2: "The Passionate Plumber" (1932), directed by Edward Sedgwick, with Buster Keaton. . . . ¶ Sept. 11 at 5:30: "Love Crazy" (1941), directed by Jack Conway, with Myrna Loy and William Powell. . . . ¶ Sept. 12 at 2: M-G-M cartoons and featurettes. . . . ¶ Sept. 12 at 5:30: "Ninotchka" (1939), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Greta Garbo and Melvyn Douglas. . . . ¶ Sept. 12 at 8: "A Woman of Affairs" (1929), a silent film, directed by Clarence Brown, with Greta Garbo and John Gilbert. . . . ¶ Sept. 13 at 2: "Dramatic School" (1938), directed by Robert B. Sinclair, with Luise Rainer and Paulette Goddard. . . . ¶ Sept. 13 at 5:30: "Sidewalks of New York" (1931), directed by Jules White and Zion Myers, with Buster Keaton. . . . ¶ Sept. 14 at noon: A program of eleven short films. . . . ¶ Sept. 14 at 3: "Fury" (1936), directed by Fritz Lang, with Spencer Tracy and Sylvia Sidney. . . . ¶ Sept. 14 at 5:30: "Dramatic School." . . . ¶ Sept. 15 at 12:30: "Lassie Come Home" (1943), directed by Fred Wilcox, with Roddy McDowall and Donald Crisp. . . . ¶ Sept. 15 at 3: "National Velvet" (1945), directed by Clarence Brown, with Elizabeth Taylor and Mickey Rooney. . . . ¶ Sept. 15 at 5:30 and Sept. 16 at 2: "Today We Live" (1933), directed by Howard Hawks, with Joan Crawford and Gary Cooper. . . . ¶ Sept. 16 at 5:30: "Night

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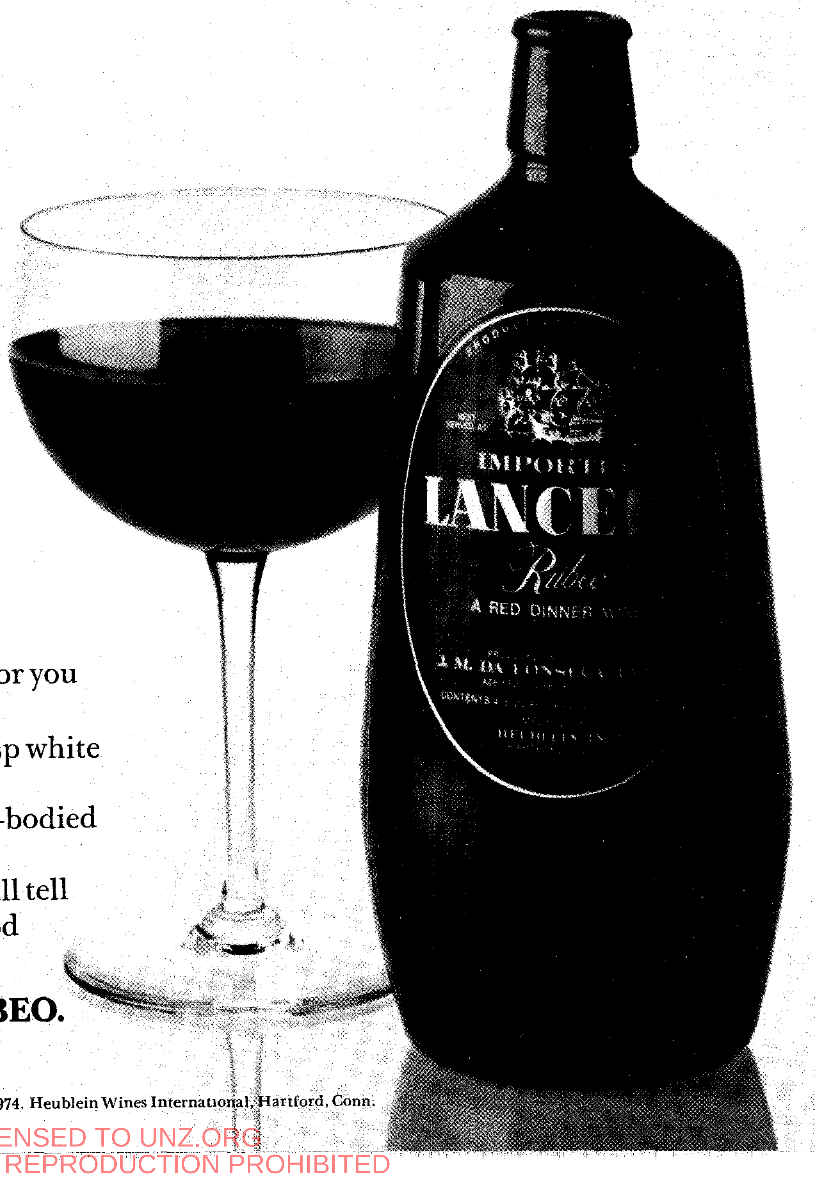
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Flight" (1933), directed by Clarence Brown, with Helen Hayes and John Barrymore.... ¶ Sept. 17 at 2: "La Chienne" (1931), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Michel Simon; no English subtitles.... ¶ Sept. 17 at 5:30: "The Golden Coach" (1953), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Anna Magnani; English subtitles.... ¶ Sept. 18 at noon: "A Day in the Country" (1936), in French, directed by Jean Renoir; English subtitles.... ¶ Sept. 18 at 2: "Sidewalks of New York."... ¶ Sept. 18 at 5:30: "Exclusive Story" (1936), directed by George B. Seitz, with Franchot Tone and Madge Evans. ... ¶ Sept. 19 at 2: "Tales of the Navajo" (1949), directed by Jack Schaidlin.... ¶ Sept. 19 at 5:30: "Smilin' Through" (1941), directed by Frank Borzage, with Jeanette MacDonald and Brian Aherne.... ¶ Sept. 19 at 8: "Smilin' Through" (1932), directed by Sidney Franklin, with Norma Shearer and Fredric March. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesday, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Four programs in a series directed by Jean Renoir, in French, with English subtitles: Sept. 11: "The Testament of Dr. Cordelier" (1959), with Jean-Louis Barrault.... Sept. 12: "Picnic on the Grass" (1959), with Paul Meurisse.... Sept. 14: "Eléna et les Hommes" (1956), with Ingrid Bergman and Jean Marais.... Sept. 15: "The Elusive Corporal" (1962), with Jean-Pierre Cassel and Claude Brasseur.... ¶ Sept. 13: "Hangman's House" (1928), a silent film, directed by John Ford, with Victor McLaglen and June Collyer.... ¶ Sept. 18: "Beware of a Holy Whore" (1970), in German, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder, with Lou Castel and Eddie Constantine; English subtitles.... ¶ Sept. 19: "Katzelmacher" (1969), in German, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder; English subtitles. (Showings Wednesdays at 3 and 6; Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 4 and 6; and Fridays at 5 and 7:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Starting Sept. 18: "Antonia: A Portrait of the Woman," directed by Judy Collins and Jill Godmilow. (Reviewed in this issue.) Showings at noon (except Wednesdays), 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6, 7:30, and 9 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

Adieu Philippine (1961)—Directed by Jacques Rozier. In French. (Regency; Sept. 18.)

Alice in Wonderland (1951)—A cartoon version from Disney that dilutes the material to a pale variety of whimsey and adds shiny little tunes. Not popular with children at the time of its release; because of the mushroom episode and the many transformations, it is now considered a turn-on for heads. (U. A. East, and Waverly; through Sept. 17.)

Amarcord—Directed by Federico Fellini. In Italian. (Plaza; starting Sept. 19.)

Animal Crackers (1930)—The Marx Brothers in their pre-Hollywood period; like "The Cocoanuts" of the year before, it was filmed in Astoria and it looks stagey. But the film is too joyous for cavilling. Groucho is the fearless African explorer Captain Spaulding, who deigns to attend a party at Rittenhouse Manor, on Long Island; Margaret Dumont is Mrs. Rittenhouse, and Lillian Roth is her daughter Arabella. Once again, the script was by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind; this time the songs ("Hooray for Captain Spaulding" and "Why Am I So Romantic") are by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. (Sutton; through Sept. 14.... ¶ Eastside Cinema, and Symphony; starting Sept. 17.... ¶ Playboy; starting Sept. 18.)

Anna Christie (1930)—One waits for an eternity for Garbo to show up and utter her first talking-picture line—"Give me a whiskey, ginger ale on the side. And don't be stingy, baby." This is not one of Eugene O'Neill's best plays, and dat-ole-davil-sea stuff is pretty hard to take in this version, directed by Clarence Brown. The cast includes Charles Bickford, Marie Dressler, and George F. Marion. (Quad Cinema; through Sept. 12.)

Anna Karenina (1935)—Greta Garbo plays the heroine in this version, directed by Clarence Brown from a screenplay that S. N. Behrman, Clemence Dane, and Salka Viertel all worked on. The picture is more M-G-M than Tolstoy; the cast includes Fredric March as Vronsky and Basil Rathbone as Karenin, and also Maureen O'Sullivan, Constance Collier, May Robson, Mischa Auer, and Freddie Bartholomew. God knows it isn't all it might be, and Garbo isn't even at her best, but she's there to be gazed upon. (Quad Cinema; Sept. 16-17.)

The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz—Mordecai Richler's very long pulp novel has been made into a longish, novelistic movie by Ted Kotcheff. Nineteen-year-old Duddy Kravitz (Richard Dreyfuss) lives in the biggest Jewish community in Canada, in the Montreal of 1948, and he works as a summer waiter at a Jewish resort hotel, where he is mortified by the other summer waiters, who are a cut above him and come from McGill. Denholm Elliott, as a posh English film director oratorically devoted to Art while filming bar mitzvahs, is the best thing in the film. (Reviewed in these pages 7/22/74.) (Baronet, and Little Carnegie.)

Ash Wednesday—In a few scenes, Elizabeth Taylor is done up like Arletty playing Garance in "Children of Paradise," and she's absolutely ravishing, in an unearthly, ageless way. But the film is a long-drawn-out ghoulish commercial for cosmetic surgery—made, apparently, for people who can't think of anything to do with their lives but go backward. Jean-Claude Tramont is credited with the script and Larry Peerce is credited with the direction, but there is no script and there is no direction. With Keith Baxter, Helmut Berger, and Henry Fonda giving a sour, dumb performance. (St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; starting Sept. 18.)

Avanti! (1972)—With Jack Lemmon and Juliet Mills, directed by Billy Wilder. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 13.)

Bananas (1971)—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny. (East 59th Street I.... ¶ Greenwich; through Sept. 17.... ¶ Beacon; through Sept. 18.)

Bed and Board (1971)—About the married life of Truffaut's hero, Antoine Doinel (Jean-Pierre Léaud). Léaud appears to have developed a dogged resistance to acting, but Antoine's bride, Claude Jade, who looks like a less ethereal, more practical Catherine Deneuve, is lovely. The movie is cheerful, if conventionally "beguiling." In French. (Columbia I; through Sept. 17.)

Blazing Saddles—Mel Brooks's comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem some of the film, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks's celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: the old gags here never were very funny; rehashed, they just seem desperate. (2/18/74) (Elgin; through Sept. 17.)

Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Garcia—Directed by Sam Peckinpah. Someone snitched the head of the film, too. (East 59th Street II, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

Buster and Billie—Set in Georgia in 1948, about coed friendship. The film ends with a communal rape and killing, so it's not for the young. It has a faintly faked aura of lyricism and of homesickness for a far from good time in the forties, which makes it not for anyone else, either, though there are a few good, incomplete touches about a believably unlikely friendship. Directed by Daniel Petrie. (Murray Hill; through Sept. 14.... ¶ Columbia II; through Sept. 17.... ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting Sept. 18.)

California Split—Robert Altman's beautiful, smoky, funny film about gambling, with Elliott Gould as a retaliatory-minded joker and George Segal as a magazine writer with something clenched about him. This is Altman's best film since "McCabe & Mrs. Miller"—comic, loose-limbed, dangerous, with a kindly eye for the out-of-step. (8/19/74) (Cinema I; through Sept. 14.... ¶ Murray Hill, and Sutton; starting Sept. 15.)

Camille (1937)—There may be too much stuffed furniture, but under George Cukor's direction Greta Garbo gives a warm and generous performance that is possibly her finest. (Quad Cinema; through Sept. 15.)

The Champ (1931)—Jackie Cooper, who had just scored in the good-natured "Skippy," was asked to carry this soggy load of heartbreaking melodrama on his all-too-valiant little shoulders. He plays the pathetic son of an alcoholic ex-prizefighter (Wallace Beery, who pulled out more than a few stops and won the Academy Award for best actor) in a tedious story devised by Frances Marion (she got an Academy Award, too)—something about Tia Juana and horse racing and boxing. King Vidor directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 15-17.)

Chinatown—A thriller for grownups—more about greed than about blood-spilling—directed by Roman Polanski. John Huston plays a Biblical figure called Noah Cross; Faye Dunaway is a mysteriously widowed beauty called Mrs. Mulwray, who hires a private eye (Jack Nicholson) to solve the puzzle of her husband's death. The main topic is really the misuse of the Los Angeles water system. Who would have thought that that could provide the matter for such a good thriller? The film, set in the thirties, from a script by Robert Towne, is wickedly skillful and funny, and socially alert. (7/1/74) (34th St. East, and Coronet.)

Claire's Knee (1970)—The air is thick with summer and leisure in Eric Rohmer's serene story of a vacationing diplomat (Jean-Claude Brialy) who says he is interested only in women's minds and then has an "undefined desire" to stroke a young girl's knee. In French. (Columbia I; through Sept. 17.)

Claudine—A Harlem love story that would reflect a sophisticated, knowing exhaustion if it concerned whites, but maintains its stamina, good humor, and cheek because it is played, and mostly made, by blacks. A mother on welfare (Diahann Carroll) with six children is loved by a garbage man called Roop, himself supporting three children. James Earl Jones plays the character with an endearing mixture of romance, cowardice, and natural sexiness about his beautiful but obstinate catch of a girl. Produced by Hannah Weinstein, directed by John Berry, written by Tina and Lester Pine. (4/29/74) (New Embassy.)

College (1927)—A beautiful little comedy. Buster Keaton is a bookworm, working his way through college and determined to become a star athlete. The story line isn't as miraculously fresh as in a couple of his films, but it allows for some of his most startlingly inventive stunts. Despite the many pilferings from this film (it has been a gold mine for other comedians), the routines are executed with such impeccable precision and with such an air of confident innocence that they are charged with surprise—and probably will be forever. (Elgin; Sunday, Sept. 15, one performance, at noon.)

Les Créatures (1966)—Michel Piccoli plays a writer with a beautiful pregnant wife (Catherine Deneuve, looking inhumanly beautiful) who has lost the power of speech; Eva Dahlbeck is a hotelkeeper. Complicated, full of gamesmanship and subplots, and maybe only for those who like to play chess—if for them. Agnès Varda wrote and directed. In French. (Regency; Sept. 19.)

Death Wish—A death-wishing, irresponsible picture about muggings in New York, with a hammy performance by Charles Bronson. The thesis (if there is one in this film, which has a head full of shrapnel and wood shavings) is that good old American-frontier individualism is represented by a vigilante who manages to kill muggers every time because of the abominable freedom of the American gun laws. The director is that untalented youngish Englishman Michael Winner. Wrongly named, though probably not at the box office. (8/26/74) (Loews Ciné.)

Don't Look Now—A Daphne du Maurier story of the occult, treated in the intricate manner of Borges. Julie Christie and Donald Suther-

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land work together wonderfully as parents whose drowned daughter may or may not be sending them messages. The meanings are on a simple Hitchcock level, but it's the fanciest, most carefully assembled enigma yet put on the screen. Nicholas Roeg is a chillingly chic director; the picture represents the new high-fashion gothic sensibility. (12/24/73) (Gramercy, and Paramount; starting Sept. 18.)

EASY RIDER (1969)—Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper motorcycle east across America. With Jack Nicholson as a boozing liberal Southern lawyer. Directed by Dennis Hopper. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Sept. 18.)

ESCAPE TO NOWHERE—About a stoic spy (Lino Ventura) divided between two loyalties. Today he is Haliakov, a liberal Russian scientist; sixteen years ago he was French. There are moments of tension that rival Hitchcock—at concerts in Geneva and Paris, for instance, or while we wait for the French Secret Service to decode another spy's music manuscript. Directed by Claude Pinoteau, this film (bad title) is a good spy story, and a stingingly alert study in ambiguity. In French. (8/12/74) (Cinema II.)

EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT SEX (1972)—Woody Allen, who has the anesthetized face of a Jewish Buster Keaton combined with a sensible woman shopper's, wrote and directed this intermittently inspired take-off on Dr. David Reuben's waggish bestseller. (East 59th Street I. . . . ¶ Greenwich; through Sept. 17. . . . ¶ Beacon; through Sept. 18.)

FANTASIA (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (Stokowski and Stravinsky, among others), and the film—a grab bag of animated shorts—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. It failed commercially, and has been revived as a head film for Mickey Mouse heads. (U. A. East, and Waverly; through Sept. 17.)

FIRES ON THE PLAIN (1959)—A very beautiful, furious picture by the great Japanese director Kon Ichikawa—perhaps too beautiful in the context of the story, which is a brutal meditation on the brutalizing effects of war. Set in the Philippines in 1945. In Japanese. (Cinema Studio; Sept. 11.)

FLESH GORDON—*With Jason Williams, directed* by Howard Ziehm and Michael Benveniste. X rated. (8th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ Plaza; through Sept. 18. . . . ¶ Beekman; starting Sept. 19.)

FORBIDDEN GAMES (1952)—René Clément's beautiful, lacerating film on the themes of innocence and war. On a crowded highway outside Paris in 1940, a delicate five-year-old girl wanders away from the strafed bodies of her parents, clutching her dead puppy in her arms. She and a peasant boy become playmates: their game—their passion—is to collect dead animals for their private cemetery, and for this game they steal crosses from churches and graveyards. A harshly ironic classic of the French postwar period. With Brigitte Fossey. In French. (Cinema Studio; Sept. 11.)

FOR PETE'S SAKE—A good-looking young taxi-driver played by Michael Sarrazin is married to a Brooklyn girl played by Barbra Streisand. The film, directed by Peter Yates and written by Stanley Shapiro and Maurice Richlin, was obviously produced to suit her runaway talents. In an effort to repay money the heroine has borrowed for an investment in pork-bellies, on which the couple has a hot tip, she secretly takes to prostitution, then to drug dealing, then to cattle rustling. The picture sometimes seems to be a series of decreasingly funny revue sketches, though Miss Streisand's unstoppable energy exercises its usual garrulous, star-quality appeal. Molly Picon is genuinely comic, not farcical (unlike a lot of the film), as an apparently nice old lady in little hats who efficiently runs a stable of novice criminals. (7/8/74) (St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; through Sept. 17.)

A FREE WOMAN—Directed by Volker Schlöndorff, who made "Young Törless." This new film was written in collaboration with his wife and leading actress, Margarethe von Trotta. The character has just gone through the special torture of inquisition by divorce lawyers, and eventually—mistakenly—says yes to an old friend who wants to marry her, mostly because she wants not to jeopardize the custody of her young son, whom the courts feel to be in better hands with her ex-husband while she is a career woman leading a life on her own. Some of the script is like a play by a funny, tenderhearted Ibsen, and it is filled with irony, for this woman is hardly "free." In German. (7/1/74) (Regency; Sept. 15.)

THE GIRL FROM PETROVKA—Cold soup. Clammy sentimentality about an Iron Curtain love affair set in bitter winter. Hal Holbrook, gentle, mustached, and tall—looking very like Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.—plays a United States news correspondent in Moscow. He sells his dead wife's clothing to his friend (Anthony Hopkins), who is officially a swimming instructor but actually a dealer in anything from black-market clothes to girls. Watching a ballet class, Holbrook meets Zoran Andric, as a jazz musician, and Goldie Hawn, as a suspiciously childlike ballet waif who turns out to be an agile opportunist. Unintentionally funny moments of dialogue, and a perilous amount of naïveté about the Soviet Union's approach to "decadent" jazz and obvious dissidents. Directed by Robert Ellis Miller from a poor book by George Feifer. (Music Hall.)

THE GO-BETWEEN (1971)—Harold Pinter wrote the stinging screenplay of this 1900 period piece (from an L. P. Hartley novel) about a twelve-year-old schoolboy at a posh Norfolk house party who is press-ganged into being the postman between Julie Christie, the heiress of the hall, and Alan Bates, a mere tenant farmer. Accurate about the English class system, pretty to look at, rather coldhearted. With Margaret Leighton. Directed by Joseph Losey. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 11.)

THE HARDER THEY COME (1973)—Jimmy Cliff, the reggae singer, has the verve of an instinctive actor. In this crude but sensual Jamaican film, he plays a country boy who wants to become a pop star and who achieves his ambition only by becoming a famous killer; he reaches the top of the hit-record charts when he's on the Most Wanted posters. The film, directed by Perry Henzell, is feverish and haphazard, but the music redeems much of it, and the rhythmic swing of the Jamaican speech is hypnotic. (2/24/73) (First Avenue Screening Room.)

HAROLD AND MAUDE (1971)—The love story of Harold (Bud Cort), almost twenty, and Maude (Ruth Gordon), almost eighty. Directed by Hal Ashby. (Thalia. . . . ¶ Gramercy, and Quad Cinema; through Sept. 17. . . . ¶ Paramount; through Sept. 17. No evening performances on Wednesday, Sept. 11.)

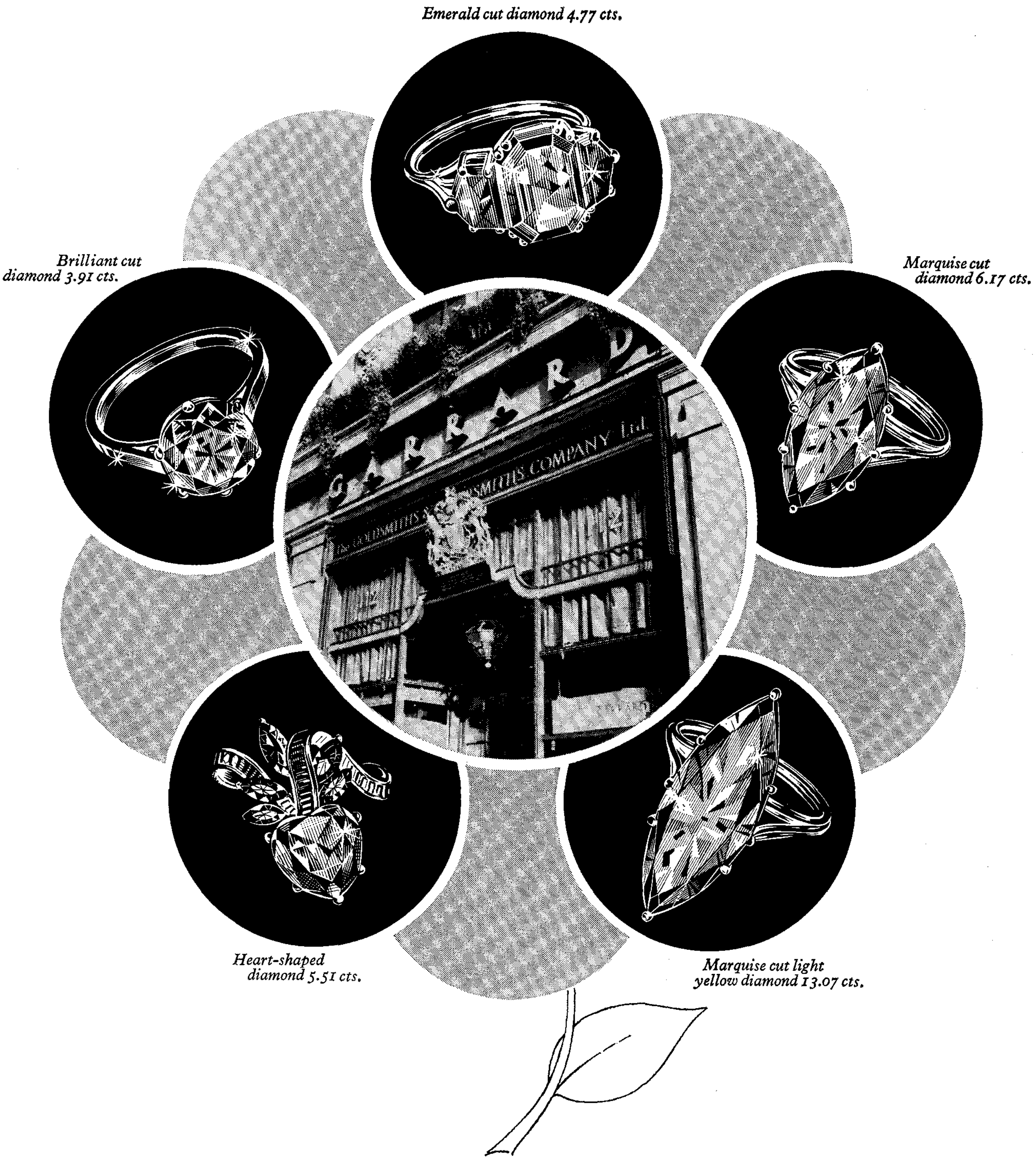
HARRY & TONTO—Directed by Paul Mazursky and written by him with Josh Greenfeld. A vivacious and affectionate folktale. Harry (Art Carney) is a limping old man with a buoyant spirit who buys cheap food for himself and good liver for his cat, a heavyset marmalade companion called Tonto, who has a complicated temperament that inclines audiences to anthropomorphism. The old Lear has three disappointing children strung across the country, whom he visits in an image of an ancient quest after the demolition of his one-room flat. He eventually decides they represent a rope on his liberty. The narrative sounds sentimental, but the film isn't. Children may get upset about Tonto's death, which happens at the feline equivalent of seventy-seven. (8/26/74) (Paris.)

THE HENRY MILLER ODYSSEY—Directed by Robert Snyder. (Reviewed in this issue.) (First Avenue Screening Room; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 13-14, at noon and midnight.)

THE HIRELING (1973)—Made by an Englishman named Alan Bridges, from an L. P. Hartley novel about times between the World Wars when class warfare in England could cut to the raw. Robert Shaw plays a chauffeur who knows how to say "My lady" and stay just this side of rudeness; the girl he dotes on, Lady Franklin, is very well played by Sarah Miles, who gives to the character's etiolated breeding the sort of beauty that comes, like the perfection of old English lawns, from a family history of five hundred years of being looked after. Diluted stuff, vulgarized in its moments of melodrama. (6/16/73) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 11.)

IN THE NAME OF THE FATHER—A gaudy, splintered piece of work in which a satanically clever boy at a Jesuit school outwits the priests at their own game of power-by-diabolism when he asks for more science and less Dark Ages obscurantism, though his raucous cruelty actually drags science back to the day of the thumbscrew to serve his megalomanic purpose. A beautiful-looking, muddleheaded film, directed by Marco Bellocchio. In Italian. (4/8/74) (Regency; Sept. 18.)

IT'S LOVE I'M AFTER (1937)—A light farce in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which Leslie Howard and Bette Davis play a shallow, vanity-ridden matinée idol and his hot-tempered leading lady, and relish every hammy, slapstick minute of it. They are surrounded by the millionaires (George Barbier), valets and butlers (Eric Blore, E. E. Clive), and silly heiresses (Olivia de Havilland) who were at one time as much of a convention in American comedy as the fops of Restoration theatre. Casey Robinson's script is musty and Archie Mayo's direction is sluggish, but the movie is pleasantly bad. With Bonita Granville, Patric Knowles, and Spring Byington. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Sept. 18.)

Jezebel (1938)—Bette Davis at her dazzling best—as a Southern belle who confuses perversity with coquetry. A full-scale demonstration of the talent of a star who can act. William Wyler directed. With Henry Fonda, George Brent, and Fay Bainter. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Sept. 18.)

Kazablan—An Israeli musical, in English, directed by Menahem Golan. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Sept. 17.)

Key Largo (1948)—John Huston, who directed, and Richard Brooks, then a screenwriter, rewrote the soporific Maxwell Anderson play and added so many good hammy bits that they turned it into an entertaining movie, though what the play was supposed to be about—which was dim enough in the original—is thoroughly obscured. But it's a confidently directed, handsomely shot movie, and the cast all go at it as if the nonsense about gangsters and human dignity were high drama. Humphrey Bogart gets Lauren Bacall, who looks wonderful but can't seem to find a character to play; Edward G. Robinson chomps on a cigar while soaking in a bathtub; Claire Trevor makes her bid for an Academy Award in the role of a pathetic drunk; and Thomas Gomez and Lionel Barrymore do their usual overrated overacting. (Elgin; Sept. 18-19.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Cinema Studio; starting Sept. 12.)

The Lady Eve (1941)—A frivolous masterpiece. Like "Bringing Up Baby," "The Lady Eve" is a mixture of visual and verbal slapstick, and of high artifice and pratfalls. Barbara Stanwyck keeps sticking out a sensational leg, and Henry Fonda keeps tripping over it. She's a cardsharp, and he's a millionaire scientist who knows more about snakes than about women; neither performer has ever been funnier. The film, with screenplay and direction by Preston Sturges, is full of classic moments and classic lines; it represents the dizzy high point of his comedy writing. With Charles Coburn, Eugene Pallette, William Demarest, and Eric Blore. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 18.)

The Last American Hero (1973)—Jeff Bridges stars in Lamont Johnson's fine, scrupulous film based on Tom Wolfe's article about Junior Johnson, the moonshiner's son who learned to drive by running his daddy's whiskey on backroads at night, and, as a racer, beat the expensive cars sponsored by Detroit. The casting, the acting, and the milieu seem effortlessly, inexplicably right. This movie transcends its genre; it isn't only about stock-car racing, any more than "The Hustler" was only about shooting pool. With Art Lund, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Gary Busey. (10/1/73) (Quad Cinema; through Sept. 17.)

The Last of Sheila (1973)—An urbanized show-biz thriller set on a yacht owned by a games-playing maniac (James Coburn). His guests include Richard Benjamin, Dyan Cannon, James Mason, Joan Hackett, Ian McShane, and Raquel Welch. Written by Stephen Sondheim and Anthony Perkins in a vein of brainy "in" conversation that is probably accessible, paradoxically, to anyone who has ever switched on a TV talk show. There is a touch of bully-worship about the clever story, as there is about most sophisticates' games-playing. (6/23/73) (Symphony; through Sept. 16.)

The Life of O-Haru (1952)—This Mizoguchi film—his own favorite—took a grand prize at Venice. Kinuyo Tanaka (the wife in "Ugetsu") stars in the story of a woman's life in feudal society: the beautiful daughter of a rich merchant fallen from palace wife to prostitute. In Japanese. (Regency; Sept. 14.)

Lola Montès (1955)—Max Ophuls' command of baroque style and of comic detail transforms the real-life story of a courtesan's decline into a circus trapeze artist—a story fairly trite in itself—into a work of amazing and moving density. With Martine Carroll, Anton Walbrook, Peter Ustinov. In French, and in its full form. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 15.)

The Longest Yard—Football in prison. If you relish the squeak of a brutally broken nose being twisted back into place, this is your picture. Directed by Robert Aldrich, with Burt Reynolds and Eddie Albert. (Loews Tower East, and Loews Orpheum.)

Ludwig (1973)—The Visconti film has been trimmed since its opening, but it's still footage in search of a style. The continuity is a splatter of choppy, confused scenes, and the relationships of the characters are never made clear. As Ludwig, Helmut Berger is a tense, prissy-mouthed, gloomy cuckoo, and it isn't until he begins to lose his teeth (from overindulgence in sweets) that the picture becomes fitfully amusing. With Romy Schneider, Trevor Howard, and Silvana Mangano. (3/24/73) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 15.)

The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob—Gérard Oury directs the great Louis de Funès, who looks as if he were perpetually quenching a sneeze. The film is a complicated gangster comedy, with de Funès disguised as a rabbi. There are also numerous French Catholic detectives and Muslim revolutionaries, and a great slide down a chute into a bath of green bubble gum. Joy for kids. In French. (7/22/74) (Art, and Trans-Lux East.)

Mame—A slapstick musical so terrible it isn't boring; you can get fixated staring at it and wondering what exactly Lucille Ball thought she was doing. At the end, there's a reprise of the various scenes the viewer has just witnessed of the star hugging people; this may be the first hug collage in movie history and—if God is good—the last. Gene Saks directed; Onna White choreographed. (3/11/74) (Symphony; through Sept. 16. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; through Sept. 17.)

A Married Woman (1965)—Godard's peculiarly abstract treatment of a young married woman (Macha Meril), her dissatisfactions, her consumption patterns, and her infidelities. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 12.)

Mata Hari (1932)—George Fitzmaurice directs Garbo, Ramon Novarro, and Lionel Barrymore. A fairly lousy script, but Garbo can redeem lousiness; she makes a scene with the blinded Novarro ("Here are your eyes," she says, touching her own) seem a terrific moment in romantic cinema. (Quad Cinema; Sept. 13-17.)

Midnight (1939)—Rapturous fun. Slim-hipped, wide-eyed Claudette Colbert, stranded in Paris in an evening gown, gets involved with John Barrymore, who is trying to regain the affections of his straying wife, Mary Astor, who is hooked on dapper Francis Lederer. This romantic comedy, written by Brackett and Wilder, and directed by Mitchell Leisen, is one of the authentic delights of the thirties. The cast includes Hedda Hopper, Monty Woolley, and Don Ameche. Ameche actually has an important role; he isn't bad—for Ameche. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 18.)

Mr. and Mrs. Smith (1941)—A marital comedy, written by Norman Krasna and directed by Alfred Hitchcock. Mostly forced humor, though there's one funny sequence. With Carole Lombard, Robert Montgomery, and Gene Raymond. (Fine Arts; through Sept. 17.)

Money, Money, Money (1973)—Claude Lelouch's knockabout comedy concerning a set of farcical urban pirates whose most rewarding theft lies in kidnapping the Pope. The picture is not funny, funny, funny, but fairly. In French. (4/21/73) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 17.)

The Mother and the Whore—This controversial three-hour-and-thirty-five-minute film, produced, written, and directed by Jean Eustache, is about the aging young of the Left Bank, who live in an atmosphere of apocalyptic narcissism. It is about the disaffection of those who are stranded in a confusion of personal freedom and social hopelessness. Eustache's method resembles the static randomness of the Warhol-Morrissey pictures, but the randomness here is not a matter of indifference; it's a conscious goal. The actors—Jean-Pierre Léaud, Bernadette Lafont, and Françoise Lebrun—were not allowed to deviate from the script, yet Eustache wants the look of chance. He tries to push viewers beyond patience—to rub our noses

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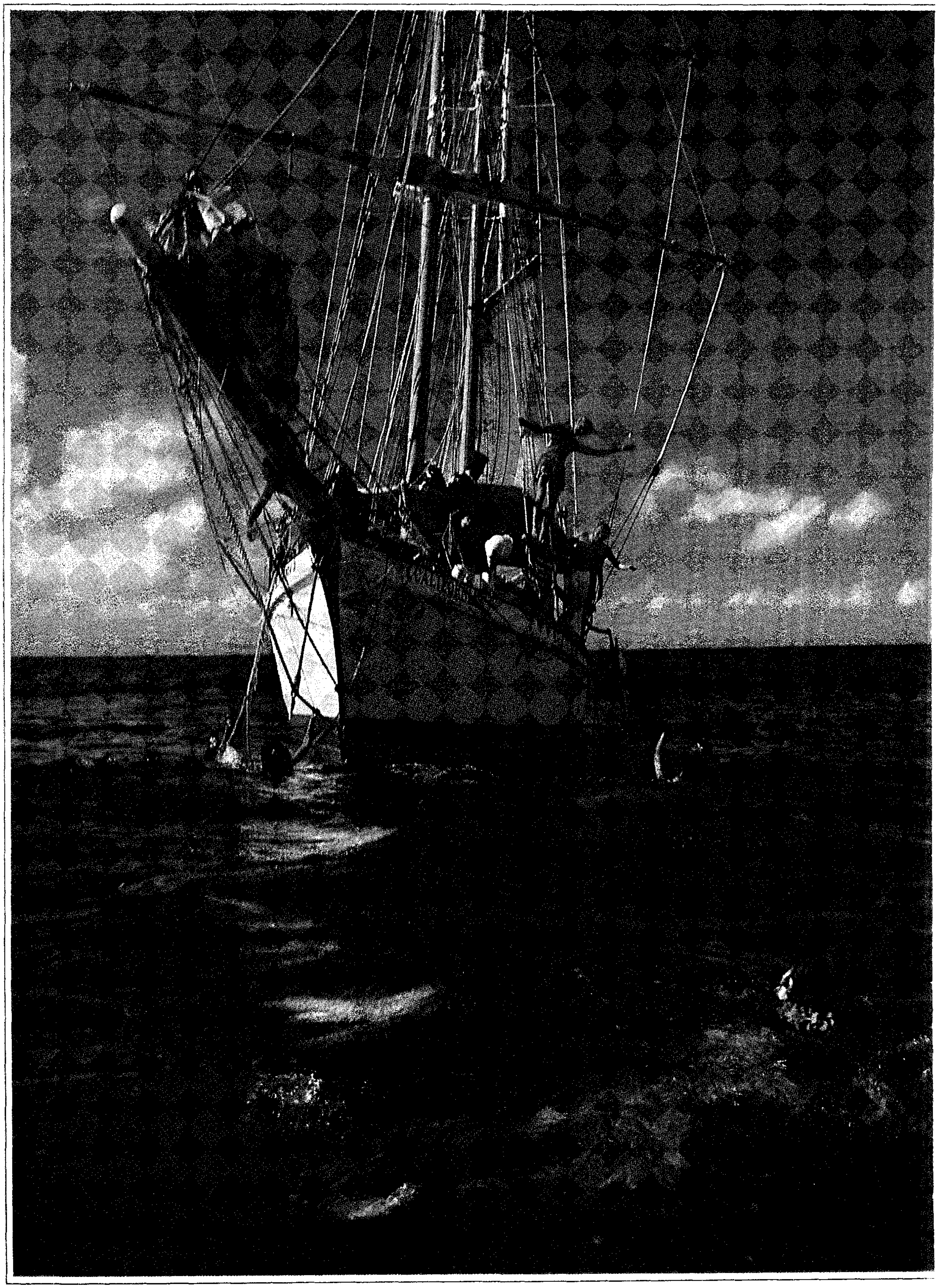

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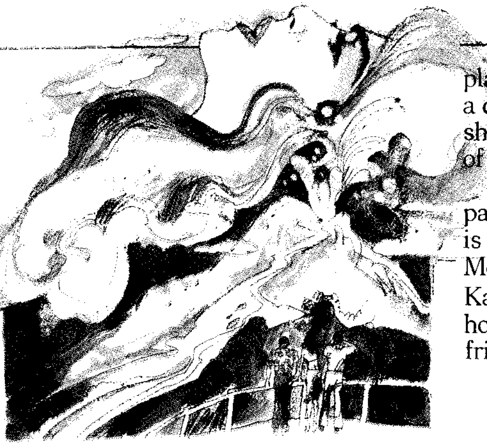

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Hawaii. *The State namesake with a temper.*

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Back down along the Big Island's hundreds of miles of coastline you can dig your toes in black, green or pearl white sand beaches. Talk with a weathered fisherman about the art of net casting, hear intriguing tales of warriors, ghosts and demigods at the City of Refuge, or wander through fields of orchids. And no visit is complete without tasting island grown Kona coffee or fresh roasted macadamia nuts.

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They say it's possible to drive to both ends of Kauai in one day. However, few have made it, what with all the distractions spread throughout her verdant valleys. Starting on the Leeward side, you'll be flabbergasted by the vistas at our tropical version of the Grand Canyon. When you catch your breath, you can cruise upstream to the rhythm of Hawaiian music serenading you midst the Fern Grotto. You'll find miles of beaches just big enough for two where "South Pacific" was filmed. An ancient trail rimming Na Pali cliffs on the Windward side leads you to yet another incredible view. And the world's best macadamia nut cookies are sold just around the corner from the airport.

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Oahu. *Capital of the floating cities of the Pacific.*

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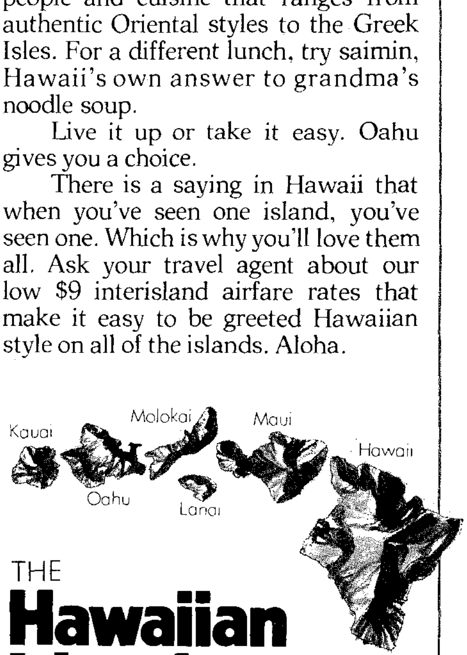

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in his view of reality. Implicitly, he is saying, "I'm going to show you more of the tormented soul than anybody has ever shown you." This soul belongs to a poor young nurse named Veronika, and the picture stands or falls on the viewer's attitude toward her recital of her sexual humiliations and her loathing of sex without love. In French. (3/4/74) (Regency; Sept. 13.)

Our Time—From an overprotected script by Jane C. Stanton, aged twenty-six, about a swanky girls' boarding school full of incredibly euphemistic and ignorant seventeen-year-olds who whisper about sex as though it were some kind of strictly forbidden Sanskrit. License ends in disaster, and so this story of 1955, which was certainly meant to be a piece of lyrical/tragical propaganda for legal abortion, finishes up meaning hellfire for those who, in the film's words, "go all the way." Directed by Peter Hyams, with a beauty named Pamela Sue Martin as Abby, born lucky, and Betsy Slade as Muffy, a plain Jane whose plastic barrettes define something about her hopelessness about herself. (Trans-Lux 85th St., and Loews 83rd St.; through Sept. 17.)

The Owl and the Pussycat (1970)—The teamwork of Barbra Streisand and George Segal has a beautiful worked-out professionalism, like Hepburn and Tracy at their best. As a pair, they give this romantic comedy about a bookstore clerk and a hooker a good, fast, raucous spirit. Herbert Ross directed. (St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; through Sept. 17.)

The Paradine Case (1948)—There are few thrills in this big misconceived courtroom thriller, directed by Hitchcock and ornately produced by David O. Selznick. Alida Valli, at the center, is surrounded by Gregory Peck, Charles Laughton, Ann Todd, Ethel Barrymore, Louis Jourdan, Charles Coburn, and Leo G. Carroll, who are mostly miserably miscast. The characters and their problems don't make much imprint on a viewer; if you can't remember whether you've seen the picture or not, chances are that you did and forgot it. (Fine Arts; starting Sept. 18.)

The Parallax View—Alan J. Pakula directs a rather trite and cautious movie about an imaginary political assassination of a Presidential aspirant which skirts carefully around the question of whether the traumatic killings of the Kennedy brothers were a question of organized political murders or of lone men's madness. With Warren Beatty as a rumpled newspaper reporter, Paula Prentiss trying vainly to look as hard as nails, Hume Cronyn. (6/24/74) (Playboy; through the afternoon of Sept. 17. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and New Yorker; through Sept. 17. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, Gramercy, 72nd Street East, Paramount, and Olympia; starting Sept. 18.)

Partner (1969)—Two years before "The Conformist," Bernardo Bertolucci made this inventive but bewildering political vaudeville—a modernization of Dostoevski's "The Double," in which a young drama teacher (Pierre Clémenti) has fantasies of extending the theatre of cruelty into political revolution. Clémenti doesn't convey enough intellectuality for an audience to understand the character, who seems to be a comic-strip Artaud. Visually extraordinary, and with original and daring tricks of style, but not easy to take. With Stefania Sandrelli and Tina Aumont. In Italian. (Regency; Sept. 19.)

Pierrot le Fou (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard's unresolved, disturbing film. The narrative encompasses a satire of advertising, as existential stalemate, political violence, and romance, all shot—in color—in a hard-edge style. With Jean-Paul Belmondo and Anna Karina. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 12.)

Pink Floyd—A concert-*cum*-puff by the famous London rock group, playing in Pompeii in quadraphonically recorded sound. The young men are adept musicians but even more adept at technology. They can make a Steinway piano sound like demonic stomach rumblings. (9/9/74) (Eastside Cinema; through Sept. 16. . . . ¶ Waverly, and New Yorker; starting Sept. 18.)

Play It Again, Sam (1972)—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. Allen plays a Bogart nut, and most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Herbert Ross directs in a style of suitably loose-limbed laconicism. (Quad Cinema, and New Yorker; through Sept. 17.)

Princess Yang Kwei Fei (1955)—One of the great Mizoguchi's eighty-odd films. This one is set in China in the eighth century: a stirring, gentle love story about an emperor and a concubine. Mizoguchi began his career as a painter, and his films show it. Very rewarding. In Japanese. (Regency; Sept. 14.)

The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes (1970)—Handsome Victorian décor and some clever dialogue, but Billy Wilder's detective picture fails to get much suspense going. With Robert Stephens as Holmes, and Geneviève Page as the lady who outwits him. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 13.)

The Producers (1968)—Satire of the theatre, with Zero Mostel as a producer who sells twenty-five thousand per cent of a play, intending to produce a flop so that he won't have to pay the backers anything. Some of it is very funny, but Mel Brooks, who wrote and directed, doesn't develop the ideas. With Dick Shawn and Gene Wilder, whose whining, strangled-voice bit is almost a shtick of genius. (Elgin; through Sept. 17.)

Reckless (1935)—Jean Harlow in a misguided picture that is best forgotten. Victor Fleming directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Sept. 14.)

Reed: Insurgent Mexico (1971)—A Mexican film, directed by Paul Leduc. In Spanish. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Regency; Sept. 11-12 and Sept. 16-17.)

La Salamandre (1971)—A Swiss film (made in French, with English subtitles), directed by Alain Tanner from a script that he wrote in collaboration with an English art critic and novelist named John Berger. There are three main characters: an imperishable little lizard of a girl called Rosemonde (Bulle Ogier), a huge-framed, goofy-looking journalist named Pierre, with a lopsided face and a hopeful view of life (Jean-Luc Bideau), and a low-key, lovable writer called Paul, with a lugubrious mustache like a Victorian bather's (Jacques Denis). The film is full of intellect and gay clarity. (Regency; Sept. 15.)

Savage Sisters—With Gloria Hendry and Cheri Caffaro, directed by Eddie Romero. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

Scenes from a Marriage—With Liv Ullmann and Erland Josephson, directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Cinema I; starting Sept. 15.)

The Seduction of Mimi—Written and directed by Lina Wertmuller. A very funny bedroom and church-step farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (6/24/74) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Skippy (1931)—This likable, mostly cheery, terribly *nice* movie, based on the Percy Crosby comic strip, made a lot of children happy and was a big popular success. The stars were the royal family of the Hollywood kindergarten of the time: Jackie Cooper, Mitzi Green, Jackie Searl, and Robert Coogan. The saddest moments deal with a dearly loved dog, and the children in the 1931 audience (and some adults, too) shed sweet (mercifully brief) tears. Norman Taurog directed; Norman McLeod, Joseph L. Mankiewicz, and Don Marquis all worked on the script. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 15-17.)

Sleeper—A modern slapstick-comedy classic, directed by and starring Woody Allen. Set two hundred years in the future, it's the most stable and sustained of his films, with a clean visual style and an elegant design. It's a very even work, with no thudding bad lines and no low stretches, but it doesn't have the loose, manic highs of some of his other films. (12/31/73) (East 59th Street I. . . . ¶ Greenwich; through Sept. 17. . . . ¶ Beacon; through Sept. 18.)

Spellbound (1945)—The idea is intriguing: a murder mystery set among a group of psychoanalysts, with a solution to be arrived at by clues found in a dream. It was carried out in 1945 by one of the most highly publicized collaborations of all time: Alfred Hitchcock and Salvador Dali, with Ben Hecht writing the script. Ingrid Bergman is the analyst, Gregory Peck her amnesiac patient—the murder suspect. With all the obvious ingredients for success, "Spellbound" is a disaster. It was fitting that the actress who was once described as a "fine, strong, cow-country maiden" should be cast as a good, solid analyst, dispensing cures with the wholesome simplicity of a mother adding wheat germ to the family diet, but Bergman's apple-cheeked sincerity has rarely been so out of place as in this confection whipped up by jaded chefs. With Michael Chekhov, John Emery, Leo G. Carroll. Academy Award for Best Original Score (!), by Miklos Rozsa. (Fine Arts; starting Sept. 18.)

The Sting—Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and director George Roy Hill trying to recapture the box-office glow of "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." This time, the happy twosome are cardsharps and swindlers of the thirties; the mood isn't as coyly lyrical as before—the first blush of their romance has faded. It's a visually claustrophobic, mechanically plotted movie that's meant to be a roguishly charming entertainment, and many people probably consider it just that. With Robert Shaw as the stiff-necked menace. (12/31/73) (Beekman; through Sept. 18.)

Suspicion (1941)—Hitchcock cast Cary Grant as a wife-killer; the studio insisted that the ending be changed. The result is a very unsatisfactory movie about a wife (Joan Fontaine) who is preposterously suspicious of her innocent husband. And since the movie is told from her point of view, it seems rather a cheat that we're being alerted to false clues. Not top-grade Hitchcock. (Fine Arts; through Sept. 17.)

Suzy (1936)—Jean Harlow in a pasted-together story about an American show girl barging about London and Paris during the First World War. She marries inventor Franchot Tone in London, then, thinking him dead, goes to Paris and marries famous aviator Cary Grant. Tone comes to Paris to work for Grant. . . . It's negligible, all right, but it isn't too awful, because Dorothy Parker and the other writers tossed in some dexterous badinage, and there are such bonuses as Jean Harlow trying to sing and Cary Grant demonstrating that he knows how (the clip appears in "That's Entertainment!"). Benita Hume is the delectable villainess; with Lewis Stone, Inez Courtney, and Una O'Connor. Directed by George Fitzmaurice. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Sept. 14.)

Swan Lake (1960)—A Russian film, performed by Maya Plisetskaya, Nicolai Fadeyechev, and the Bolshoi Ballet. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 16.)

The Tamarind Seed—Written and directed by Blake Edwards. Omar Sharif, who plays something or other in the Soviet Embassy in Paris, and Julie Andrews, who plays something or other in the Foreign Office in London, twice go to Barbados, and the first time, incredibly, Nothing Happens. Sharif looks very hirsute, like a Scottish terrier racked with helpless eroticism. The well-known words "We mustn't" are used not only for sexuality but also for spying. Bilge. (7/15/74) (Guild. . . .¶ Columbia II, and Loews 83rd St.; starting Sept. 18.)

That Man from Rio (1964)—Philippe de Broca's immensely successful parody-fantasy on thrillers and adventure films. With Jean-Paul Belmondo, Françoise Dorléac, and Jean Servais. High spirits and bravura and extravagance, but maybe too much of each. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 17.)

That's Entertainment!—An invigorating movie made up of clips from old M-G-M musicals. The linking commentary sounds a bit like an Oscar evening promoting M-G-M (the compeers include the present-day Mickey Rooney, James Stewart, Frank Sinatra, Bing Crosby, and Liza Minnelli), but the things that are linked together are terrific, especially the clips of Gene Kelly, in the incomparable Comden and Green's movie "Singin' in the Rain;" the melting, featherweight Fred Astaire; Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, that inimitable dollop of soup, ham, and classy yearning, their love-filled eyes slipping around to the camera to check what they look like; and Esther Williams, swimming in larger and larger pools, and rising from the chlorinated M-G-M water regally wet. (6/10/74) (Ziegfeld.)

Travels with My Aunt (1972)—Maggie Smith gives a desperate, flustered performance as the disreputable Augusta, a woman in her seventies who induces her stuffy nephew (Alec McCowen) to accompany her on her travels. Whatever private joke Graham

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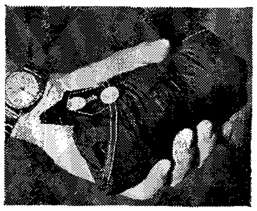

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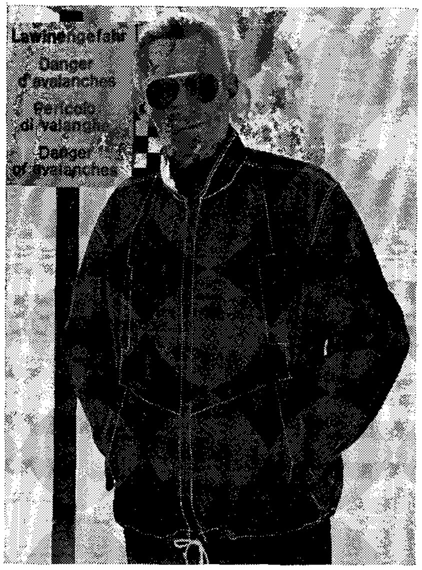

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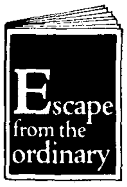

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Greene was working out in the novel, the message here is "Live, live, live!" But the movie itself has no real zing; it seems to run down before it gets started, and just about everyone in it looks miscast. George Cukor directed. (1/13/73) (Embassy 72nd St.; through Sept. 17.)

THE TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE (1948)—One of the strongest of all American movies. Three Americans stranded in Mexico strike it rich, and the director, John Huston, lets them stew in their own juice. Humphrey Bogart is the paranoid tough guy, Fred C. Dobbs; Walter Huston is the toothless, shrewd old prospector; and Tim Holt is a blunt, honest young man. With Alfonso Bedoya, as a primitive bandit who makes one appreciate civilization, and the director himself appearing as the victim of Bogart's cadging. From the B. Traven novel. If one is prepared for the terrible Max Steiner score, it may be easier to shut it out. (Elgin; Sept. 18-19.)

THE TWELVE CHAIRS (1970)—Mel Brooks shows his affection for the innocent nuttiness of earlier periods of comedy in this story about three men (Frank Langella, Dom DeLuise, Ron Moody) searching for a fortune hidden in a chair, but the whole enterprise is rather forlorn. Not bad, really—just so-so. (Elgin; through Sept. 17.)

ULYSSES (1967)—An act of homage to Joyce's novel that is reasonably successful in providing a surface map of the comings and goings in town and "Nighttown" but that lacks the sensuality of the novel's prose. Joyce gives us the drama within Stephen's consciousness; the Joseph Strick film stays on the outside, and so Leopold Bloom, who is easier to represent, takes over. With Maurice Roeves as Stephen, Milo O'Shea as Bloom, and Barbara Jefford as Molly. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 14.)

UNDER MILK WOOD (1973)—An affectionate and beautiful reading of the Dylan Thomas play for voices, with a fairly modest visual accompaniment. Andrew Sinclair adapted and directed. Richard Burton is the principal speaker and performer; with Peter O'Toole, Elizabeth Taylor, Victor Spinetti, Glynis Johns, and Vivien Merchant. Seeing the people seems to clarify and set the play in one's mind, though one may lose the unkempt luxuriance of Thomas's vision, and perhaps also lose the freedom not to think of the voices in terms of characters—the freedom not to visualize the material. (2/10/73) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 14.)

UPTOWN SATURDAY NIGHT—Directed by Sidney Poitier. Black is fun, says this film revolutionarily, communicating the idea with an attractive infectiousness. The men in the film, including a Sidney Poitier looking amiably smaller than usual, have the air of youngsters on a spree playing hooky, and the wives seem wiser and older, which is a classic black film-and-stage situation. A lottery ticket gets lost in a stickup and found again. In a white film, it would have disappeared for good. That's the difference. (6/17/74) (86th St. East.)

WALKING TALL—A rabble-rousing movie that appeals to a deep-seated belief in simple, swift, Biblical justice; the visceral impact of the film makes one know how crowds must feel when they're being swayed by demagogues. Joe Don Baker gives a powerful performance as the crusading Tennessee sheriff Buford Pusser—who just died—but it's a tall tale: a fiction derived from early Westerns. The director, Phil Karlson, is brutally effective; he makes the battle of virtuous force against organized evil seem primordial. With Elizabeth Hartman as Mrs. Pusser. (2/25/74) (DeMille.)

WHERE'S POPPA? (1970)—This Carl Reiner comedy about a lawyer (George Segal) who can't get loose from his mother (Ruth Gordon) doesn't completely work—maybe because the mother has been made into a senile psychopath instead of a sly, possessive witch, and so the satirical point gets confused. But it has so much energy and inventiveness that it's intermittently very funny, and Reiner has directed some graceful scenes between Segal and a charming ingénue, Trish Van Devere. (Gramercy; through Sept. 17. . . . ¶ Paramount; through Sept. 17. No evening performances on Wednesday, Sept. 11.)

YOLANTA (1964)—Tchaikovsky's opera performed by some members of the Bolshoi Opera. In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 16.)

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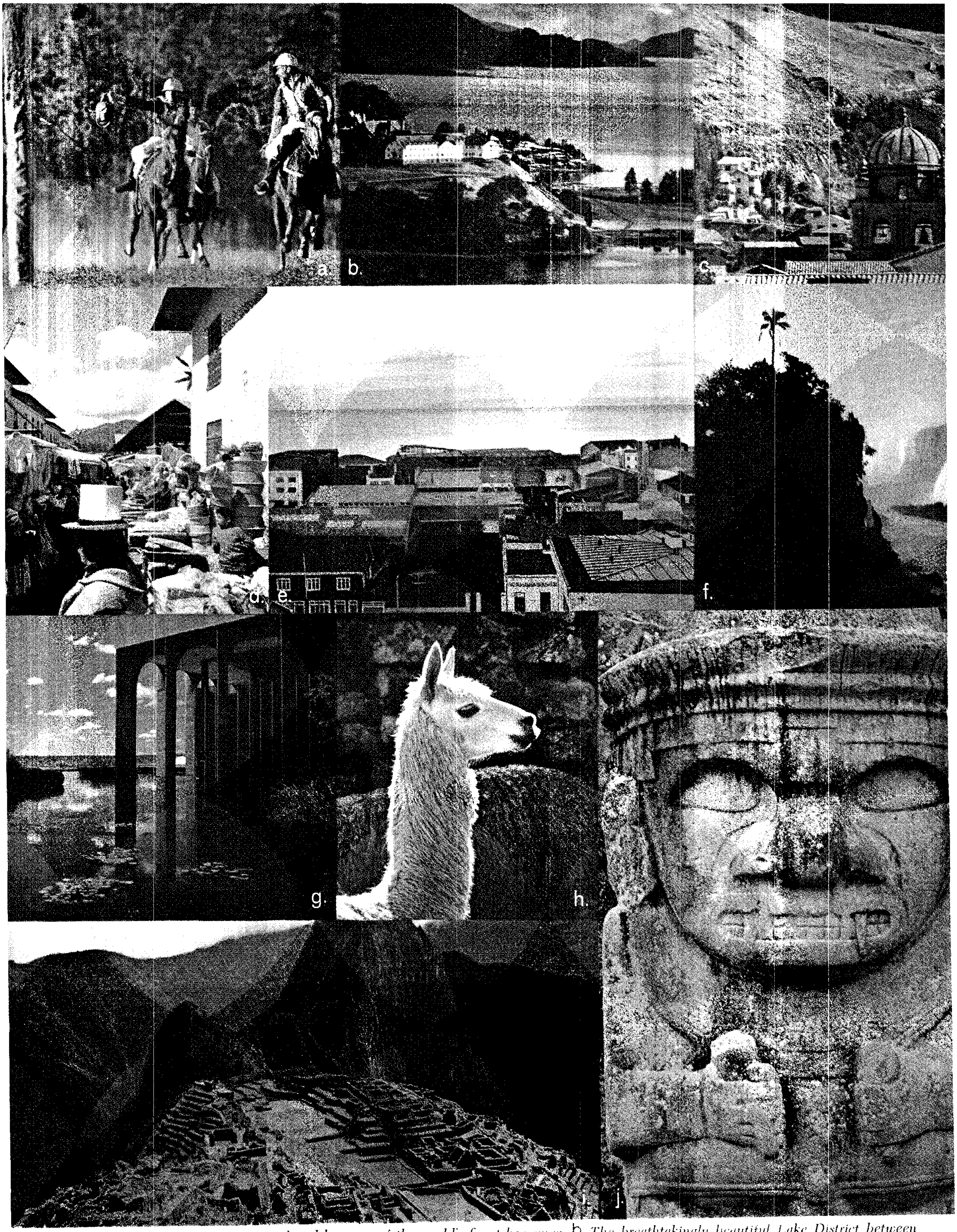

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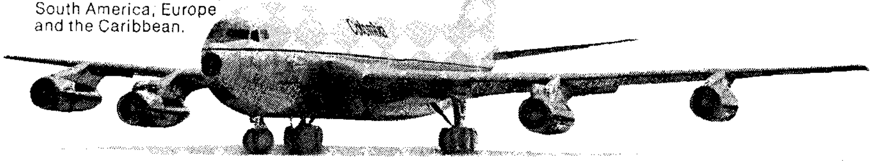

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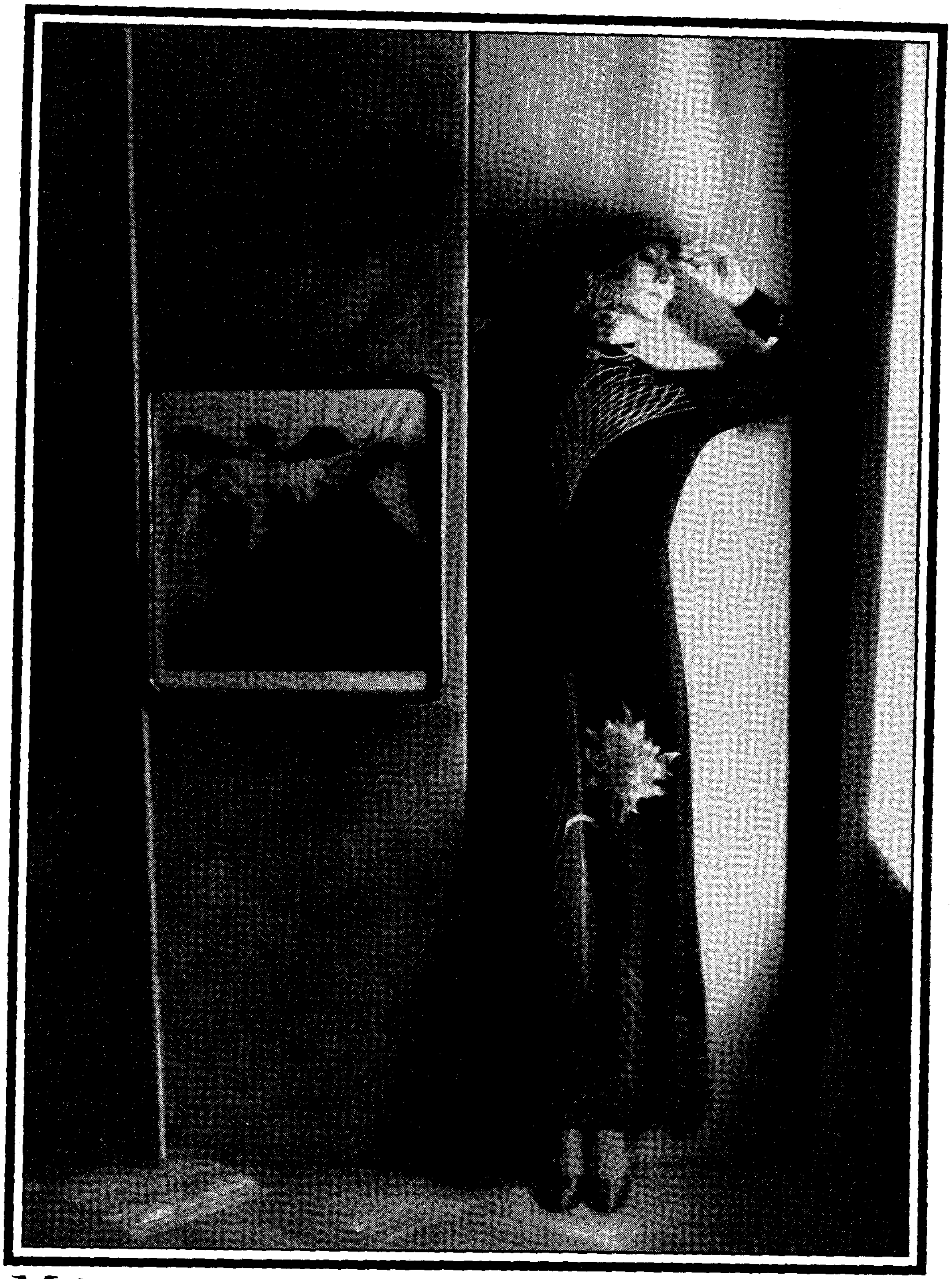

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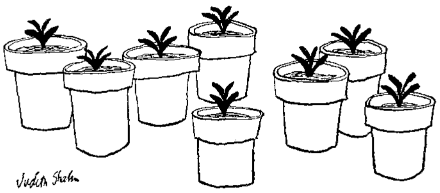
Notes and Comment

PRESIDENT FORD's pardon for Richard Nixon has refreshed the spirit of political deceit in a way that nothing else could have. The pardon is supposed to demonstrate that justice is being tempered with mercy, whereas actually justice is being replaced by mercy. While few of us want vengeance, many of us want the truth told about what happened during the Nixon Administration and want the chance to believe again in the rule of law. Mr. Ford has wiped out both truth and belief. By depriving the nation of a trial of the former President, he has deprived it of the opportunity to learn in full what was done, how it was done, and why it was done. If such a trial had been held and Mr. Nixon had been found guilty, there would have been no need, and probably no public demand, for imprisonment; he could have been given a large fine and a suspended prison sentence. By these means, the truth would have been told, the law would have been upheld, and potential despots who didn't care to end up as impoverished felons would have been dissuaded from taking the same course. Perhaps unimportant and perhaps not, Mr. Nixon would have been prohibited by law from ever holding federal office again. Now, of course, President Ford has announced that the worst punishment this nation has in store for tyrants is resignation, eased by gross emoluments and quick forgiveness. Mr. Nixon's punishment, it is said, is to be the humiliation that he has suffered. Everyone who is caught doing a serious wrong suffers humiliation, and is often punished, too. What of the humiliation that Mr. Nixon brought upon the people of the United States, in their own eyes and in the eyes of the world? And what of their wishes? Last week, a national poll showed that a large majority of them—three-fifths of those who had an opinion—believed that Mr. Nixon should be prosecuted for his misdeeds. President Ford has rejected the advice by resorting to the legal legerdemain of pardoning someone who has not been convicted of any crime. The next step will probably be that the defendants in the main Watergate trial, scheduled to begin at the end of this month—the Messrs. Mitchell, Haldeman, Ehrlichman, Mardian, Parkinson, and Strachan—will all plead guilty, in the reasonable expectation that no judge could now give them more than a modest sentence, and will remain silent. With that, the Watergate case will be closed, and we will know only one thing for certain: the coverup is still going on.

"HISTORY will deal more kindly with Richard Nixon than did his contemporaries," Representative Edward Hutchinson, the ranking Republican on the House Judiciary Committee, wrote a few weeks ago in the committee's final report on the impeachment proceedings. "As the Watergate affair moves into the past it may be seen for what a little thing a President was forced to resign from office when compared with the accomplishments of his Administration." Now that Mr. Nixon's most powerful contemporary, President Ford, has exonerated him, and concealed the facts, history may indeed deal kindly with the fallen President. But if history has any regard for truth, it will base its final appraisal of Mr. Nixon on all the "little" things that typified his career. One of these will be the little lie. Throughout a long public life, he displayed a remarkable ability to use a small and seemingly innocuous distortion here, a twisted fact there, a deceptive innuendo elsewhere to accomplish his purposes. Even if someone pointed out these misrepresentations of the truth, Mr. Nixon appeared to be, at the worst, a man who hadn't got matters quite straight but didn't mean to mislead anyone. The truth is that from the start Richard Nixon meant to mislead everyone. And for a very long time he succeeded to an astonishing degree. In addition to his extraordinary skill at using the little lie, he depended always on his estimate of the people—as childish, easily swayed by emotional appeals, and ignorant. But in the end he was undone precisely by his mastery of deceit and his estimate of the people. His genius for deceiving them in small ways led him slowly up the tortuous path to great power. Once he was there, the distortions he had built his career—in fact, his life—on became suddenly as great as his power. And when, finally, he confessed to one lie, which connected some of the other lies but was no larger than any of them, its immensity struck everyone except Richard Nixon like a thunderclap. The multitude of small lies had instantly coalesced into one—the great betrayal. And as he faced the people he had misled for so many years, it became clear at last that he had never known the most important truth about them: whatever their immaturity, emotionalism, and ignorance, they possess the one quality that no leader can escape—common sense.



In a statement released in San Clemente after the pardon was announced, Mr. Nixon said, "Looking back on what is still in my mind a complex and confusing maze of events, decisions, pressures, and personalities, one thing I can see clearly now is that I was wrong in not acting more decisively and more forthrightly in dealing with Watergate, particularly when it reached the stage of judicial proceedings and grew from a political scandal into a national tragedy." Going on to mention his "mistakes and misjudgments," he ended by saying, "That the way I tried to deal with Watergate was the wrong way is a burden I shall bear for every day of the life that is left to me." The statement was a brilliant example of the Nixon technique: I may have been wrong about many things, but I am not guilty of anything. Now President Ford has infinitely compounded this dishonesty, and, far worse, he has officially approved this final lie and handed it down to history.

Preservation

CENTRAL PARK, which acquired a curator to look after it during the Lindsay years, now also has, under the Beame team, a preservator—Professor James Marston Fitch, of Columbia University. The new appointee dropped in at our office the other day. We sat him down in the black Naugahyde armchair we keep for company, bought him a can of Coke at the machine in the hall (that machine has gone up from twenty cents to a quarter), and had a good talk. From which the following facts emerged:

Professor Fitch, like us, had never heard the word "preservator" before. He prefers to say "historic preservationist." He doesn't like that term much, either, but it's the standard one in the field.

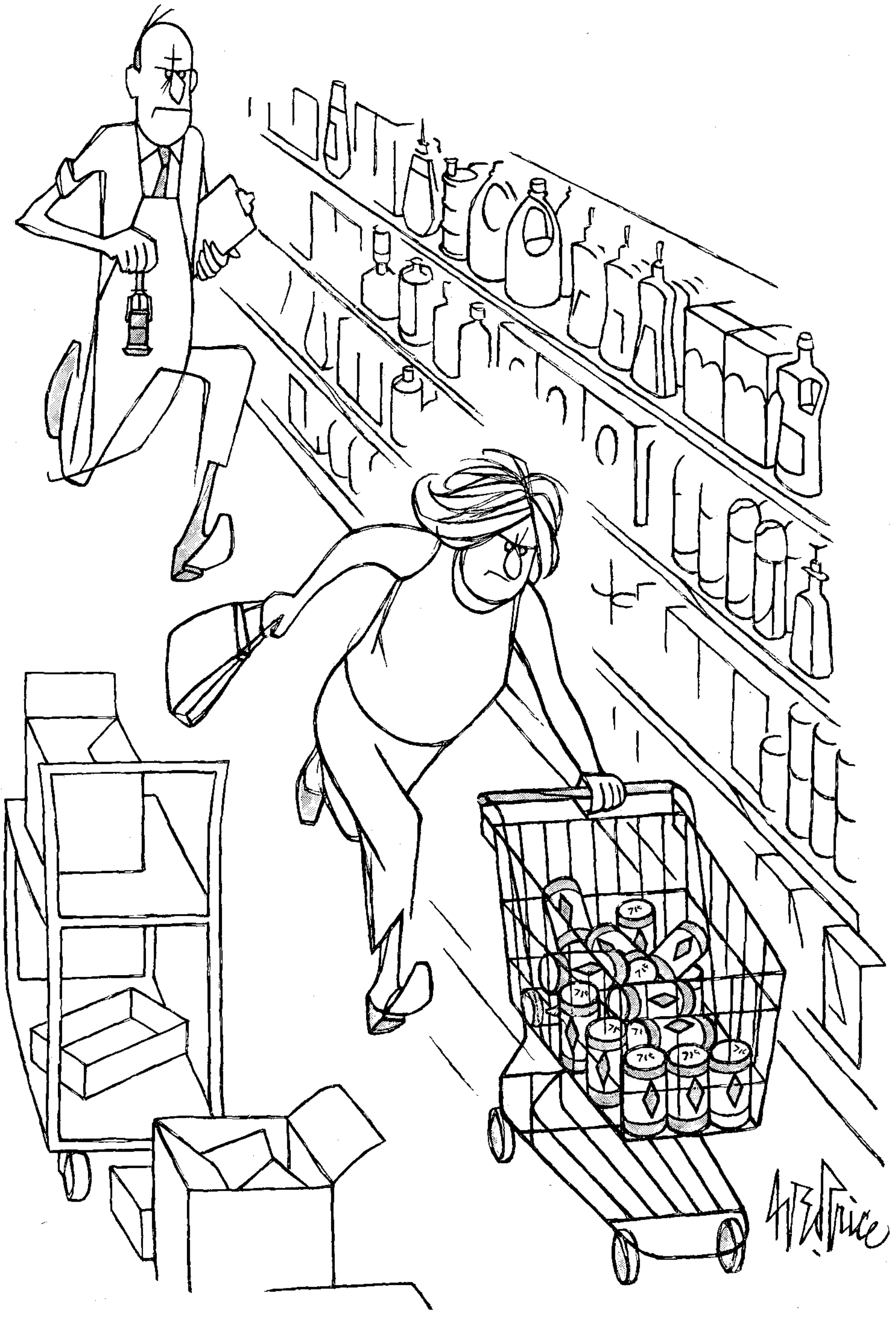
Professor Fitch himself practically invented the field of historic preservation in this country. Ten years ago, at Columbia, he started the country's first graduate program in what he now calls "the retrieval and recycling of the historic environment." The program does more than just train people how to keep trees and cities in existence. It looks into questions like: What kind of behavior does this old building elicit from people, and is that valuable for human beings? "Architects have never asked these questions," Professor Fitch tells his students, and he asks, "Why not?"

One of Professor Fitch's students has just completed a thesis on the behavior-eliciting characteristics of stairs. This study began by examining the four shallow steps in front of the Metropolitan Opera House. "Those innocent little steps have gained a reputation as the most dangerous steps in New York," Professor Fitch told us. "They're so extravagantly broad and shallow that you can't walk down them at a natural gait, and the result is they can trip people just as effectively as piano wire."

Central Park began life as a spectators' park. People sat on benches along the pathways and looked at flower beds. Volleyball and basketball hadn't even been invented.

The entire Park is an artifact. Frederick Law Olmsted preserved the natural features of the site that he liked, but only after he had removed them to install clay drainage pipe—sixty-four miles of it all told—under every square foot of the Park.

Professor Fitch is at work on a series of maps of the Park. One will show it exactly as Olmsted left it. Another will show it exactly as it is now. "I'm not trying to freeze the Park in ice," Professor Fitch told us. "Or put it in a glass case, like the ones in the Museum of Natural History. When we have the maps, we can superimpose the map of the new on the map of the old, and then we can put any proposed change as an overlay on both, and maybe then we'll be in a position to collaborate with Olmsted. What I'm interested in is what he was interested in: the shear line between the observer and the observed. If we're going to have artifacts that are worth observing and experiencing, the question is how to bring an observer to them without destroying either one or the other. That is what historic preservation means."



With Sebou

STANLEY MIESES, discothèque editor of the *National Star*, is one smart young modern who gets his hair cut by Sebou, the fashionable Persian barber. Sebou, who cuts the hair of women and men in the same room, has his headquarters on the fifth floor of 33 East Sixty-eighth Street, and he is the first barber Mr. Mieses has seen regularly since he stopped going to Epi's Barber Shop, on West 214th Street. Mr. Mieses talked about this as he headed toward Sebou's salon the other day for a major haircut. "I like the service at Sebou," he said. "Epi's was another story. I went to Epi's mainly because the barber was Luís Rodriguez's uncle. Luís Rodriguez was in my band class at high school."

When Mr. Mieses arrived at Sebou's, Sebou, who is a small man with curly hair, was on the phone. Soon, however, Sebou gave Mieses his full attention. Mieses was seated in a gold-and-white swivel barber chair. Gold and white dominate Sebou's headquarters. There is gold to the point of ormolu all around. "There's just one similarity between Sebou and Epi's," said Mieses as Sebou went to work. "Sebou keeps his combs in that same blue disinfectant. You know, that blue liquid barbers keep their combs in."

"Of course," said Sebou. "It is the best way."

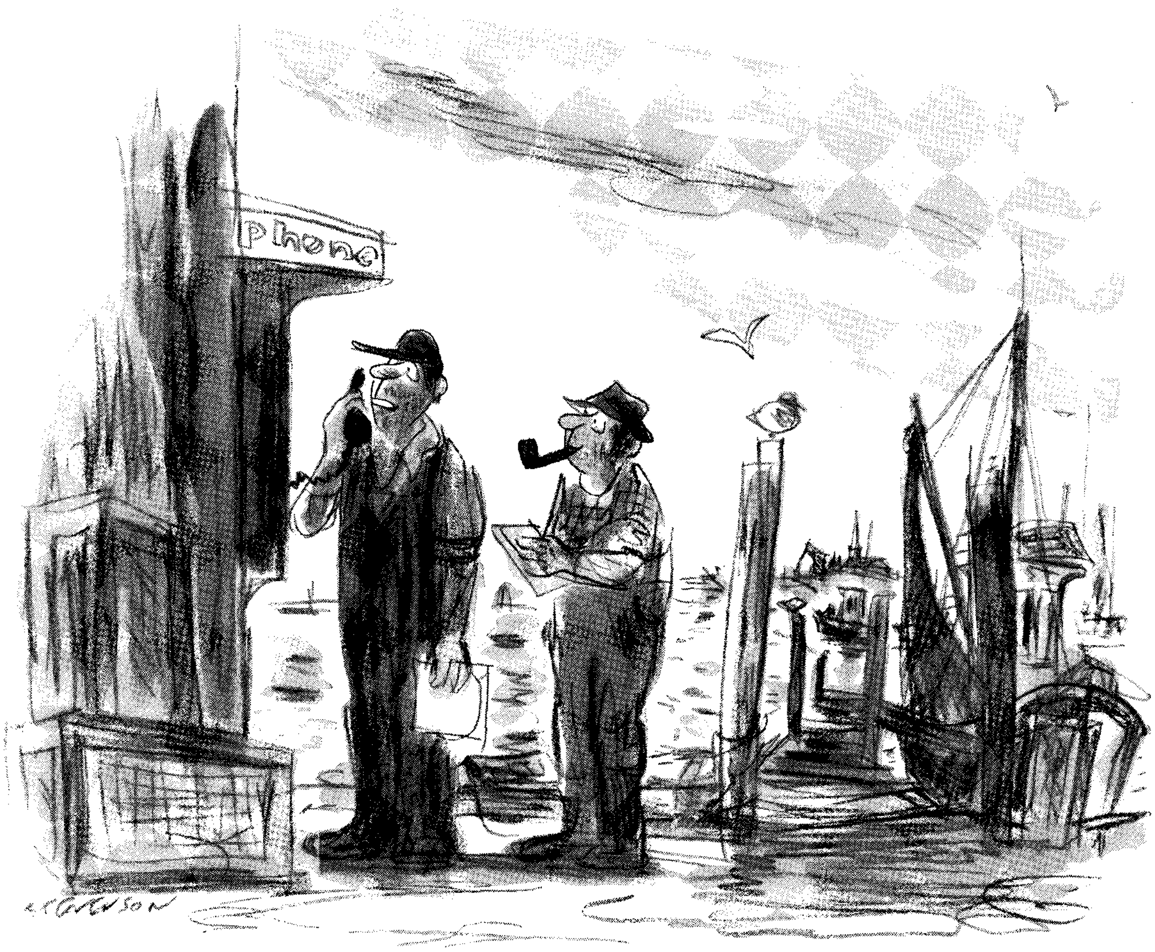
We looked carefully at the jar that Sebou keeps his combs in. A label read "King's Barbicide: The Approved Germicide and Disinfectant." We saw other interesting objects. There is a color photograph in a gold-metal frame of the sort seen in beauty salons from coast to coast, which shows a hair style to vivid advantage. The hair style is called "The Softened Shortie." And there is an old Zenith radio. "It gives better reception than the one that was stolen from here," Sebou said.

"You have something to do with Raquel Welch, do you not?" we asked Sebou.

"Of course I do. Doesn't everybody?" Sebou answered. "I do the hair, other people do other things."

We asked Sebou if he had had to make any special arrangements in order to cut men's and women's hair in the same room.

"I needed two different licenses," he said. "In 1971, when I was a top executive at Revlon, I would go from the forty-ninth floor, change to bluejeans, and go to the Bowery Street to study for my men's-barber license. I went to the Tri-City Barber, at 204 Bowery Street. There I was very nice to the people who came in. I would hang up their coat—everything. But what I am going to do next—I should tell you about that. I am going to Birmingham, Alabama, where Mrs. Ford, the President's wife, is getting an award for being a legendary woman, and I am going down to make sure everything is *just so*."



". . . and blues are plentiful in Block Island Sound. Now, with a special report on stripers, here's my colleague, Lem Witherspoon."

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Highway

A GROUP of people calling themselves Action for Rational Transit (ART) held a demonstration on the sidewalk outside Manhattan Center, on West Thirty-fourth Street, last Thursday to try to reduce the vmt in the cbd—that is, the vehicle miles travelled in the central business district. Inside Manhattan Center, there was a public hearing on the activities of the West Side Highway Project, a city-state agency that is planning to rebuild or replace the highway. It has made five proposals, two of which call for an Interstate Highway that would connect the Brooklyn-Battery Tunnel and the Lincoln Tunnel—an idea that the people from ART oppose. Instead of a superhighway and more automobile traffic, ART wants improved mass-transit facilities.

During the hearings, a number of community representatives, trade-union leaders, and private citizens made presentations—none of them quite as impressive as a very fancy slide show narrated by Lowell K. Bridwell, the executive director of the West Side Highway Project. Actually, "West Side Highway Project" is something of a misnomer, because the part of the road below Seventy-second Street was officially named the Miller Highway shortly after it opened, in the nineteen-thirties. Since then, it has gradually fallen apart—most dramatically last December, when the roadway collapsed near West Twelfth Street and two vehicles fell through the pavement to the street below. If some of the Project people have their way, the southern half of the West Side Highway—or, if you will, the Miller Highway—will be demolished and replaced by six lanes of Interstate.

The hearings had been going on for two hours when the protest rally began outside, and a lot of people left the hearing room to march with signs that had slogans like "MILLIONS FOR MASS TRANSIT! NOT ONE CENT FOR HIGHWAYS!" and "FRIENDS OF THE EARTH SAY STOP THE INTERSTATE." Most of the protesters live in the West Village, which they say will become a "service road" for big trucks if the Interstate is built. "We don't think that any of the construction plans address themselves to the needs of the neighborhood and the city," Ruth Wittenberg, the vice-chairwoman of Community Board 2, told us. "The Interstate would take ten years to build, and it would increase truck traffic through the city streets. We've never had trucks on the highway, because it's been technically restricted to pleasure cars—although if you've ever driven on the West Side Highway you know that it hasn't always been a pleasure."

The Robert Boyar family, from West Twelfth Street, was present for the demonstration—Mama Boyar, Papa Boyar, and Jonathan and Benjie Boyar. Mama Boyar, named Margery, sold red buttons that said "Stop the Interstate." Papa Boyar explained to us that building four miles of Interstate roadway for a billion and a half dollars would be a waste of money, because it would "thwart the natural and progressing redevelopment on the West Side of Manhattan." Pointing to a semi-trailer truck, which shifted gears as it went by, he said, "If you run a road from Battery Tunnel to the George Washington Bridge—where it would probably eventually stretch—you're going to get a lot of that. We don't need the equivalent of the Bruckner Expressway on the West Side."

While we talked with Papa Boyar, Jonathan Boyar, who is twelve, carried a clipboard around and asked people to sign a petition to Help Stop the Interstate. When he had about thirty signatures, he showed them to his father, who nodded approvingly.

Benjie Boyar, who was attending his third demonstration against the Interstate, didn't do much of anything. "I've picketed at the other hearings, but I'm not picketing today, because it's not that exciting, because all it means is walking and carrying a sign," said Benjie, who is eight, and who was wearing a yellow polo shirt, patched bluejeans, and Keds sneakers. "Still, I'm against the Interstate, because there's already too much garbage in the street, too much pollution, and too much noise."

We thought about that for a moment, while Benjie bent the forefinger and middle finger of his left hand backward and touched them against the back of his left wrist. "I bet you wonder how I can do this," he said.

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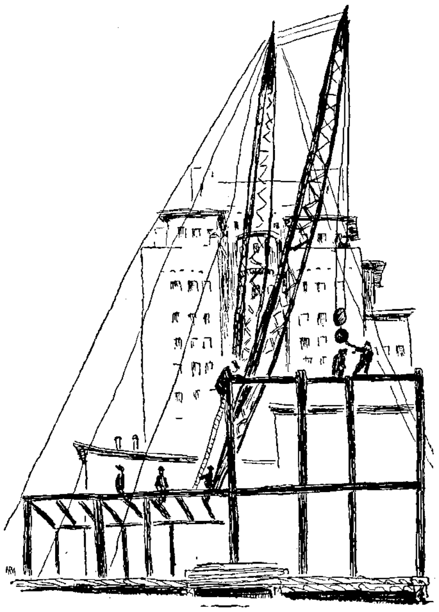
LAST December, when that section of the West Side Highway collapsed, a miraculous transformation occurred. The highway was closed to automobile traffic between Forty-sixth Street and the Battery. Overnight, a bumpy, dilapidated, inadequate highway, a highway that had degraded the waterfront of the lower West Side with noise and poisonous gases, became the broadest, most magnificent, most beautiful elevated bikeway in the world. We've ridden our bicycle on it regularly ever since. We've ridden on Sundays, when the highway is a promenade for the self-propelled, both on wheels and on foot. Once, we rode at midnight, and a rogue car, its headlights doused, careered at us down the wrong side of the road and scared us out of our wits. Last week, the sun came out after four days of monsoonlike rains, and we went for another ride.

We'll get to the ride in a minute. First, a proposal. All five plans of the West Side Highway Project, ranging from a simple repair job to the grandiose one-and-a-half-billion-dollar scheme for an Interstate Highway, share that ever-receding goal of modern transportation alchemy known as "easing the traffic flow." Our proposal is simple. Forget about "solutions," and leave the highway exactly as it is. The traffic has been "flowing"—not altogether smoothly, perhaps, but without undue suffering—on West Street, under the highway. And as a ruin—as a crumbling monument to the age of automotive optimism—the highway has a dignity and a beauty it utterly lacked when it was a mere conveyance for cars.

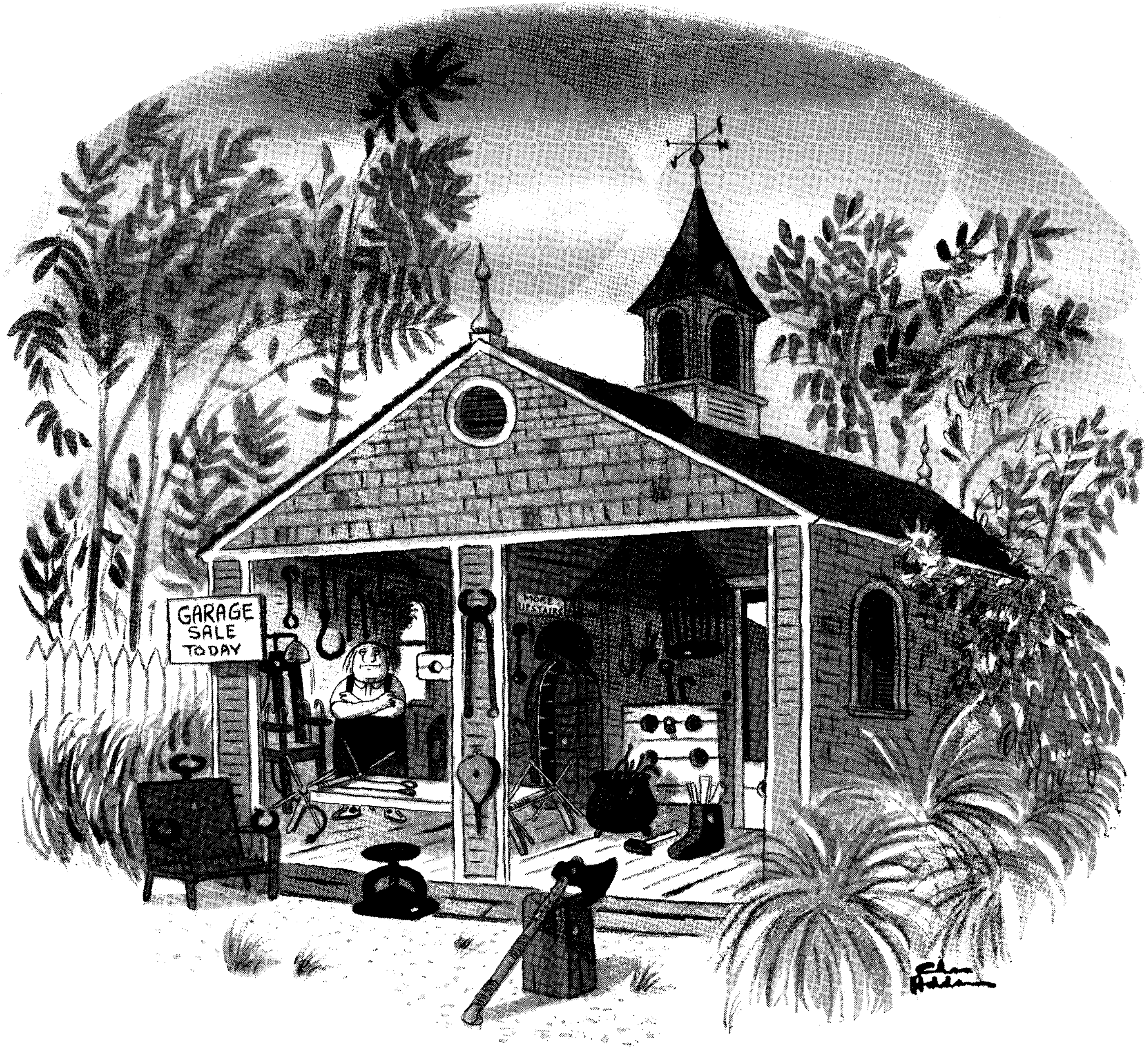


We got on the highway at Twenty-third Street, and immediately entered a region of stillness and peace. Without cars, the highway is not in constant vibration, and riding on it is like skimming over the city in a bubble of silence. The sounds of horns and trucks can still be heard, of course, but on that empty, bleached highway we felt detached from them. We rode up to Forty-sixth Street—where, appropriately, the crumpled, wheelless wreck of a Buick marks the spot where downtown car traffic must exit—and then down to the Battery.

We stopped here and there to examine details. The metalwork of the highway's railing, its gray paint now flaking away, creates a frieze dotted with municipal seals. Each crosstown street is marked by a metal bas-relief along the railing. The basic motif is gears: gears within gears, sun rays shooting out from gears, gears with powerful wings, eagles surmounting gears, helmets crowning gears, and, right in the middle of each relief, a universal joint. Between Twenty-seventh and Fourteenth Streets, the road surface is of cobblestones instead of asphalt, and there are fine Art Deco lampposts in the middle. Elsewhere, the lampposts are of the modern, arching, mercury-vapor variety. They look hideous at the moment, but in fifty years, when the ghastly vision of the future their designers were trying to express is only a historical curiosity, they, too, will be beautiful.

The highway is now a good spot for automotive archeology and urban botany. In every cranny are little pieces of hubcap, shards of headlight and taillight, and scraps of chrome trim. We found a perfectly preserved inch-high chrome "R," probably from an ancient Rambler. Along the edges of the road, where grit has accumulated in the metal gratings, and in the middle dividing strip, where the concrete has started to crumble into something like soil, plant life is flourishing. We noticed a dozen varieties of weeds and wild flowers, and some plants were four feet tall. In the stretches of cobblestone, the vegetation has begun to creep into the roadway itself.

During our ride, we saw about a



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dozen cyclists, mostly of the ten-speed, backpacker type. We chatted with a gray-bearded painter and a handsome woman, who were out for a stroll together, and who told us that their favorite time for walking on the highway is in the winter, just after a fresh fall of snow. We talked with Eric Romanelli, who has short brown hair and a trim beard, and was wearing a tiny gold ring in his left earlobe. He had on purple jeans, a white tank top, Argyle socks, and a pair of over-the-ankle roller skates with rubber stoppers on the toes. He told us he prefers to skate south, because it's slightly downhill and the wind is at his back. We talked with a couple of transit cops in a battered police station wagon—the only motor vehicle we saw on the highway—who said that, as far as they knew, there is no crime on the highway.

And we saw the sights. To our right, as we rode downtown, was the Hudson, with, successively, the cruise ship Raffaello, the liner France, and the ruined piers of the Erie-Lackawanna and Lehigh Valley railroads. To our left was the city: the midtown skyline in the background, and, in the foreground, the huge, shuttered brick warehouses of the late Industrial Revolution. The pall that the West Side Highway casts over West Street has kept much of it as it was two generations ago. In the Gansevoort wholesale meat district, we peered down at trucks backed up to covered sidewalks, animal carcasses hanging from hooks, and a topless bar that opens at eleven in the morning, just as the men are knocking off work. We saw a half-dozen true diners—that is, diners that make a serious effort to resemble railroad cars—and one or two of them were still in business. We saw fine, brawling old waterfront lodging houses, such as the Christopher Hotel.

Downtown, as we came out behind Pier 25, we suddenly saw the Statue of Liberty, surprisingly large and surprisingly close. A little farther down, the north tower of the World Trade Center rose some thirty yards from the edge of the road. As we coasted down the ramp to Rector Street, we thought gratefully of the decades of neglect that have brought the highway to its present happy pass. With such a ruin, New York is truly a civilized city.

THE KENTISH SLEEP JOURNAL

SLEEP—along with its counterpart, being awake—accounts for much of the time spent by modern man during his life, and therefore merits serious attention by the trained observer. Certainly the most fascinating document to emerge from the burgeoning sleep-research field is the journal kept by Dr. Mordecai Kentish during a classic experiment in which he stayed awake for more than three hundred hours in order to study the effects of extensive sleep deprivation. Dr. Kentish, Winkle Professor of Clinical Psychology at Tony's College, Chicago, won the Nobel Prize in 1948 for his work in isolating and defining the common nap as "any rest episode up to twenty minutes' duration involving unconsciousness but not pajamas." He also pioneered the "Kentish Technique" of psychoanalysis, in which either the patient or the therapist gets to lie on the couch, depending on which of the two is sleepier. He is the author of the standard text "Sleep" and the widely known treatise on insomnia "How to Sleep," plus a third volume, "Where to Sleep," a thoughtful rating of motels found along the major interstate arteries, which includes an appendix listing inexpensive restaurants and the locations of important historical markers.

We would like to express our thanks to Mabley Kentish for releasing the Kentish papers for publication only months after her brother's experiments were so tragically interrupted, when he was carried off by a large bird. Selected portions of the Sleep Journal follow.

FIRST DAY (12 hours): Arrived at laboratory 9 P.M. Bucholtz [Kentish's devoted assistant, O. Bucholtz, a refugee who worked for Kentish for twelve years without remuneration of any kind, and with only one two-day vacation, which he spent walking around in the front yard] as usual leaves a mess—candy wrappers, a banana peel on the EEG, a half-filled container of coffee with a cigarette butt floating in it. Nevertheless, there can be no question of dismissing him; he is pathetically devoted to me, perhaps because of that time I let him watch me shave. The current record for sleeplessness is held by radio personality Galen Moon, the host of a telephone show, who remained awake for the entire two hundred hours required to take an irate call from a severe stutterer. (Moon, a noted insomniac, later revealed to me that even after his excruciating ordeal he could not fall asleep without first browsing through an article entitled "Cairo—Whither the New Agrarianism?," a soporific published every Sunday in the magazine section of the New York *Times*.) My intention is to exceed Moon's limit by at least one-third, utilizing no stimulants or artificial means whatsoever—nothing but the awesome powers of a disciplined intellect. At the end of each entry, as daily proof of my ability to sustain rational, sequential thought, I shall perform a simple test, by writing out the complete alphabet. Thus:

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

Handelsman

"According to you, I suppose, being a human being is one big barrel of laughs."

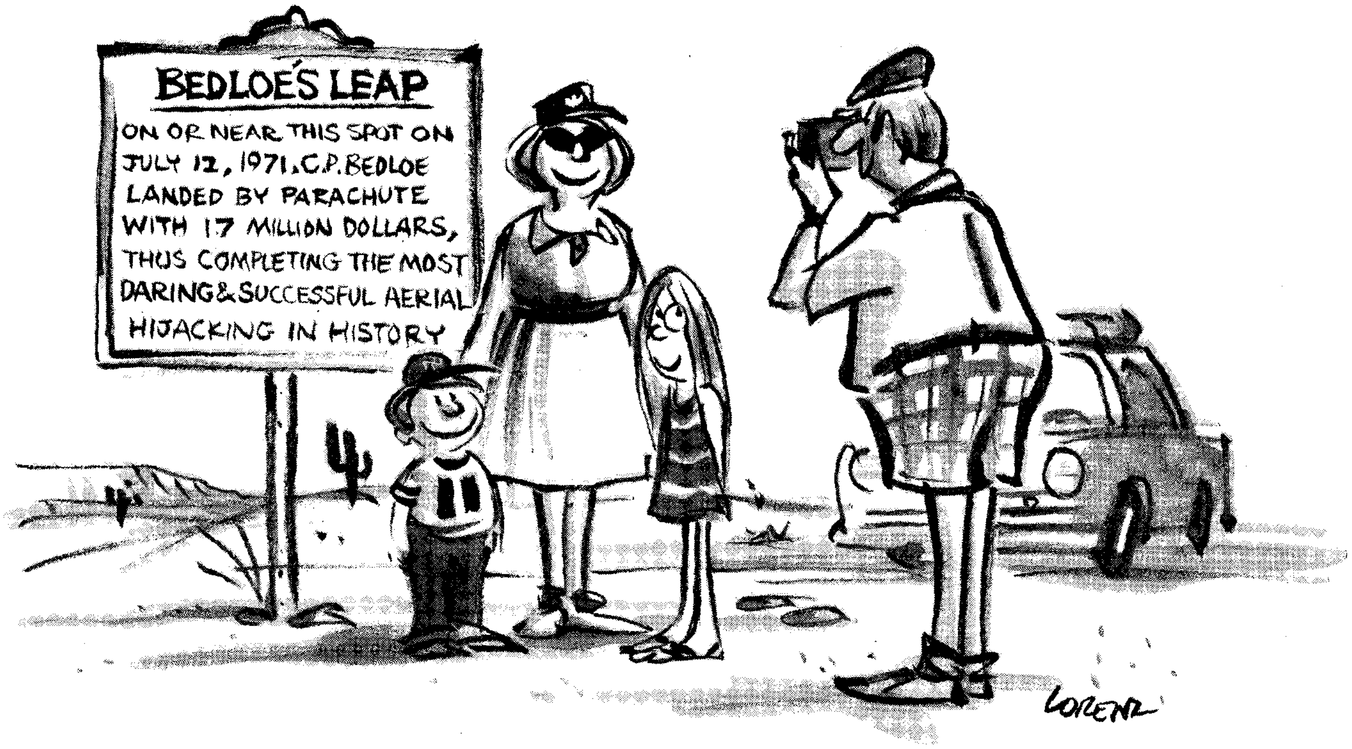
SECOND DAY (38 hours): Pulse, respiration, temperature, and blood pressure normal. A mild elation accompanied by great mental clarity. Chess with Bucholtz; a carefully laid trap of my own design (Ruy Lopez, with a slashing bishop attack) had the fool mated in seven moves. Intake: Breakfast—coffee and a scone with honey. Lunch—Bibb lettuce *rémoulade*. Dinner—butterfish and a praline. Physical coördination excellent; I jumped two feet straight up into the air without bending my knees—a difficult enough feat for a young man, and certainly remarkable for an advanced sedentary specimen such as myself. Wonderful feeling of crispness and efficiency. Three times eight is twenty-four. The cube root of eight is two. The capital of Chile is Santiago.

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz
abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz
abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

FIFTH DAY (109 hours): Sensation of mild granulation around the eyeballs, as if a small boy had flung pulverized antimony into my face. Pulse, temperature, respiration, blood pressure normal. (Annoying relative term, "normal." For whom?) In Bucholtz's case, temperature, pressure, respiration, and blood pressure can all be expressed by one integer in the low fifties. Chess with Bucholtz. Irresponsibly sacrificed my queen, both knights, both bishops, and all pawns within first thirteen moves; nevertheless managed to achieve stalemate by sending Bucholtz on a brief errand, during which time I flushed his king down the toilet. The frontiers of the mind are limitless. The cube root of eight is *not* two; it is something else, possibly the color red.

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

SIXTH DAY (150 hours): No noticeable fatigue. Curious perceptual distortions, however. Everyday objects (i.e., my right hand, a chair) seem either too large or too small, but I cannot decide which. Chess with Bucholtz


BEDLOE'S LEAP
ON OR NEAR THIS SPOT ON JULY 12, 1971, C.P. BEDLOE LANDED BY PARACHUTE WITH 17 MILLION DOLLARS, THUS COMPLETING THE MOST DARING & SUCCESSFUL AERIAL HIJACKING IN HISTORY
LORENZ

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discontinued when I realized after twenty minutes that we had set up the pieces without the board and were playing directly on the table. Intake: Breakfast—coffee, scone. Dinner—butterfish and a slice of whole-wheat bed. Read article by Karsky in *International Journal of Orthopsychology*, on jealousy in moths. Difficult to follow, as the entire text apparently consists of the word "vibescu" repeated endlessly. These behaviorists will stoop to any cheap trick merely to publish. I am on to Karsky, which explains why he never speaks to me, even though we have never met and he lives in Omsk.

abcdefgz

EIGHTH DAY (182 hours): Curious feeling of constriction in the frontal lobe, as if someone had forced a tiny cast-iron opera hat onto my head with a wooden mallet. Today, for the first time in our long association, Bucholtz made a witty remark. When I asked him if there were any telephone messages for *me*, he replied, "No, the phone hasn't rung all day." (!) He is unbearably funny; the juxtaposition of "all day"—i.e., the *entire day*—with the notion of the telephone *not ringing* was, I thought, a masterful stroke of ironic hyperbole, worthy of Goethe and especially remarkable in someone who still needs help dressing. When I finally caught my breath, I requested that he close the door, which he did in a similarly comical fashion, putting his hand on the knob and pushing the entire structure until it latched. Again I broke into gales of laughter (it was marvellous, really), which Bucholtz mocked (also amusingly) by looking at me directly *with both eyes!* He is quite a jolly fellow, this Bucholtz.

a b 3 defg hijklmnop p ppp

NINTH DAY (231 hours): Intake: Breakfast—cofscone. The fork is the one with the little points on it; the spoon, however, is round. That is how you can tell them apart. Temperature erutarepmet. Window open 3½ inches, chair oriented along N-S magnetic lines of force, thus enabling me to draw energy from the earth and maintain a healthy, full head of hair. All else normal, except for Bucholtz's plot to *steal my face and sell it to the emperor.* I have the persistent impression that a man named Al Bender possesses infinite knowledge, if we can only locate him and get him to talk. My brain remains miraculously alert. Some trouble, however, with the pancreas, which has been stealing catnaps. Thank God for the kidneys, which keep it awake with their constant bickering.

abz

NINTH DAY (234 hours): 4 A.M. Bucholtz asleep in the next room. The clock has just asked for a glass of water. Reasonable enough, but what is "water"? Increasing difficulty concentrating on simple tasks, such as snapping my luncheon peas across the room at Bucholtz. The dog outside has become a distraction, with its constant barking of "Iolanthe," but when I try to call the authorities, the phone bursts into flame. What would Lysenko say about this? And to whom would he say it? I understand "vibescu" now; Karsky is clearly a genius. Dear, dear Karsky! Misunderstood, ridiculed, mocked. And to think I almost mailed him a spider! I must go to him. I need paper to build a boat.

a bee cee dee eff gee aitch I jay

TWELFTH DAY (301 hours): Still no fatigue. Temperature 99°. Skies fair. Winds calm. Position 28°S by 188°W. The mate have eat of a tainted Gouda and muft be lafhed to the mizzen. Difpleasure on the foredeck, water maggoty. Three more *given up to scurvey.* May God help us in our tryalle.

AT this point, the journal stops abruptly. Bucholtz, on awakening, reported finding his mentor rigid, his forehead against the light switch, his body making a hypotenuse between floor and wall. His eyes were open and unblinking, his pulse 180, his temperature 50°F. Removed to the hospital, Kentish was given a strong sedative and put to sleep for a week, after which he awoke refreshed and ate an enormous breakfast, including two paper cups. His notes, bearing extensive tooth marks, were recovered by O. Bucholtz and presented to Mabley Kentish, who will publish them this fall in a popular edition, under the title "Copping Zs—Forty Winks to Oblivion."

—MARSHALL BRICKMAN

LAST DAYS

"WHERE'S my love?" Giacomo heard her say as she stepped into the garden from the drawing room. She said it in Italian—"*Dov'è il mio amore?*," pronouncing the word with a short "o" (she was from northern Italy), and it sounded awful to his Tuscan ears, almost like a sacrilege of love. Perhaps he wouldn't have minded so much had he not known her. But he knew her all too well: Leonora, a friend of his sister's. Forty—about his age—and, like him, married. His sister, Clara, had brought her on a visit here the year before, and from the start she had given him no peace. "I've been wanting to meet you for years; you're famous," she'd said. He had made a small name for himself with his paintings, but he wasn't famous, and the hollow praise made him cringe. His wife's presence notwithstanding—she and the children, who now were in America, had been here with him then—Leonora openly began making advances to him. She reminded him of the picture of a woman on a cigar box he had seen—glossy, black curly hair; broad, avid smile; red lips; bosomy. Some might have considered her good-looking, as she certainly did herself. Speaking of her daughter, she said, "She's not like me. She's like her father. I am beautiful. She's not." He liked subtle, delicate women. This one was lusty, enterprising, proud. "Come for a walk with me," she had said to him only a few minutes after they had met. He shied away from such boldness and said no.

"Why not? Are you afraid I'll eat you up?"

He looked at her heavy jaws, her wide red lips. "Yes," he replied, and laughed.

"How stupid you are," she said to him.

He wasn't used to being called stupid, and he turned away.

"Come on, Giacomo, don't be offended. You are not offended, are you? Come for a walk." Life for her was a *playful hunt;* he wondered just how playful.

He thought of his lonely nights—he and his wife were not getting along—of the single bed in his room downstairs, and he turned back to her. "In a while, perhaps," he said.

She nodded, satisfied—gloating, almost, with satisfaction.

He met her in the front yard later in the afternoon. "Shall we take our walk?" she said. "You promised."

"Well, all right," he said. "Where shall we go?"

"You have some woods around here?"

"Yes," he said, "that way."

She was very inquisitive about what sort of relationship he had with his wife, and in the woods—once they got there and found a pretty place in which to sit—she chided him for looking at the trees and not at her. "Look at me," she said, and with both hands turned his face toward her. "You don't love me? I love you." The statement evoked no joy. It was an expression more of will than of love and only firmed his aloofness.

He got to his feet. "My wife is waiting for me," he said.

"Liar," she said.

He took a few steps.

"You are leaving me here? I don't know the way back."

"Come, then."

"Oh, but you are cruel."

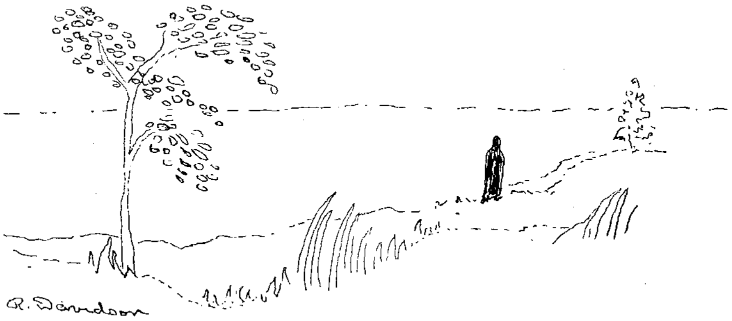
PERHAPS he was cruel, and a fool, Giacomo thought that night, after his wife had left him as usual to go to her own room, near the children, on the second floor. He paced the hall, the drawing room, the corridors, the stairs. It wasn't long before he met Leonora. A glance, and she knew, as he knew, that he would be upstairs with her soon. He knocked at her bedroom door and found her waiting for him in her nightgown. But he was right—it wasn't love she met him with but greed. And insults. "You are a pig," she kept saying by way of endearment, when any normal person would have said "darling" or some other tender word. Could this be called love, for God's sake? When it was over, and he returned to his own room downstairs, he felt absolutely miserable. Never again, he thought, and though she stayed another two or three days, he kept his pledge. It was easy. Not that she stopped pursuing him. "Are you afraid of me?" she asked in a taunting voice. "What are you afraid of? Are you still afraid I'm going to eat you up?"

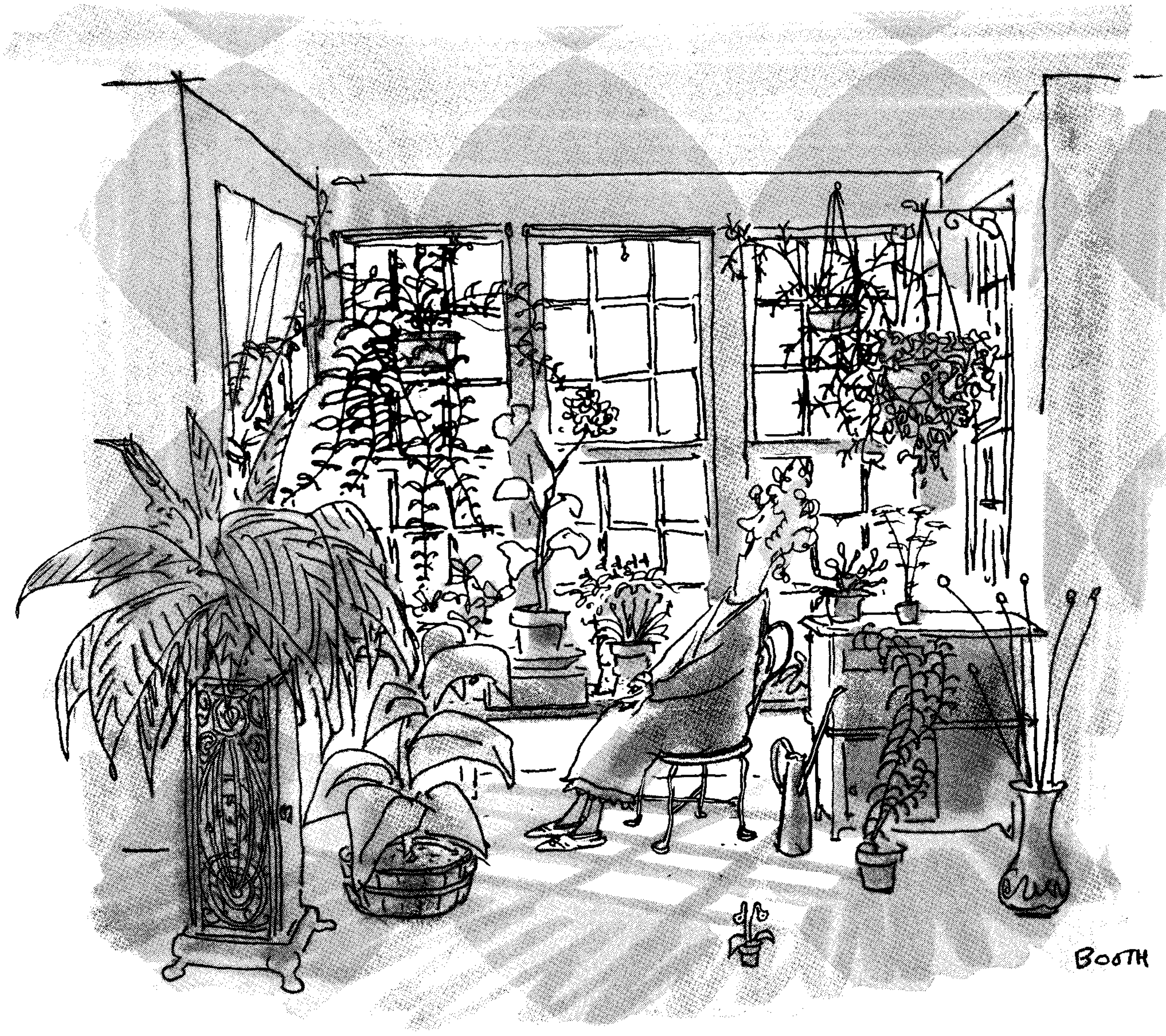
"Yes," he repeated.

Finally, she left for Ischia, but she continued to proclaim her love with long-distance calls and cards and letters that he didn't care about answering. Even when he went back with his family to America, where he had a home and where that year he was going to be artist in residence at a distant university, he didn't feel free of her. "I'm going to come and see you," she had told him. "What do you think? That I don't have money? I have plenty of money. Will you be alone? I think you ought to live alone when you go and teach."

Her cards kept coming, and for Christmas, by registered mail, so that he had to go to the town's main post office for it, a lovers' calendar full of jokes that didn't make him laugh, and gratuitous advice, and ugly pictures of bleeding hearts. With some misgiving he dropped it in the trash bin.

A YEAR later, he was back in Italy—alone this time. He had come because the house there was about to be sold. The huge, sprawling country house where he had grown up whose every cranny he knew from cellar to attic, and the secret passages—even the pitted bricks—for sale! The house some of whose walls his mother had frescoed. The house his grandfather and mother and father had died in. The house where they had al laughed and loved, where he and hi brothers had brought their laughing brides and entertained and danced; the house that had been the center o the most animated discussions (discussions that you had the illusion brough you close to the core of every subjec broached), where friends lingered around the dinner table to hear hi mother talk; the house that had resounded with poetry, read and recited with the tapping of typewriters—his father at work on philosophy, hi mother on translating (to pay som of the bills), his brothe on ancient Greek; th house with his studio and the smell of paint, th smell of new wine, o peaches, grain, and oliv oil, of firewood from the kitchen hearth. Fo sale. He could hardly believe it, yet a buyer had already made a down payment, and signs o





"Well, now, who will have a little water, who will have some plant food, and who would like conversation this morning?"

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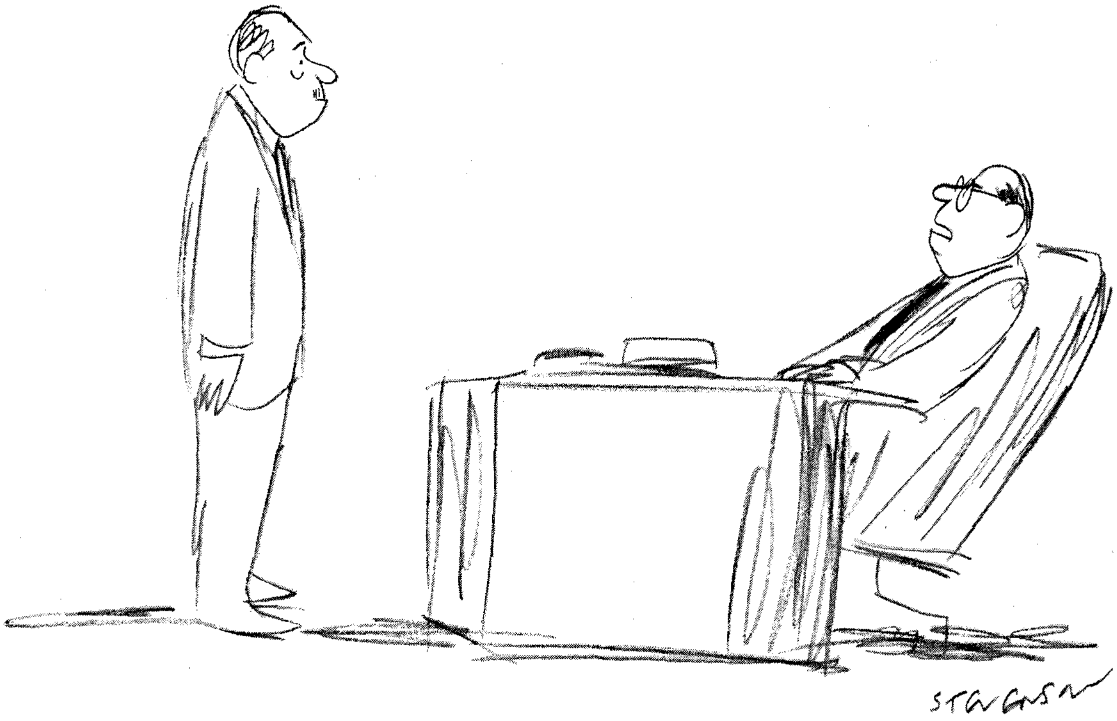
the coming sale were almost everywhere.

Giacomo had come from America on a three-week charter flight and with a Eurailpass. Restless and wanting to see parts of Europe he had never been to, for two weeks he had travelled almost continuously, in Scandinavia crossing the Arctic Circle, going as far north as the railroad allowed. The Eurailpass was an incentive to keep moving—like having distance in his hands, something to unravel the railroad network with. Athirst for distance, he had gone on and on, never stopping in a hotel more than one night, often sleeping on the train, stretched out on the seats of half-empty carriages, feeling out of place in first class, which the pass provided for, until, tired, sated, he had come to his old house as to a haven, to sign a few documents, choose some furniture, but most to savor a last few days in it before it would belong to someone else.

He had found it in a pitiful state, looking like a depot—all the good furniture and paintings moved into the dining room and hall; the bedrooms bare; every wall showing nail holes and lines left by tables, bureaus, and bookshelves, and square patches where paintings and mirrors had hung. The house was no place to stay in, and he spent as much time as he could out in the garden, even having his meals there. The garden, apart from being a little untended and overgrown, hadn't changed. The house looked dead, or nearly so; in contrast, the plants and trees were very much alive, and a comfort to his sight. Those immense pines that the west wind had given a permanent curvature at the top were his brothers. Those cypresses—he had climbed them all, found bedlike resting places in the tufted foliage that, at various levels, had collected. He knew them well, and in their company, with a bottle of wine on the table, and bread and cheese and fruit, he was quite happy. Silent companions, except for the birds that perched or nested in them, and for the wind, which made a soft and pleasing summer sound.

Back of the house, across a courtyard with three huge walnut trees his father had planted forty years before, there was another house—small, this one, and modest—which also belonged to the family. In the old days, a good part of the downstairs had housed chickens, but a section with a big earthen tub and a stove was used as a laundry, where the linen was soaked in boiling water and potash, and another had a brick oven in which the bread was baked. Upstairs, a large room had



"Wetzel, we're not pleased with your R.B.I.s."

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held mats for silkworms; in another room grapes were hung to dry for a special wine. Over the years, the small house had been remodelled. Where the silkworms had munched mulberry leaves and coated themselves with glistening cocoons, now there was a studio. The laundry had been made into a pretty bedroom. There were three other rooms besides, and a little kitchen. The whole place was rented out to students; this summer, to some young Americans—four boys and two girls. Giacomo knew three of them. One, John, a graduate student in art history at Columbia, had stayed here with his wife three years before. They had separated, and now he was with a different girl—Sandra.

Giacomo first saw her from the doorway of the yard as she was drawing water from a faucet into a bucket full of clothes. Barefoot, bare-armed, barelegged, slim, sunburned, she had light-brown hair down almost to her waist. She wore the flimsiest clothes—blue, frayed at the thighs, and sunbleached. And on that hot July day he immediately got a sense of freshness seeing her, a girl in her early twenties washing her own clothes. He couldn't keep on looking without embarrassing her and he turned away, but the image of freshness lingered. In his mind that miserable faucet took on the aspect of a wonderful fountain. He wished he, too, were staying in the little house. Though he hadn't, on this visit, been inside, it must be almost unchanged. No look of a depot there. He returned to his own—the grand and now crippled, confused home.

Every room a mess. Even the kitchen. Piles of unwashed dishes. A sink full of them. The dishwasher out of order, just taking up space. Stove spattered with sauce. Fireplace a heap of ashes, papers burned and unburned. He felt like cleaning up. But why? His sister, who was in the house with her daughter, had got the dishes dirty and would wash only one or two for the next meal, leaving the rest undone. She wasn't bothered by anything like this. She was—here, at least—used to having things done for her. But now there was no one to do them. Unless it was he. Oh well. He rolled his shirtsleeves up and did the dishes and cleaned the stove. But he didn't cook. This day and the subsequent ones, he just took some bread, cheese, and wine out of the pantry. His sister cooked plate-size steaks. She had suffered from consumption long ago and still considered them essential, both for herself and for her daughter. They, too, would have lunch in the garden.

As long as no harsh topics, like the division of property or past quarrels, were brought up, his sister's company was acceptable and even welcome. Her conversation and silence both had such casualness about them that it was soothing. She could be quite entertaining, too—tell a story quickly and make you laugh. She was absolutely informal, a gypsy born. One could see it at a glance from the way she dressed—a shawl wrapped around her waist in lieu of a skirt, a shawl over her breasts rather than a blouse; and from the way she sat—usually stretched out on a bench here by the garden table; and from the way she ate—ravenously. And still she had a certain charm that made children and younger people like her. In a way, she herself, though nearly forty, was still a child.

So they were eating in peace today, in the shade of an ilex, with the strong sun, only a few feet away, searing the grass, ripening the lemons, intensifying everything around. He was thinking of when his sister was small, of when they had all loved her, back to the time she was born, when she had seemed to be heaven-sent, a gift to the household, which till then had been too much the scurrying ground of three young boys. Yes, it was good to be here now alone with his sister and her daughter, at peace for once. And then she said, "Leonora may be coming today," and it was like a cloud crossing the blue sky.

"Really?" he said apprehensively.

"Yes. Why, aren't you glad? She's good company."

"I could do without it."

"Oh, she has a heart of gold."

He sighed and hung on to the hope in the word "may." But soon he heard the rumble of a car, and his sister said, "They have arrived."

"There's more than one?"

"She's coming with another woman."

His sister and her daughter went to the front door. He stayed where he was, and shortly he heard Leonora, as she stepped into the garden, say, "*Dov'è il mio amore?*"

She spotted him soon enough through the potted lemon trees, and she and her friend Magda—a middle-aged woman like herself, but one who struck you at once as having fewer pretensions as to looks and age, and a bit more sense—came over. They hadn't had lunch and were very hungry, Leonora said. She let herself drop down on a wicker chair and bounced up with a scream. She had sat on a little nail.

"Look! Look!" she said, turning around and drawing up her dress and slip to show them her bottom. "Blood!" And when they saw nothing she went on, "What pain!," though the pain by now must surely have abated. "Kill me you want to? Oh, God," and she hopped around as though she had been scalded. She stopped only when his sister brought her and Magda a steak-filled platter. They ate like ogres. "All the blood I lost," Leonora said. "Who knows how many corpuscles that nail took from me? I *need* this steak. Thank you, Clara."

Her vulgarity distressed him. In the presence of his mother and father, no one would have talked like that. They had always lent the house a dignity that now obviously was lacking.

Magda seemed to be there only to corroborate any statement Leonora made, laugh at her jokes, and praise her.

"Why didn't you answer my cards?" Leonora asked him.

"I answered one or two. Cards aren't like letters."

"And the calendar I sent you?"

"Oh, yes, thank you for the calendar," he said.

"You didn't acknowledge that."

"I lost your address."

"But it was on the envelope."

"I must have mislaid it," he said, the trash bin in his mind.

Magda looked at her. Had Leonora come all the way down here to see such a lacklustre, funless individual?

"You don't love me," Leonora said.

"I love my wife." Convenient to have a wife, for once, he thought.

"I don't like your wife," she said.

A man's ties with his wife might be strained to the point of divorce and still he would resent anything said against her. He became even quieter, and Leonora apologized. "Are you offended?" she said.

"No," he said weakly. So let her believe that he was hurt—put distance between them. In a little while, he left the table. From the house he heard the three women talking, laughing, screaming. No one missed him.

Perhaps he was being puritanical and rude, he thought. Perhaps he was wrong about her. Perhaps she was not so bad, not half as bad as he. He sighed. In the evening, he would try to be more friendly. Certainly anyone who loved was in a superior position to one who did not. If she would only leave him alone. What was he to do? He had submitted once. He would not submit again. But he might be polite.

"I love especially men like you who play hard to get," she told him that afternoon.

"I'm not playing."

"You don't want to play with me? Why don't you want to play with me?"

If it only were just playing, he would not refuse, he thought. But love was no game.

"Come on," she said. "Let's go for a walk."

He shook his head and laughed at man's and woman's roles so curiously reversed. "You make me feel like a fool," he said.

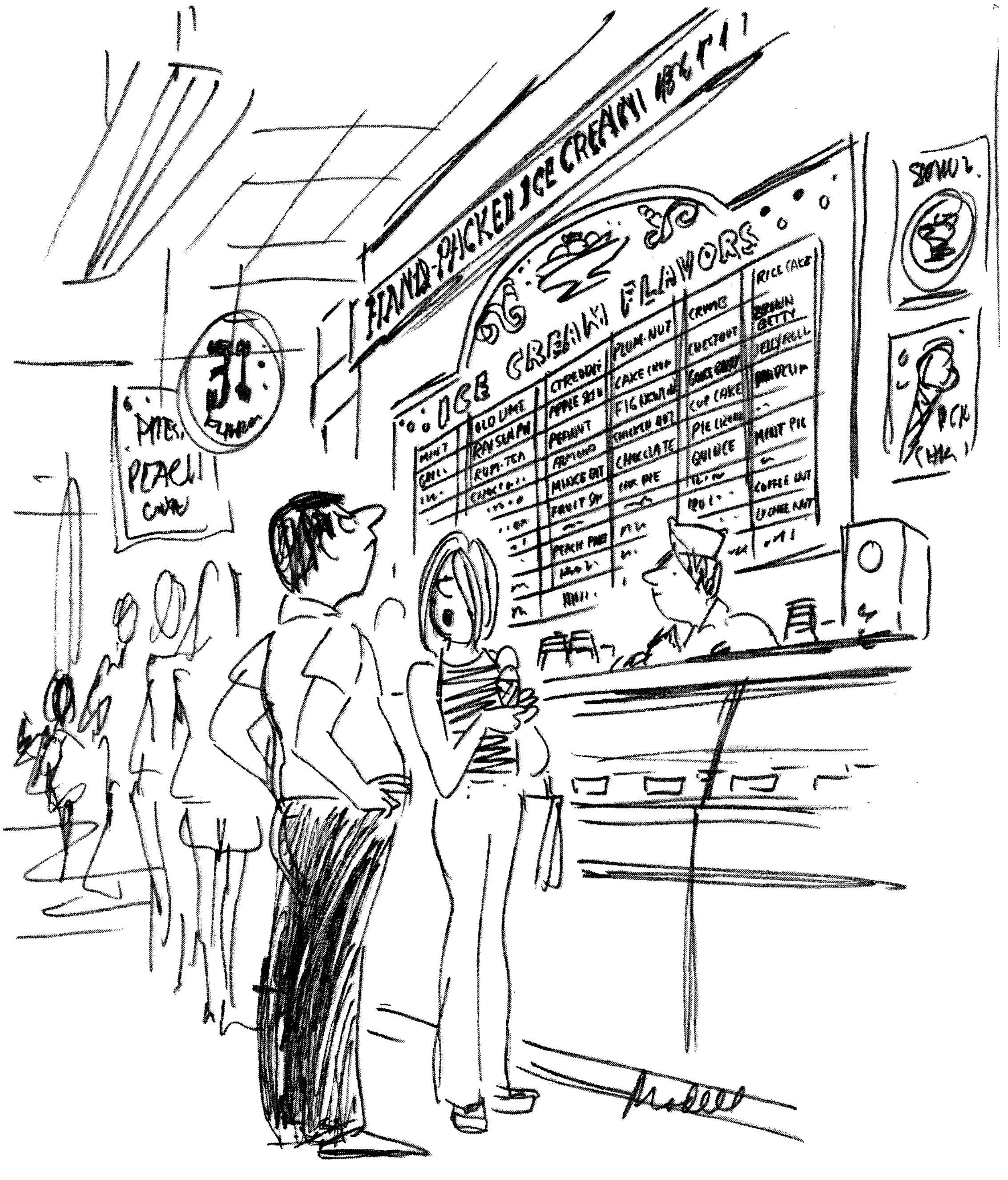
"You are a fool."

"Yes, let's leave it at that."

But she wouldn't. "You know that I'm irresistible at night," she said, and walked away, crooning, at a fast, almost military pace.

"SHALL we go out to dinner?" Leonora said as evening came.

He wished he could be by himself. He wanted his last days at the house to be days of collection, concentration,



"For heaven's sake, if you like vanilla, take vanilla!"

NO NEWS AT ALL

The weather isn't news unless extreme,
Though the news is a kind of grumbling weather
Fortunately far-off, dwindled, tinny,
Like voices remembered from a dream.
Men need freshness most; what can offer any?
Not memory and history together.

Nothing but what's outside skin or brain
Can make a difference to what's caught in it.
That difference might be nothing more than light,
The rusty odor of dust freckling with rain,
The raindrops—dust-floured, dusty white—
That roll about like mercury a minute.

—Jack Butler

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peace. He remembered feeling the same way once before—returning to England from Canada in 1945. In 1940, he and his family were in England as refugees. On Italy's entry into the war, being sixteen, Italian, and technically an enemy alien, he was picked up at his boarding school, interned and shipped to Canada, where, after a year in a camp, he was released and finished school and college. At the end of the war, he had gone back to England on a freighter that had eleven other passengers aboard. They were sailing up the Mersey River to Manchester when the ship had to stop because of fog, and the passengers all went ashore to have a drink in a pub near the river. They wanted him to join them, but he went off for a long walk alone. There was so much to think about, so much to go over; the return was like meeting an old friend again—why should the passengers come between them? For five long years while he was away, he had thought of England, embattled, besieged and then besieging, finally invading those who would have invaded her. Let the reunion be a private, intimate affair. Now, too, his desire was to be left undisturbed to think about the past. But there was no food left in the house, and he didn't have a car and they did, and he didn't want to behave like a child who had to be coaxed. So he replied, "Yes, let's all go out to dinner."

Mario—his sister's boyfriend, a fairly old fellow—had arrived, and after a quarrel with Clara (the two were always quarrelling and making up: she had driven off in her car, with him following her in his, in a strange chase this way and that for miles) they finally all ended up in a restaurant halfway into town.

THE place was rustic—a general country store, with a restaurant attached that in the summer had tables, under some locusts, in a yard shielded from the road by a low wall. The six of them sat at a large wooden table. A teen-age girl—the daughter of the owner—brought a white cloth, glasses, and bread and wine. They ordered pasta, which was long in coming, but it was nice here under the trees, with the breeze blowing, the stars shining, and the young moon leaning at an odd angle as though she might tip over like a rocking chair. And the evening became even nicer when, partway through the meal, Sandra and John came up the road on the other side of the low wall. Giacomo had that strange and yet familiar feeling you get when things you wish to happen become true. He and his sister and his sister's daughter waved to them to come over, which they did. And there she was, the girl he had seen looking fresher than the water she was drawing, and clearer.

John said they had come for a drink. Giacomo ordered more wine for everybody. Their presence fanned the conversation, so that people from other tables darted curious glances at them. A big, burly, unwieldy, dressed-up man stared at Leonora, seemed quite taken with her, and, attracted by her antics, ventured over and declared his admiration.

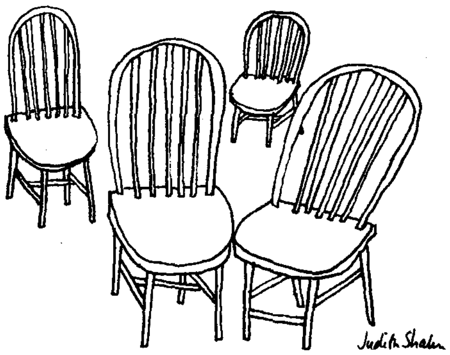
She disdained him. "I love *him*," she said, pointing at Giacomo. But the man wasn't put off. In hope and wonder, he continued looking at her.

They left, Giacomo buying six bottles of *spumante* to have at home. There, the four other young Americans from the small house joined them in the drawing room, which still had a few chairs. One by one, the bottles were uncorked.

It seemed Leonora's evening. She laughed wantonly, and, if auras exist, hers must have glowed. John, no less than the man at the restaurant, seemed drawn to her. "Who is she? Tell me about her," he said to Giacomo.

"An odalisque," Giacomo said.

" 'Odalisque,' " John repeated, savoring the word and, perhaps seeing a

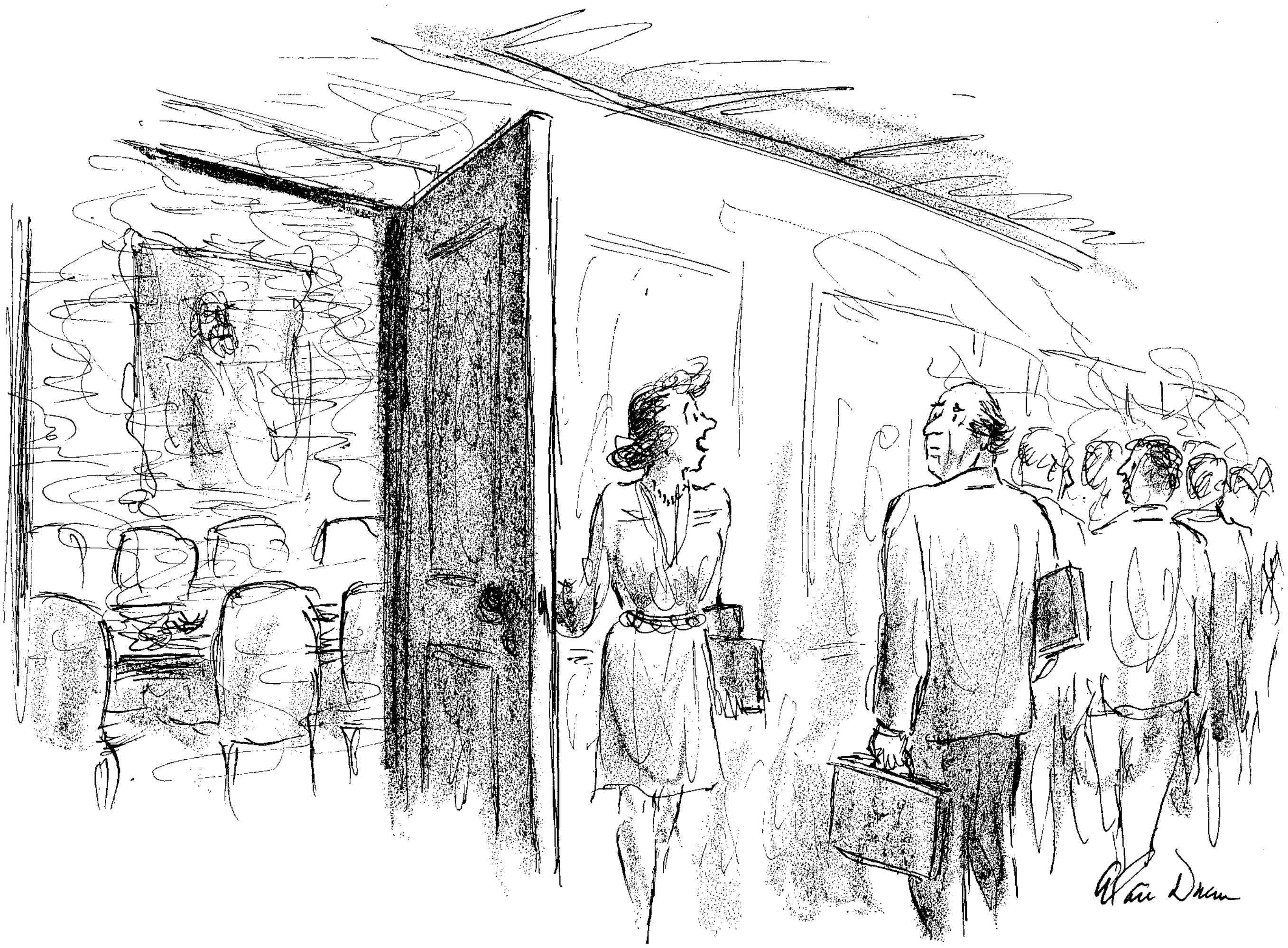


Matisse in his art historian's mind, went to sit beside her. Fascinated, he started talking to her with abandon and desire and expectation of desire fulfilled. And Sandra saw it and withdrew from him and went to sit next to Giacomo on the floor.

He felt her presence near him as a blessing. He didn't question the motive. One doesn't—not when the favor is so graciously bestowed. And again he had the uncanny feeling of things taking the shape that he wished for them. He told her all he felt about her from the first moment he had seen her to the present; told her how dull, what an intolerable bore everything and everyone seemed to him compared to her; and how she had turned a tap into a spring, a bucket into a fountain. She took his hand and held it, and as he spoke to her she looked at him fixedly, seriously. And then she said what no one had ever said that way to him before: "Let's go." He rose and went toward the door. He felt the eyes of the others on him, but he didn't care what anybody thought. She followed him to the door. He took her hand. The corridor was dark. Oh, but he knew the way. She belonged to a blithe, spontaneous world that he knew little of. She led him there even as he led her up the stairs. Into his room they went—the same one Leonora had stayed in the year before.

FOR two days, Giacomo and Sandra didn't meet. He spent them storing and packing books, furniture, and paintings. Leonora and Magda left. Then Sandra and her friends and he went for an evening picnic in a wood. In a clearing, after the meal, they recited poems and improvised. It was fun, but it could hardly match the other night.

The next afternoon, the last whole day for him here—a day in which the



"Shall I leave the door open for further negotiations, sir?"

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house and the garden and the yards seemed deserted—he went for a short walk around a little orchard near the house, and there she was, all alone, sitting under an apricot tree on a height overlooking the fields west of the house. The wind was quite strong, making leaves and grass glisten in the clean bright air, blowing her hair and making it also glisten. She sat pensively and for a moment didn't see him coming, then she said, "Hi."

"This is one of my favorite spots, too," he said.

"It's the most beautiful place I've ever been in," she said.

"With you here, it is."

She smiled. "You are going tomorrow?"

"Yes. I wish I weren't now. Where are the others?"

"They've all gone into town."

"My sister and her friends left yesterday. We have the whole place to ourselves."

"Would you like an apricot?" she said, and rose and picked one for him.

"Are they having dinner in town?"

"Yes."

"You didn't want to go with them?"

"No. I've broken with John. We're still friends, but I sleep alone in a room of my own. Sex for him was just play." Her voice surprised him with its resonance.

"You are wise."

Eating the apricot, he lay down and looked at her. "This place," he said, "it has never seemed so beautiful to me as it does today; it has never been so good to me. Shall we have supper together, you and I? I've got some cheese and a bottle of good wine."

"Yes," she said. "Come to my house. I wish you weren't going."

"I hope to see you in New York this fall."

His elder brother had always liked the little house best; it was more homey, without pretenses—exposed beams on every ceiling, small windows that gave more depth to the view. There, that last evening, they ate at a little table she set, putting together her food and his.

"It's my best supper ever. Strange, isn't it, that my last days should also be the best—better even than those here with my mother and father or with my wife and children or anybody else? And so much better than being alone. . . ." He stopped. God, there was certainly no need of talking.

The summer breezes entered the room from windows on three sides. He had wanted peace, time to collect himself, time to remember. *This* was peace, this the silence that he wanted, a silence that soon she would not break but thread with her own voice—a silence, he thought, like that in between notes of music.

—ARTURO VIVANTE

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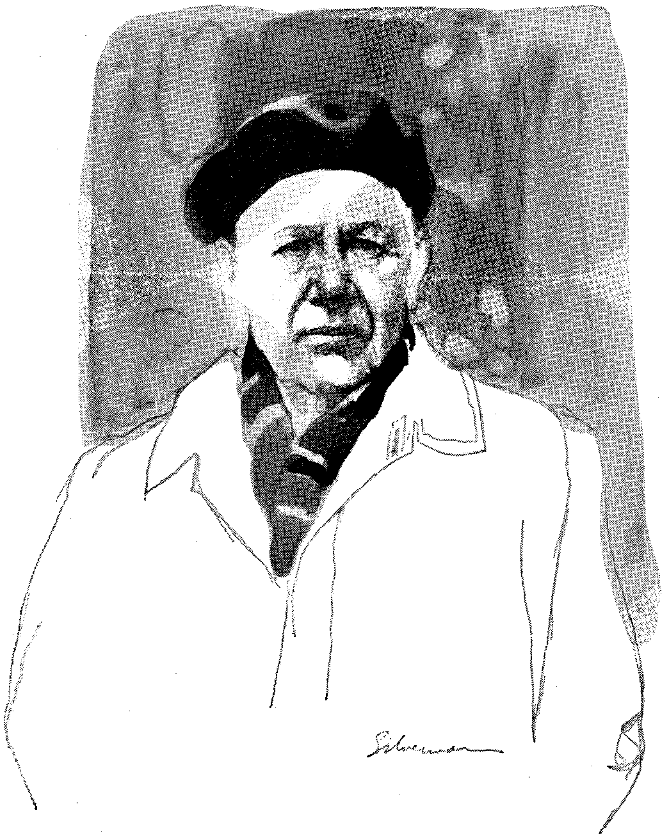
In a recent doctoral dissertation on children's use of pronouns, "Grammatical Gender and Its Relationship to the Equal Treatment of Males and Females in Children's Books" (Iowa 1973), Alleen Pace Nilsen finds that eighth-grade students of both sexes, asked to talk about some animals as characters in stories, used the female pronoun only seventeen times out of a possible 3,020 opportunities. What does this say about their awareness of women as people?
—*M.L.A. Newsletter.*

Seems to be holding up pretty good.

PROFILES

LOOK TO THE THINGS AROUND YOU



Paul Strand

PHOTOGRAPHY has been with us now for nearly a hundred and fifty years, and the old argument over its aesthetic status—is it or is it not an art?—was resolved long ago. The major art museums all collect and exhibit photographs as a matter of routine, many art schools offer courses in photography, and the number of galleries that sell photographic prints is steadily increasing. So far, however, the medium has produced surprisingly few major artists. There are, of course, any number of great photographers—men and women whose perception, diligence, and technical mastery have made them famous in such fields as pictorial journalism and fashion photography—but the number of photographers who have gone beyond this level of competence to produce images that will bear comparison with the work of, say, a Matisse or a de Kooning is extremely small. In this century, by general agreement, America has produced only three photographic artists of this calibre: Alfred Stieglitz, Edward Weston, and Paul Strand. Stieglitz died in 1946, Weston in 1958. It comes as a surprise to some people to learn that Strand, who has lived in France since 1950, is still adding quietly to an immense body of photographic work that dates back to 1915.

The word "quietly" applies to the work as well as to the man. Strand's photographs do not call attention to themselves. They lack the dramatic intensity of nearly any print by Weston or Stieglitz, whose images often seem to be straining to escape from the frame. Strand's images are at rest within the frame—at rest in a space charged with a dense and complex life of its own. The longer one looks at them, the more they reveal. His career is a rare modern case of the artist virtually disappearing into his art. And yet, paradoxically—as several critics noted in reviewing the large retrospective of Strand's work that opened at the Philadelphia Museum of Art in 1971 and subsequently toured the country—what is almost as remarkable as the quality of the work is the consistency of Strand's vision. Although his range of subject matter is wider than that of many other well-known photographers—portraits, landscapes, abstractions, machinery, details of natural forms, architecture, and village life in various parts of the world being among his recurrent themes—his methods and his ways of seeing have changed so little that the photographs he made in Mexico in 1966 are impossible to differentiate from those he made there thirty years earlier. It would be hard to think of another twentieth-century artist whose work is characterized by such a serene and untroubled self-assurance, and in this sense it might be said that Paul Strand is an anachronism. He believes in the almost extinct virtues of craftsmanship, asserting (as he did in 1922) that "quality in work is prerequisite to quality of expressiveness." He has worked for much of his life without much material reward, and only in recent years has he attained anything like wide recognition. Moreover, as his pictures eloquently demonstrate, he has retained all his life the unfashionable conviction that human dignity is not only desirable but frequently attained.

"I remember travelling with Strand in Italy some years ago and introducing him to the magnificent frescoes of Piero della Francesca in the Church of San Francesco in Arezzo," the art historian Milton Brown has written. "The rapport between the two artists was immediate. Strand wanted to see all of Piero's works available in northern Italy, and we did, in Borgo San Sepolcro, Urbino, Rimini, and Milan; his appreciation of the great Renaissance master was intuitive and profound. It was not strange, since they have so much in common, that Strand should respond to Piero's serene grandeur, the peasant robustness transformed into patrician dignity, the real transmuted into the ideal, the ordinary in man and the transitory in nature converted into eternal symbols, all expressed with an impeccable sureness of means and a not too easy elegance, since it is not an elegance of fashion but of spirit. Strand's art, like Piero's, is the expression of a nobility of mind as well as style. In his sight the meanest things take on importance, the lowliest of people assume heroic stature."

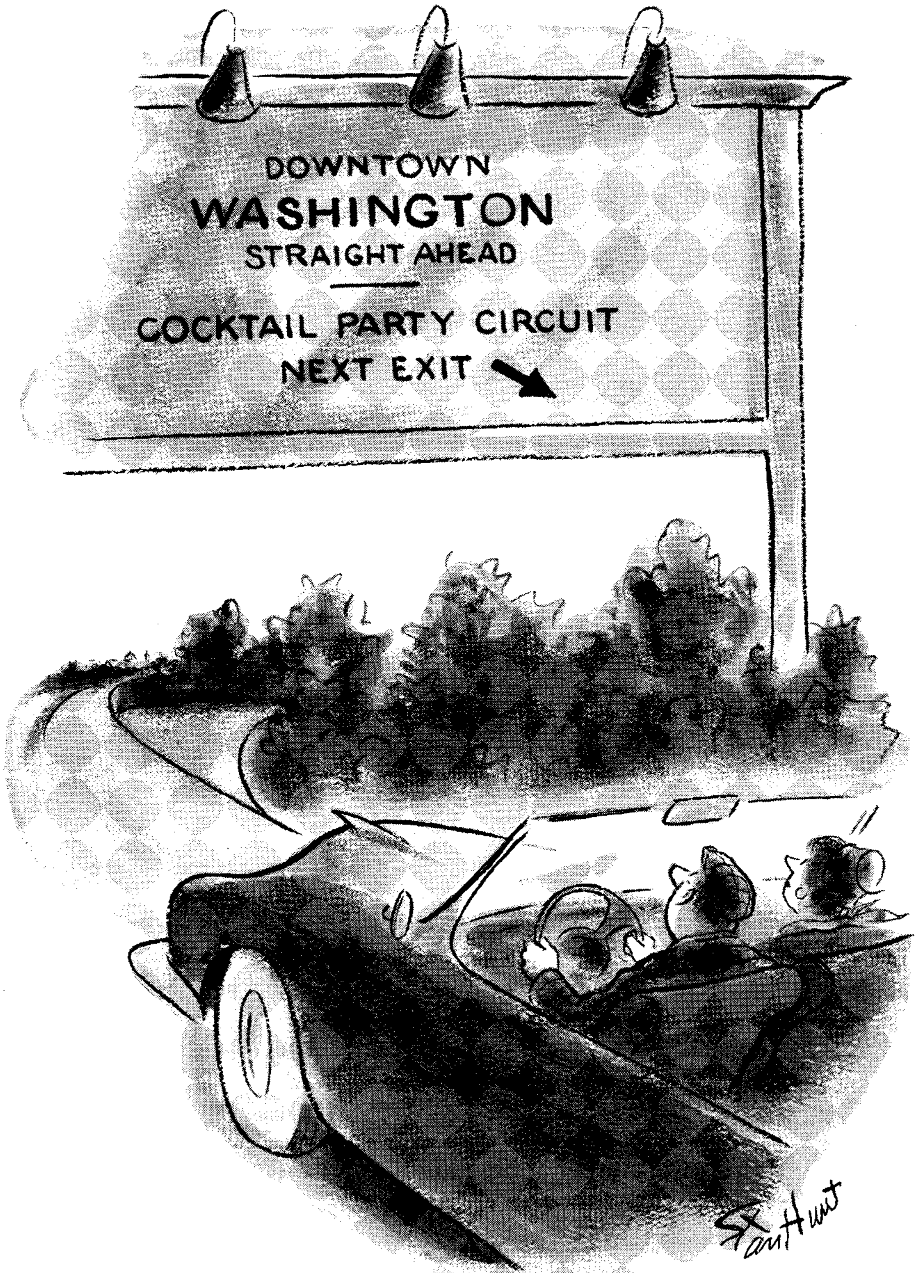
Well into his eighties now, Strand makes very few concessions to the years. He is a compact, sturdy man with an upright bearing and a strong, calm presence that makes him seem both taller and younger than he is. Recently, he has had cataract operations on both eyes, and his hearing is none too good, but he continues to work with all his customary energy and precision, in the darkroom and behind the camera. A few of the nearly five hundred prints in the Philadelphia retrospective were old platinum prints that he made before 1937, but the majority were new, printed by Strand in the darkroom that he designed for himself in his house in the village of Orgeval, some thirty kilometres west of Paris. Since it often takes Strand three days of solid work to print a negative to his satisfaction, the printing job required more than two years, and during that period he had little time left over for photographing. But his picture book on Ghana, with a text by Basil Davidson, is expected to appear this coming February, and he talks impatiently of going back to Morocco to finish his work for a book on that country. Except during his early years, when he used a 3¼ x 4¼-inch reflex camera, Strand has worked mainly with the big, heavy equipment of an earlier era—with an 8 x 10-inch Deardorff view camera and with the 5 x 7-inch Graflex that he started using in 1931. "I just don't like that little 35-millimetre image," he says. He has no interest in color, which he looks upon as insufficiently developed for the kind of work that interests him. "It's a dye," he has said. "It has no body or texture or density, as paint does. So far, it doesn't do anything but add an uncontrollable element to a medium that's hard enough to control anyway." In Egypt in 1959, he began working with a 2¼ x 3¼-inch hand-held reflex camera, because certain subjects seemed to require more mobile equipment. These days, he tends to favor the smaller camera, but there are also occasions when he still works in the manner of a nineteenth-century master like Atget, setting up his tripod, retreating under the black headcloth, and composing on the ground glass the images that he will then reproduce, with absolute fidelity, in the darkroom.

John Szarkowski, director of the Department of Photography at the Museum of Modern Art, has compared the career expectancy of most creative photographers to that of left-handed pitchers. "The medium is so transparent," Szarkowski says. "There's so little to hide behind. When your perceptions fail you—when your seeing begins to get lazy or habitual—there's no place to hide. A painter has millions of ways of putting one color next to another. He can hide in the richness of the painting process. But not the photographer. Strand's achievement is really heroic. He's been making great photographs for sixty years."

Strand's own view of the matter is typically anachronistic. In a century whose major artists have continually stressed form over content, he believes in the sustaining power of subject matter. "Almost all the things of the world have their own character," he said last summer. "I think that what exists outside the artist is much more important than his imagination. The world outside is inexhaustible. What a person feels about life is not inexhaustible at all." Strand was sitting in a canvas chair in the small basement apartment that he and his wife keep on East Fifth Street, near St. Marks Place, for their visits to this country. He spoke slowly, reflectively, his unmistakably New York intonation softened by a slight but agreeable lisp. "Hazel and I just flew back from Los Angeles," he said. "From the opening of my exhibition out there. And looking down at parts of Nevada and Arizona from the air was—well, thrilling. The world is such a complex of marvellous things, and if you can find a way of using that complexity in your work, then it's endless. What counts for the artist is to do something he's never done before. That's what stretches him, makes him grow."

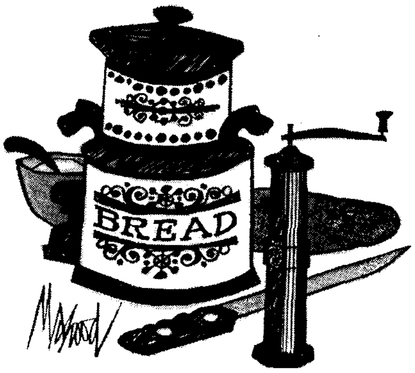
The conversation touched on contemporary art, which Strand does not really follow anymore, and on the deliberate denial of craftsmanship in such avant-garde forms as Conceptual and "process" art. Could art really exist *without craftsmanship?* "I suppose so," Strand said after a moment. "Although I don't personally know any significant form of art in which craftsmanship plays no part. It's one of the instruments of graphic speech, it's part of the orchestra. Some artists use the full orchestra, some use less, but I don't know of any who throw it away. People want to know what the content is, I think. What you describe, and what I haven't seen, sounds like coming to the end of the road and not yet finding another road to travel. But to announce that you have come to the end of the road is not a very interesting announcement."

STRAND was born and brought up in New York City. The family's name was originally Stransky; Strand's



father changed it shortly before Paul, his only child, was born, in 1890. The family was living then in a brownstone on East Seventy-third Street, but three years later they moved to a house on West Eighty-third, near Riverside Drive, which was where Strand grew up. The household consisted of Strand and his parents, an unmarried aunt, and Strand's maternal grandmother, Catherine Arnstein, who was the real center of the ménage. She and her husband had come over from Bohemia (now western Czechoslovakia) about 1840. Grandfather Arnstein had done well in the lathe business in New York but then had lost nearly everything in the stock market, leaving little inheritance. The house on Eighty-third Street was bought and given to Grandmother Arnstein by her son-in-law, a successful lawyer for the U.S. Rubber Company named Nathaniel Meyers, and the family lived on the combined earnings of Strand's Aunt Frances, who taught one of the city's first public kindergarten classes, and his father, Jacob Strand, who was for many years a salesman of French bric-a-brac, German enamel cooking ware, and other household items.

Strand was given a Brownie camera by his father when he was twelve, but he was so taken up then with the pleasures of spinning tops, roller-skating, and bicycling on the uncrowded streets (the first automobiles were just starting to appear, and the fire engines that Strand loved to chase after were horse-drawn) that he paid little attention to it. In 1904, however, Strand's parents, alarmed at the rough behavior of a number of kids from Hell's Kitchen in the local public school, enrolled him, at considerable financial sacrifice, in the Ethical Culture School, on Central Park West. One of the science teachers there was Lewis W. Hine, a young sociologist whose powerful photographs of children in factories would soon play a major part in the passing of new child-labor laws. Hine, who by this time had begun to photograph immigrants arriving at Ellis Island and then to follow them into the slums where so many of them became trapped, gave an extracurricular course in photography at Ethical Culture. Strand and about six other students signed up for it. They learned the fundamentals of camera and darkroom work, and how to use an open-flash pan of magnesium powder for indoor photography. Hine also took them to Stieglitz's Photo-Secession Gallery, at 291 Fifth Avenue, and it was here that Strand, discovering the work of David Octavius Hill and Robert Adamson, Julia Margaret Cameron, Gertrude Käsebier, Clarence White, and other pioneers—including, of course, Stieglitz himself—decided, at seventeen, what he wanted to be in life. No matter what else he had to do to support himself, he wanted from that day to become "an artist in photography." He had no interest in going to college, which would have been a further strain on the family finances in any case. For a year or so after he graduated from Ethical Culture, he worked as an office boy in his father's importing firm. The firm was bought out by another company in 1911, whereupon Paul, in the face of severe family misgivings, took all his savings and spent them on a trip to Europe. For six weeks, he devoured the Continent country by country, visiting all the major museums and monuments and covering vast distances on foot. ("I had boundless energy in those days.") He came back in the fall to a job with an insurance firm, which he loathed. A few months later, toward the end of 1911, he quit and went into business for himself as a professional photographer.



Ever since his class with Hine, Strand had been spending most of his free time photographing, at first with the cumbersome 8 x 10-inch view camera, which he had on more or less permanent loan from his well-to-do uncle with U.S. Rubber, and later with an English-made Ensign reflex plate camera that he bought himself. He joined the Camera Club of New York, which had good darkroom facilities, and which he was also able to use as a portrait studio. Strand's mother felt that photography was not a suitable profession for anyone who wanted to get ahead, but his father seemed from the outset to understand it. "I think he knew right away what kind of photographer I wanted to become," Strand has said. "My father was not an intellectual man, but he was immediately interested by what he saw when I took him to the

HAVING CHILDREN

Sky descends; noon of brazen summer
wilts weeds in the city lot;
daily I glance across on my hurried lunch break—
gobs of tar, old tires
crush them. "Can the sky be falling?"
the weeds might ask themselves,
and are themselves the answer.

These growths are pale pith,
sweet and rank, piped in green fibre;
leaves ladder up them:
footholds gouged in the face of sheer cliff-air.
Sun pounds down on raised fingers branching
upon the ledge of bloom;

but they go half limp, roll with the blow, play
dead, as a child will,
till cool night tickles them sprightly again.
(So winter frees the seed
of the burden that bore it.) But this, this

human age of waste, our rank pyre-summer,
our winter of ash-snow—
will its fire and brimstone be too much
of a bad thing? No.

Should any heaven fall, it will be seed and rain.
The weeds may choke and die,
and I as well, but we will have our children.

—Douglas Morea

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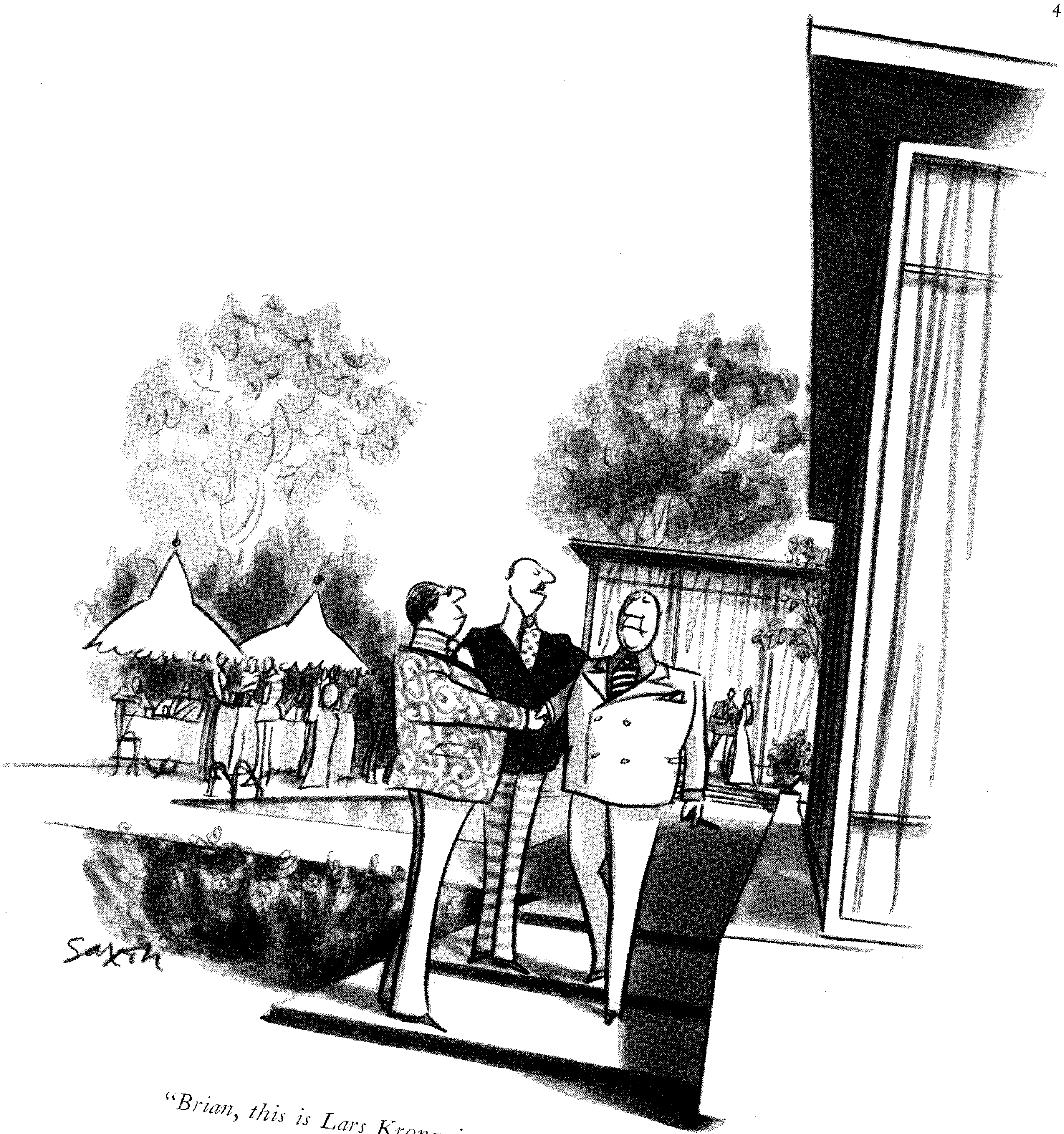


"Brian, this is Lars Kronquist. He's a winner, too."

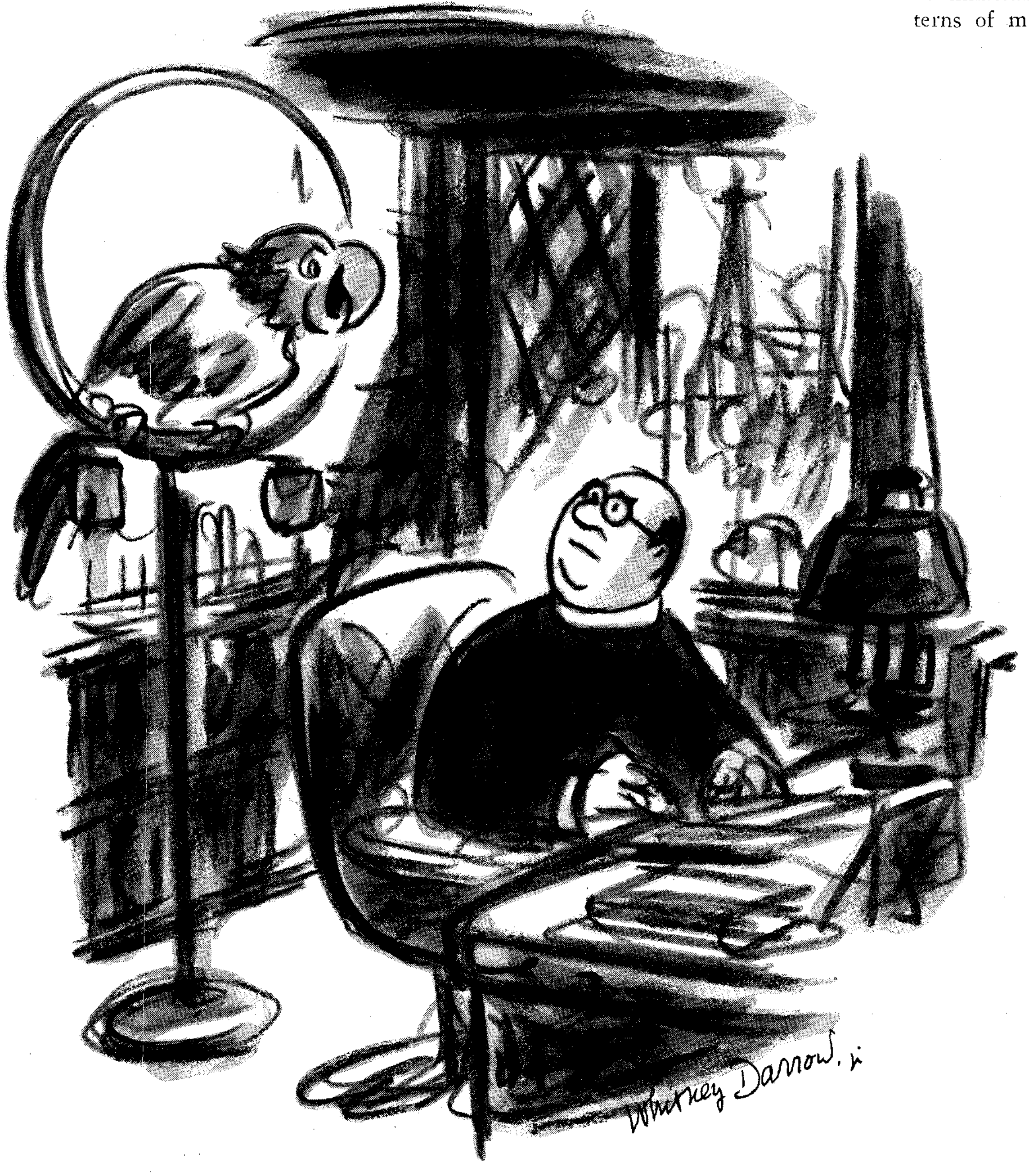
Photo-Secession Gallery, and he developed an extraordinary feeling for pictures. He felt that art was important."

Strand did a good deal of portrait work at first. He also travelled around the country taking pictures of colleges and fraternity houses, which he would then hand-tint and sell to students. His expenses just about equalled his income, but he saw a lot of the country, and in the work that he did for himself he steadily sharpened his vision and developed his personal style. Since his days with Hine, he had been experimenting constantly. He worked his way through most of the currently fashionable photographic styles, which were, for the most part, attempts to make photographs look like paintings. Subjects were exposed in diffused light, and were slightly out of focus, or even deliberately blurred—one English landscape photographer of this period achieved his effects by kicking his tripod during exposure—and prints were made by a variety of chemical processes that thickened the pseudo-painterly soup. Although Stieglitz had often championed the work of the better practitioners of such "pictorial" photography and shown it at "291," most of Stieglitz's own groundbreaking prints were examples of what was coming to be known as "straight" photography—that is, photography without special effects or manipulation. For several years, Strand had periodically been taking his work to "291," and receiving criticism from Stieglitz. He had also been absorbing the Stieglitz credo. As Nancy Newhall put it in the catalogue for Strand's 1945 show at the Museum of Modern Art, "Stieglitz pointed out that photography in its incredible detail and subtle chiaroscuro has powers beyond the range of the human hand. To destroy this miraculous image, as some members of the Photo-Secession, and Strand himself at the time, were doing, was to deny photography."

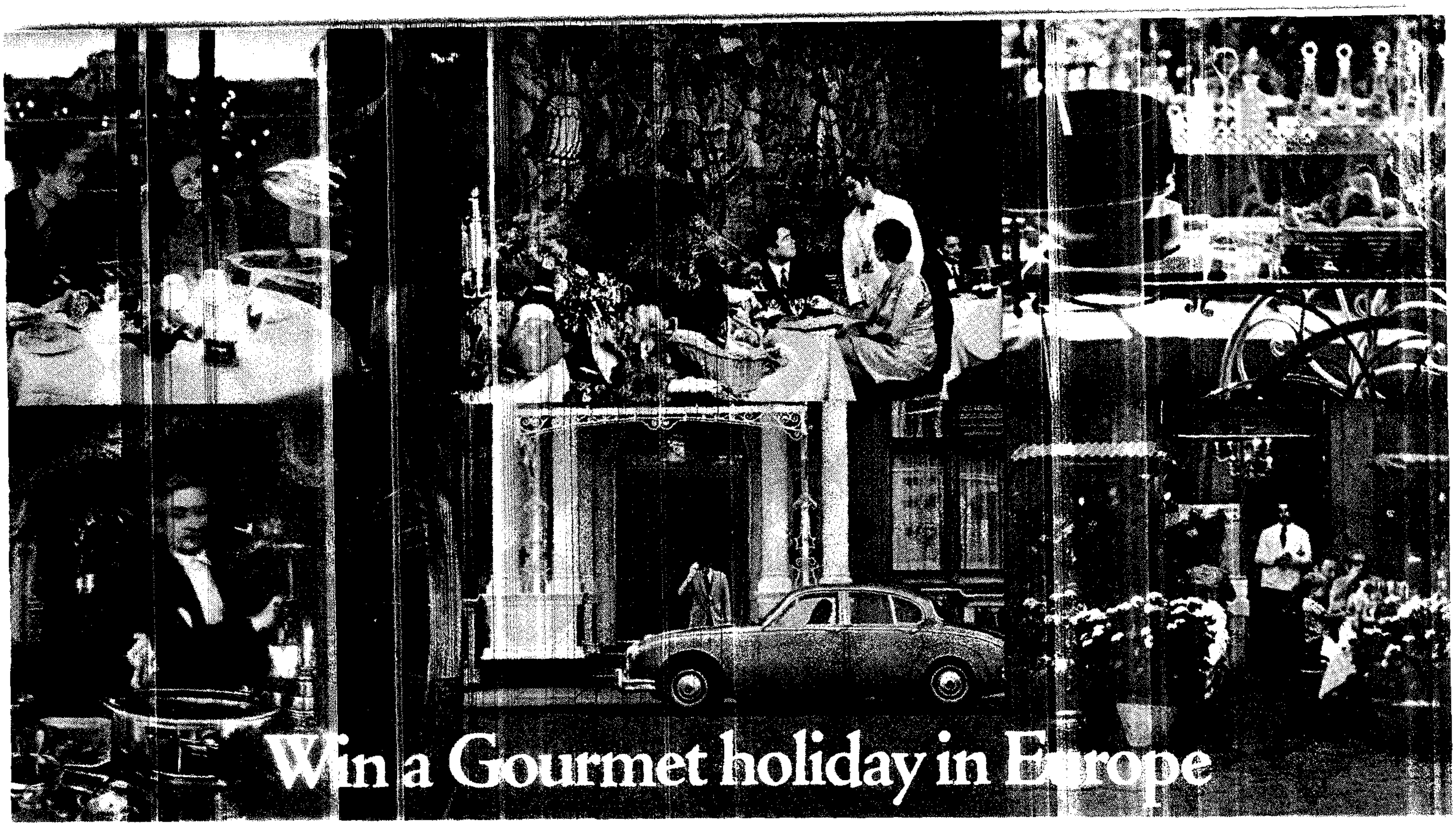
Stieglitz made no distinction between photography and other forms of visual art, and at "291" he showed—frequently for the first time in America—the work of Cézanne, Matisse, Picasso, Braque, and other European painters. Strand found it all fascinating and baffling. "Like most of the critics then, I was puzzled by it," he has said. "But I had a feeling that something very important was happening, and I wanted to know more about it." In an effort to understand what Picasso and Braque were up to, Strand made a number of abstract photographs—closeups of pottery bowls, patterns of shadows on a front porch. It was a vital step in his development, he feels. "From it I learned how you build a picture, what a picture consists of, how shapes are related to each other, how spaces are filled, how the whole must have a kind of unity." Having learned this much, he never again felt the slightest need to work in pure abstraction; he simply applied the new knowledge to photographs like "White Fence," whose striking composition arises from the relationship between nine brilliant fence posts in the extreme foreground and the dark barn behind them.

"White Fence" was taken in 1916, during a visit to the upstate town of Port Kent, and it could be said to contain the seeds of all Strand's future work. At this point, however, he still felt like a New Yorker, and the city, its inhabitants, and its dynamic patterns of movement and life fascinated him. "One of the elements I wanted to work with then was people moving in the street," he said recently. "I wanted to see if I could organize a picture of that kind of movement in a way that was abstract and controlled. I became aware, for instance, of those big dark windows of the Morgan Building, on Wall Street. One of my classmates from school worked there, I remember; it always seemed too bad, because I thought he could have done something more in keeping with his abilities. Anyway, I was fascinated watching people walk by those huge, rectangular, rather sinister windows—blind shapes, actually, because it was hard to see in—and one day I went and stood on the steps of the Subtreasury Building and made a photograph trying to pull all that together. I don't know how I did it, really. At that time, film emulsions were so slow, and I couldn't have been shooting faster than a twenty-fifth of a second."

Strand's New York photographs are light-years away from the misty moods of the pictorialists. His New York is a harsh and threatening



"I say, Padre, would you like to perform a Christian act and fetch me a cracker?"



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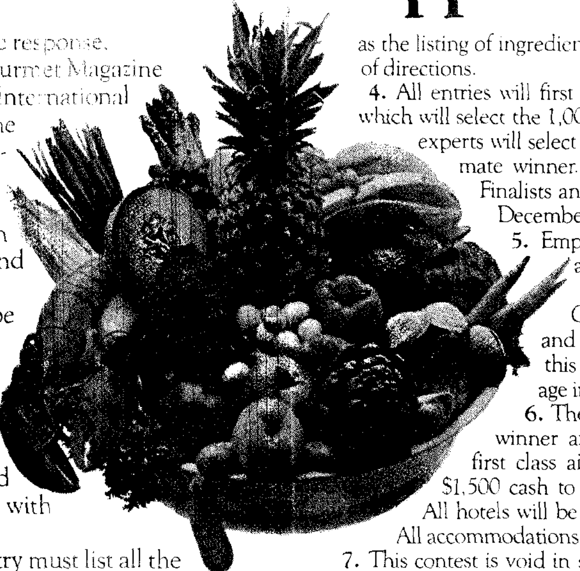

In appreciation [illegible] nationwide response, Seagram's V.O. Canadian Whisky and Gourmet Magazine present the 2nd [illegible] Seagram's V.O. International Recipe Competition [illegible]-a lifetime chance for your f[illegible] One Dish Supper" recipe to win [illegible] all-expense paid holiday for two in Europe—fourteen days of first-class travel and gourmet dining in the great restaurants of London, Paris and Rome.

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To qualify, your "One Dish Supper" entry must list all the ingredients and proper measurements in order of use, and give clear directions for your method of combining and/or completing the recipe. Dish or pot size, temperature, and time for cooking and preparing must also be included, as well as yield in terms of number and size of servings.

Gourmet cookbooks will be awarded to the 25 semi-finalists. This year's 5 finalists will spend January 22-24, 1975 in Montreal, Canada, as guests of Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, Inc. This will include deluxe hotel accommodations, first-class airfare, activities, evening meals, all for two persons, and $300 cash to cover incidentals. The contest winner will be announced at a dinner party in one of Montreal's finest restaurants.

The 25 prize-winning recipes from last year's contest have been assembled into The Seagram's V.O. Hors d'Oeuvre Recipe Book. This free book is available upon request by writing to V.O. Hors d'Oeuvre Recipe Book, P.O. Box 5068, Hicksville, New York 11816.

Contest rules and regulations:

1. Your single recipe entry must be typed or written legibly in ink, and must include your name and address.
2. Each contestant will be limited to a single entry.
3. All entries will be judged on the basis of originality and taste as well as the listing of ingredients and proper measurements and the clarity of directions.
4. All entries will first be reviewed by Creative Food Service, Inc. which will select the 1,000 best recipes. Gourmet Magazine's panel of experts will select the 25 semi-finalists, 5 finalists and the ultimate winner. The decisions of the judges will be final. Finalists and semi-finalists will be notified on or before December 31, 1974.
5. Employees of Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, Inc. and affiliates, retailers and wholesalers of alcoholic beverages, Creative Food Service, Inc., Gourmet Magazine, their advertising agencies and their immediate families are not eligible for this contest. Entrants must be of legal drinking age in state of residence.
6. The all-expense paid European Holiday for the winner and guest includes deluxe accommodations, first class airfare, evening meals, airport transfers, and $1,500 cash to cover incidentals and miscellaneous meals. All hotels will be selected by Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, Inc. All accommodations will be double occupancy.
7. This contest is void in states or localities where illegal or otherwise restricted by law.
8. To be eligible for judging, all entries must be postmarked no later than midnight, November 15, 1974. None will be returned. All entries become the property of Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, Inc. who will have the right to use the names and likenesses of all finalists and the ultimate winner for advertising, publicity and promotional purposes.
9. The all-expense paid holiday must be taken within the calendar year 1975. The winner must give Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, Inc. at least 60 days prior written notice of the intended departure date. In case of forfeiture, such prize will be awarded to the runner-up out of the 5 contest finalists as selected by Gourmet Magazine's panel of experts. There will be no duplicate or substitute prizes. In case of duplicate entries, the entry bearing the earliest postmark will be eligible for prize.

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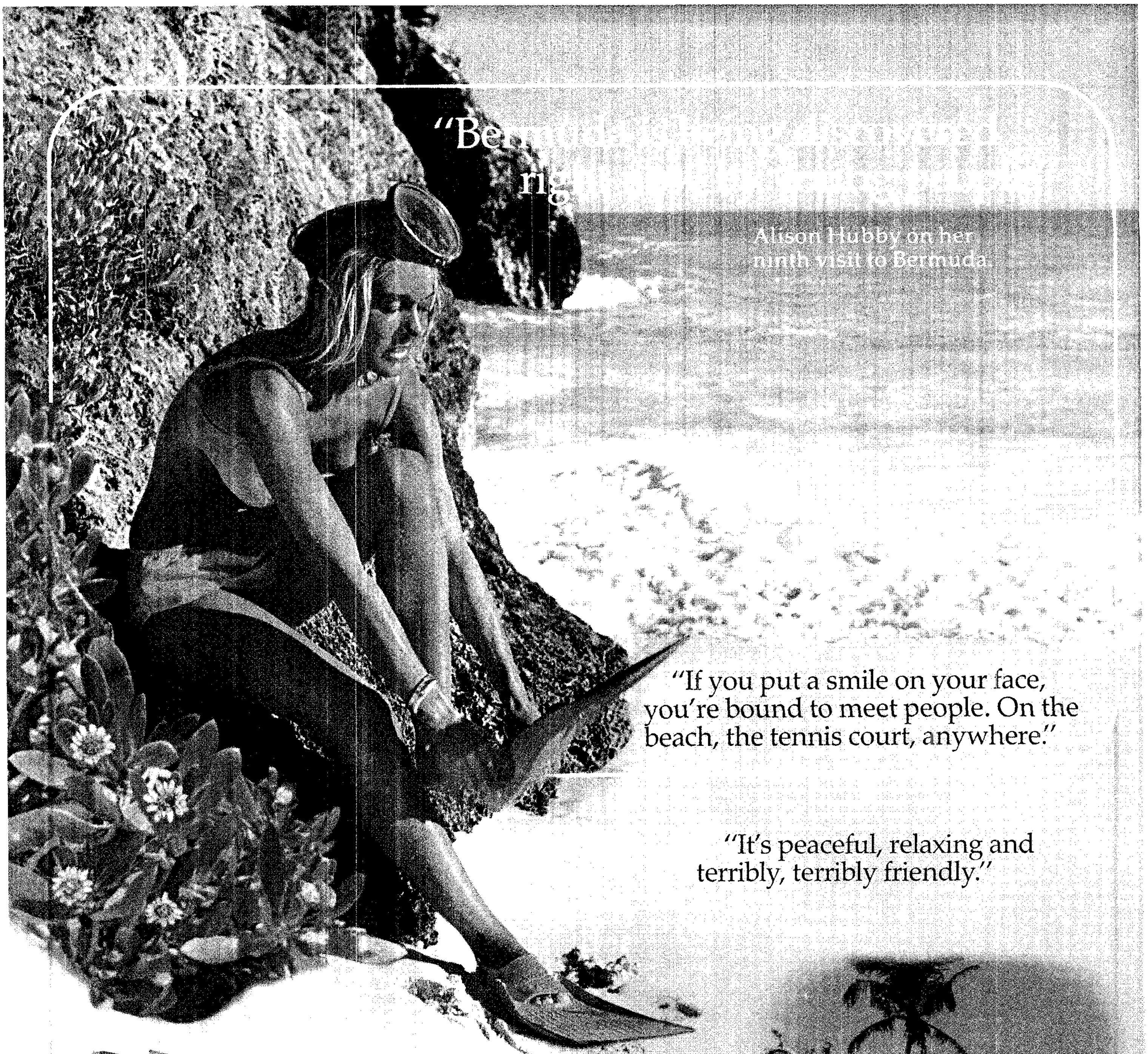

"Ber[illegible] rig[illegible]

Alison Hubby on her ninth visit to Bermuda.

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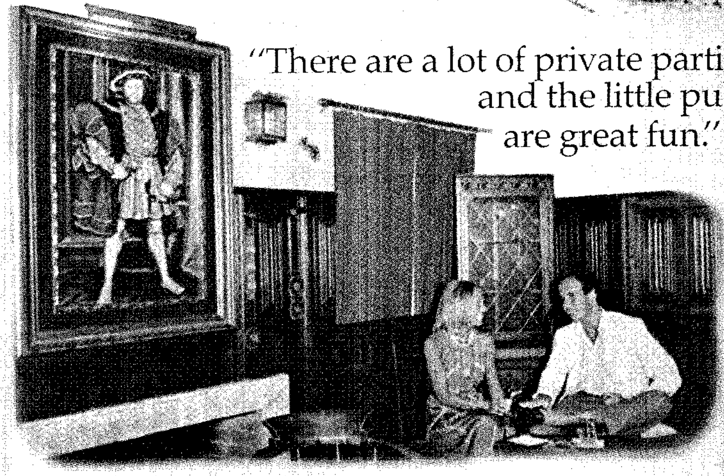
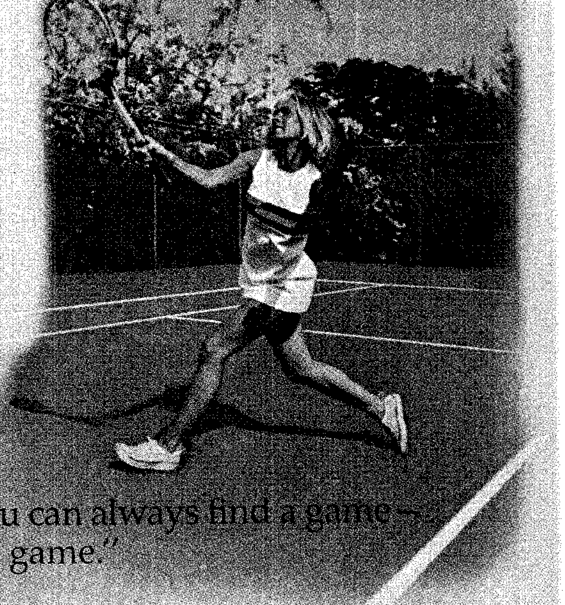


"There are a lot of private parties and the little pubs are great fun."



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place, and the strains of living in it are etched into the faces of the poor and the elderly whom he photographed. "I suddenly got the idea of making portraits of people the way you see them in the New York parks—sitting around, not posing, not conscious of being photographed," he recalls. "People involved in the process of daily living. But how could you conceal the camera in order to do this? There was no such thing as a candid camera in those days." Strand's solution was to take the shiny brass lens from his uncle's old view camera and screw it to one side of his Ensign reflex. By holding the camera so that the false lens pointed straight ahead and the real lens stuck out under his left arm, partly concealed by his sleeve, he was able to photograph someone at right angles to the apparent subject. Most of the early portraits, including the famous "Blind Woman"—a closeup of a blind newspaper dealer on the corner of Lexington Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street—were made this way. It was a nerve-racking method, because there was always the possibility that someone would realize what Strand was doing. "I never questioned the morality of it," he has said. "I always felt that my relationship to photography and to people was serious, and that I was attempting to give something to the world and not exploit anyone in the process. I wasn't making picture postcards to sell. But then one day, out walking with the camera, I saw an old woman with a cage of parakeets. She was selling fortunes, which the birds would peck out. I walked by her without even opening the camera, and then a little later I came back, and she immediately attacked me. 'You're not going to take my picture!' she said. It was like mental telepathy. Anyway, that finished me, at least for the time being. I decided to wait for a better technique."

About every two years, Strand brought his work to Stieglitz for criticism. He also showed it to Clarence White and to Gertrude Käsebier, whose advice was kind but not particularly useful. "They didn't help me develop," he says. "Stieglitz did. He had this great clarity of purpose, and he had no desire to use the camera to paint with. Anyway, in 1915 I really became a photographer. I had been photographing seriously for eight years, and suddenly there came that strange leap into greater knowledge and sureness. I brought a group of my things in to show Stieglitz, and when I opened up my portfolio he was very surprised. I remember he called to Edward Steichen, who was in the back room at '291,' and had him come out and look, too. Stieglitz said, 'I'd like to show these.' He also told me that from then on I should think of '291' as my home, and come there whenever I wanted. It was like having the world handed to you on a platter. It was a very great day for me, matching, in a sense, the day that Hine took us to Photo-Secession and I saw the work of those other photographers for the first time."

Stieglitz showed Strand's work at "291" in March, 1916, and he published a number of Strand's photographs that year in *Camera Work*, the magazine that he had made into the leading organ of modernism, not only in photography but in all the visual arts. *Camera Work* ceased publication in 1917, for financial reasons; the final issue was devoted entirely to Strand's new photographs. In his introductory note to this issue, Stieglitz wrote that in the history of photography there were very few photographers who had done work of any lasting quality. Strand, he said, was someone "who has actually done something from within. . . . The work is brutally direct. Devoid of all flim-flam; devoid of trickery and of any 'ism;' devoid of any attempt to mystify an ignorant public, including the photographers themselves. These photographs are the direct expression of today."

It was an auspicious launching. At the age of twenty-five, Strand had become a respected member of the Stieglitz inner circle, which included the painters Max Weber, John Marin (Marin, who lived in New Jersey, would come across the river to play billiards with Strand), Arthur Dove, Georgia O'Keeffe, and Marsden Hartley; the critic Charles Caffin; the caricaturist Marius de Zayas; and the photographers Edward Steichen, Frank Eugene, and Alvin Langdon Coburn. It was a lively period in American art, with the repercussions of the 1913 Armory Show still spreading rage and glee in unequal measure. "The atmosphere around Stieglitz and '291' was that of a group of people with strong common interests," Strand recalls. "Stieglitz provided the central leadership—no doubt about that. He used to speak of '291' as a laboratory, a place

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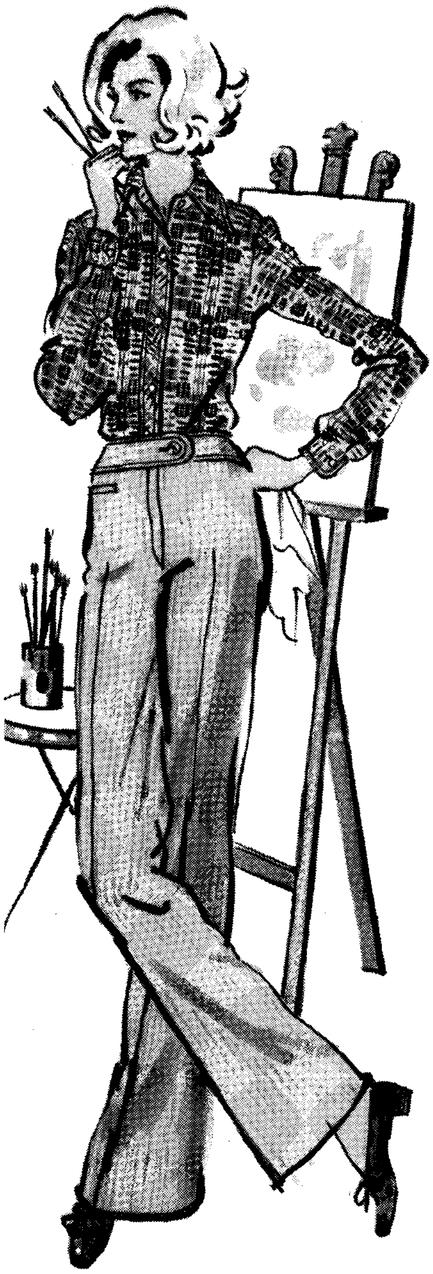

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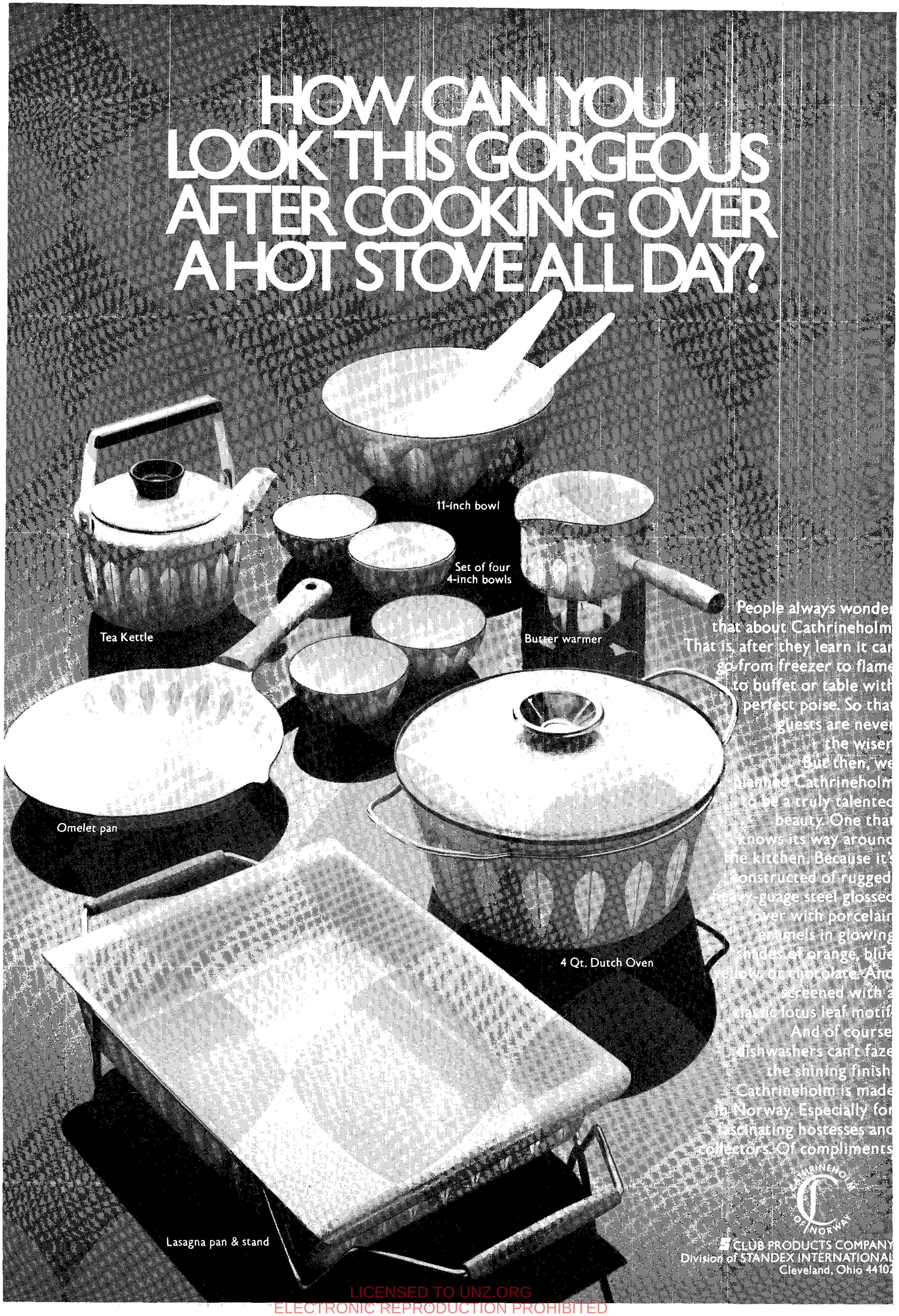
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to evaluate the quality of the pictures and of people's reactions to them." The art critics and the derrière-garde painters continued angrily to repudiate the "senseless" aspects of Cubism and other advanced trends; many of the same people also clung to the notion that photography, because its tools were mechanical and chemical, could not be considered a valid form of art. "We were consciously fighting for the recognition of our medium," Strand has said, "and the painters fully supported us." Strand joined the skirmish lines and laid out his own artistic credo in an article that appeared in the magazine *Seven Arts* in 1917. Photography, he wrote, found its raison d'être as an art form in its unique and absolute objectivity. The photographer must develop and maintain "a real respect for the thing in front of him, expressed in terms of chiaroscuro through a range of almost infinite tonal values which lie beyond the skill of human hand," he said, and he added, "The fullest realization of this is accomplished, without tricks of process or manipulation, through the use of straight photographic methods. It is in the organization of this objectivity that the photographer's point of view toward life enters in, and where a formal conception born of the emotions, the intellect, or of both is as inevitably necessary for him before an exposure is made as for the painter before he puts brush to canvas. . . . Photography is only a new road from a different direction, but moving toward the common goal, which is life."

As a polemicist, Strand lacked the slashing eloquence of Stieglitz. On the other hand, he was even more uncompromising than his mentor in judging fellow-artists. Speaking before the Clarence H. White School of Photography in 1923, Strand said flatly that the only two photographers who had met the test of art so far were Stieglitz and David Octavius Hill, the nineteenth-century Scottish portraitist. (Today, he would enlarge the list to include Atget and perhaps Mathew Brady.) Most photographers, he explained, still made the absurd error of trying to use the medium as a shortcut to painting, instead of recognizing and working with the elements that were unique to photography. The essential photographic element, as he had written earlier, is time—the unique moment in time, captured and held forever. "If the moment be a living one for the photographer—that is, if it be significantly related to other moments in his experience, and he knows how to put that relativity into form—he may do

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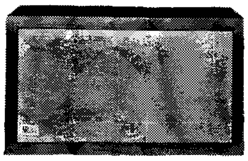

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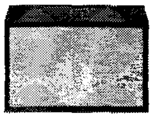

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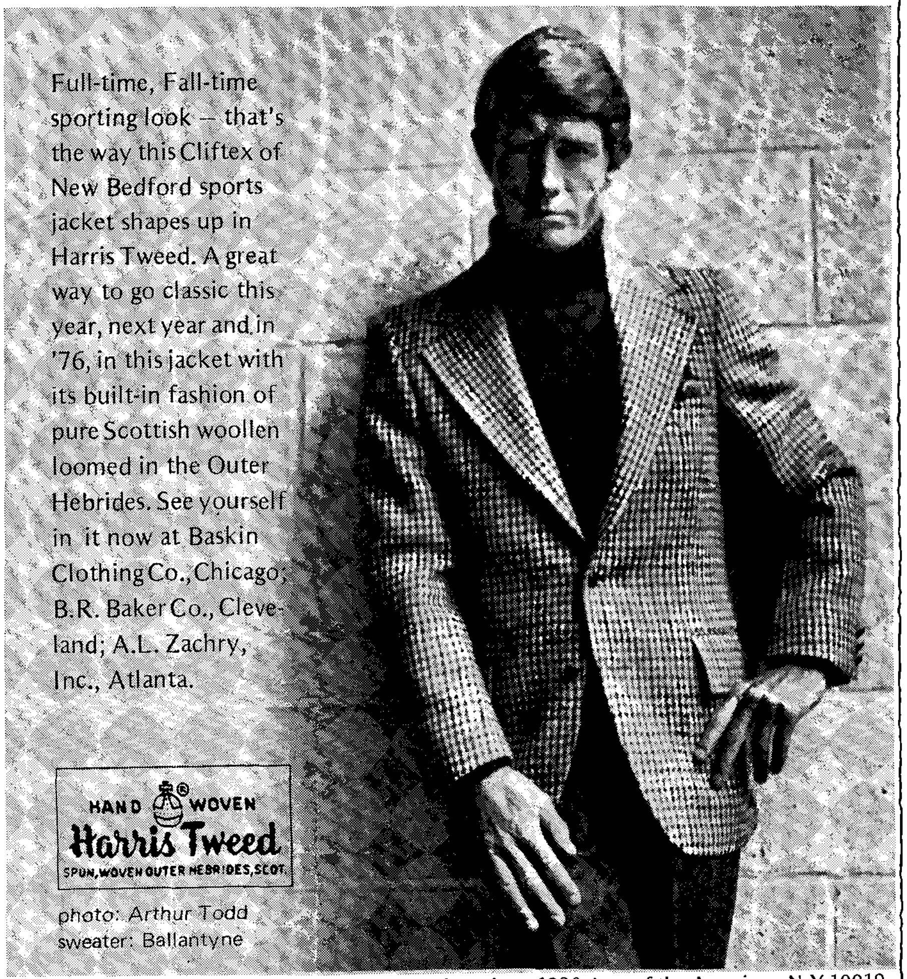

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with a machine what the human brain and hand through the act of memory cannot do." Strand never had the least desire to try painting or sculpture; for him, the challenge of photography was infinite, and so was the subject matter. "Above all, look to the things around you, the immediate world around you," he told the students at the Clarence H. White School. "If you are alive, it will mean something to you, and if you know how to use it, you will want to photograph that meaningness."

Strand printed nearly all his early negatives on expensive platinum paper, which he imported from England. Platinum offered a longer and richer scale of tonal values from black to white than silver-bromide or chlorobromide papers did, and platinum prints would last a great deal longer. Strand experimented with ways to deepen and enrich the tones even further, adding to the prepared paper a platinum emulsion he had made himself, and then gold-toning it to intensify the blacks. His results astonished other photographers. Walker Evans once said that the original platinum print of Strand's "Blind Woman" (now owned by the Metropolitan Museum) influenced his whole development. Strand made platinum prints until 1937, when the paper became impossible to get. He often says sadly that any photographic material of high cost and superior quality is apt to become unobtainable sooner or later, because the industry is geared to producing for the amateurs who have made photography the world's most popular hobby.

It was not possible, of course, to earn a living from Strand's sort of photography. Stieglitz sold a few Strand prints at "291" for between two hundred and two hundred and fifty dollars each, but the prices barely covered the expensive and time-consuming process of making the prints. By 1922, at any rate, Strand was supporting himself not by still photography but by work as a free-lance motion-picture cameraman. Drafted into the Army in 1918, he had been sent as a hospital-corps trainee to the Mayo Clinic, in Minnesota, where watching the Mayo brothers operate gave him the idea of filming surgical operations and showing the films to medical students. Strand served for eighteen months as an X-ray technician in the Army hospital at Fort Snelling, Minnesota. When he got out of the service, in 1919, he tried his hand for a while at advertising photography—his clients were Hess-Bright ball bearings and

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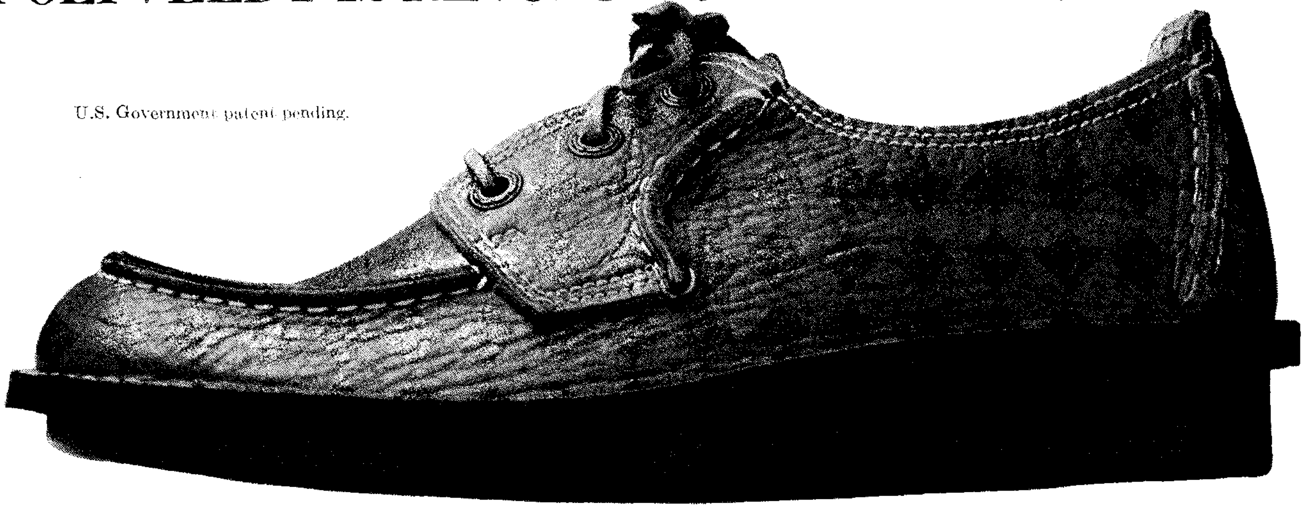

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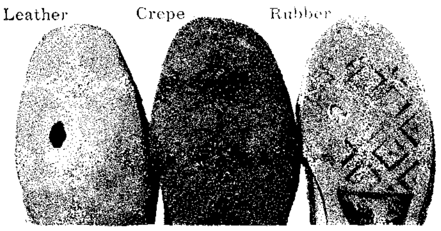

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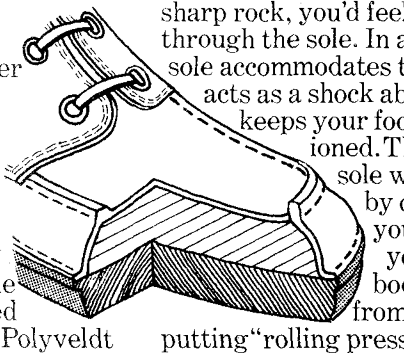

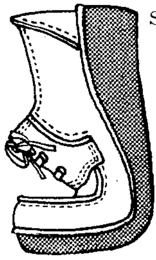

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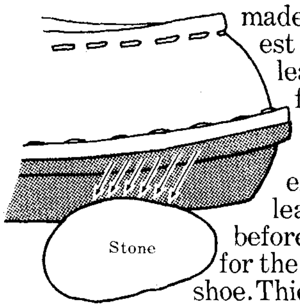

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Eno's fruit salts—but early in 1922, just as this new field was becoming commercially rewarding, he was approached by some people who wanted to form a small company to make medical films, and Strand, remembering his Mayo Clinic experience, agreed readily to become their cameraman. He had acquired a little experience in movie work already, having collaborated in 1921 with Charles Sheeler, the painter, who owned a French motion-picture camera, on a short documentary film about New York, entitled "Mannahatta." The film, which was silent, had subtitles taken from Walt Whitman's writings, and it played for a week at a Broadway movie house under the title "New York the Magnificent" (the theatre owner thought Whitman's title too arcane), but neither Strand nor Sheeler could afford to make another. In 1922, though, Strand's new backers authorized him to go out and buy the best movie camera available for making medical films. The best camera, Strand found, was the Akeley. It had been designed by Carl Akeley, the African explorer, specifically for taking pictures of wild animals in the bush. Movie cameras in those days were cumbersome behemoths, mounted on huge tripods that had one handle for moving the camera up and down and another for moving it sideways ("panning"); it was almost impossible to work both handles simultaneously so as to follow a fast-moving subject. Akeley, however, had worked out a series of friction gears in the tripod head which enabled the cameraman to pan and tilt smoothly and simultaneously using only one handle, and a small company had been set up to meet the demand for his invention. No sooner had Strand arranged to buy the Akeley camera, however, than he was informed that his backers were withdrawing their support. "I never did find out what had happened," he said later. He went back in some embarrassment to the Akeley company, to explain his dilemma. The Akeley people suggested that Strand buy the camera himself. There were four or five "Akeley specialists" working in New York then, they told him, making a good living by doing free-lance film work for newsreels and Hollywood studios. Strand, with no job and no prospects, had just inherited twenty-five hundred dollars from the estate of his wealthy uncle, and twenty-five hundred dollars happened to be precisely what the Akeley cost. He bought it. "It was a very beautiful camera," he said. "I'd already fallen in

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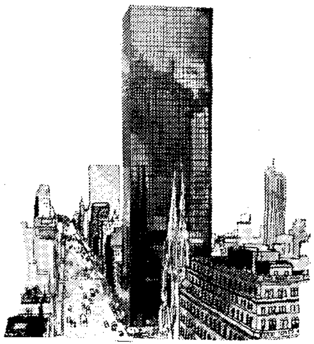

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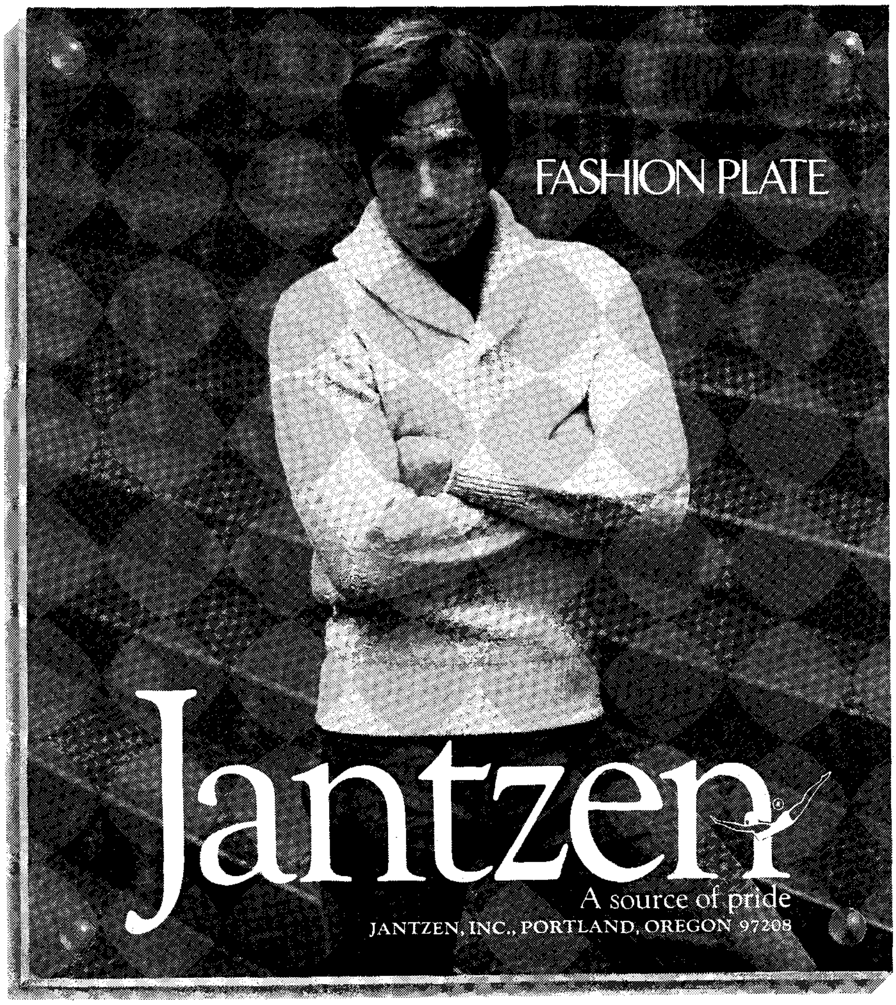

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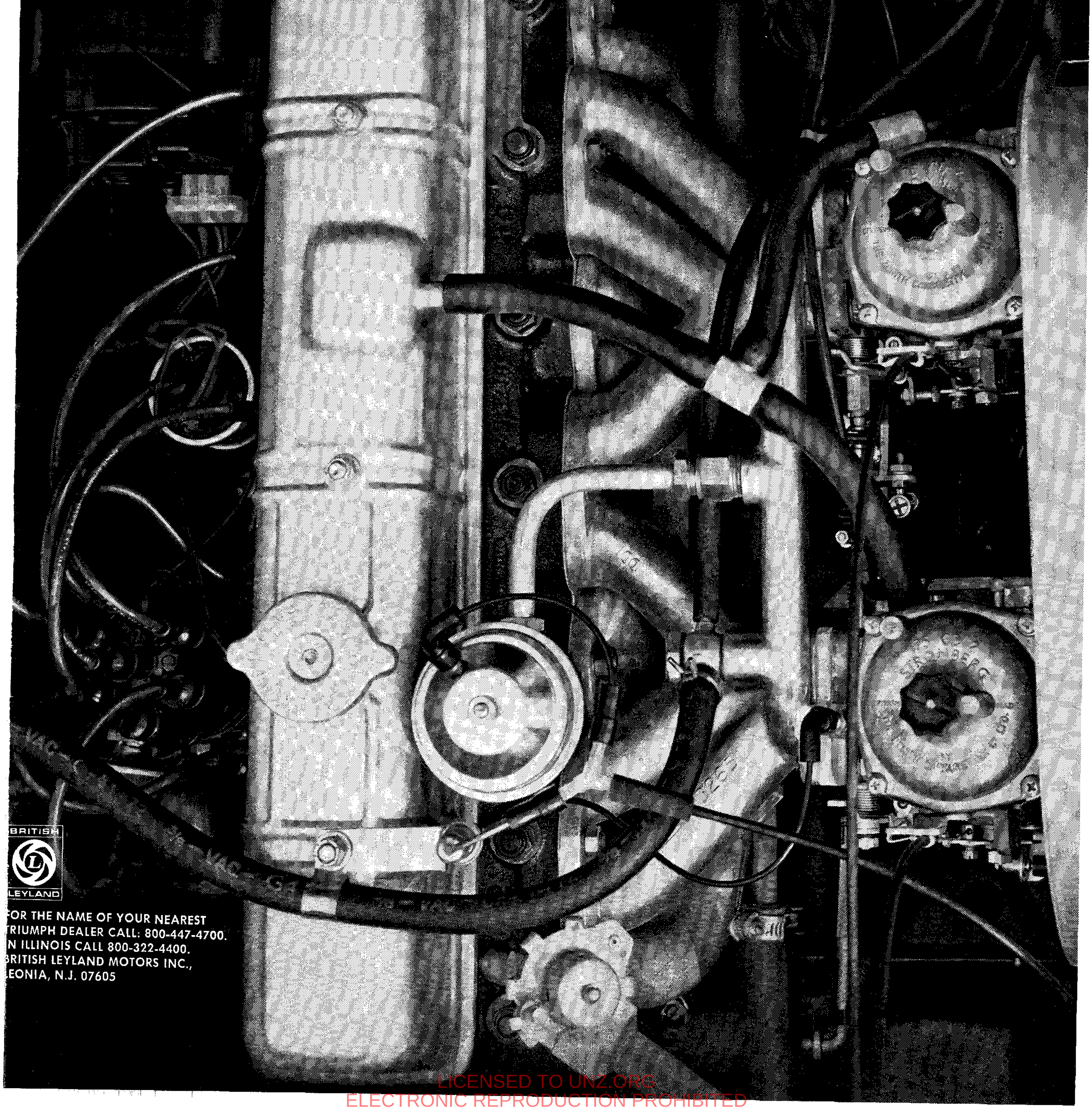

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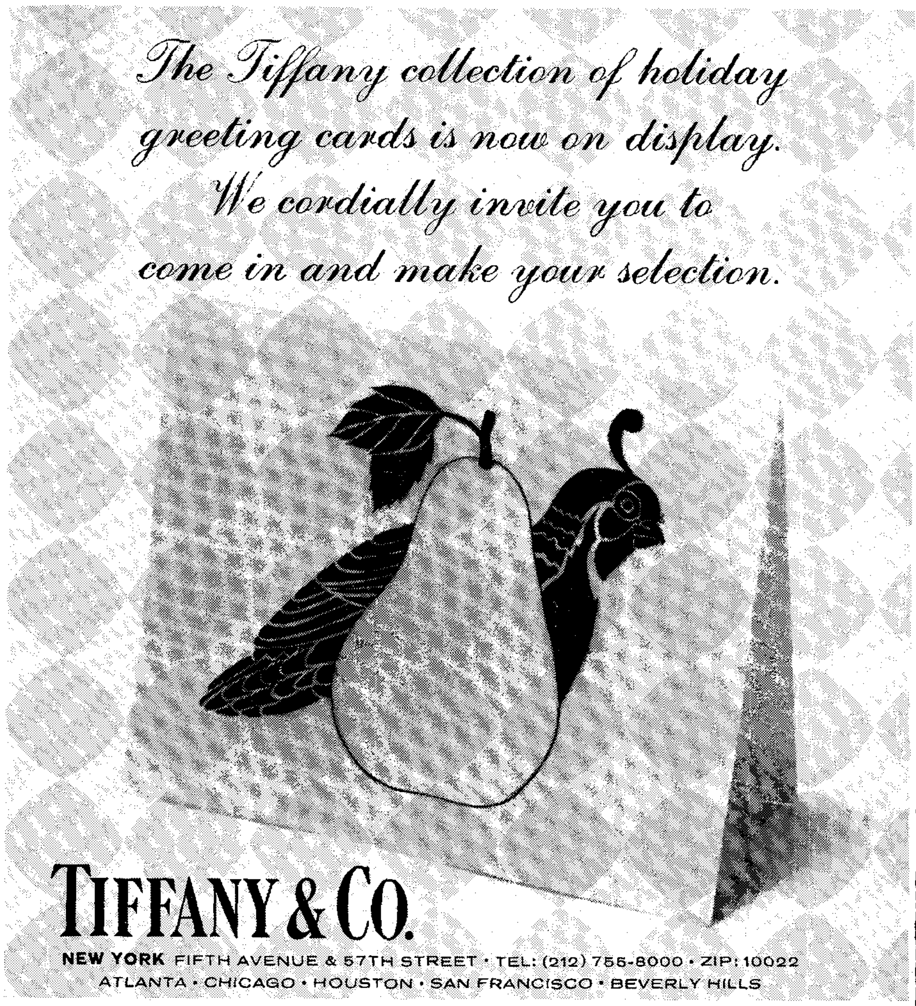
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love with it anyway." The first thing he did was to take it home and photograph it with his still camera, taking a series of closeups of the interior mechanism that are among the most beautiful machine photographs ever made.

For the next ten years, Strand earned his living as an Akeley specialist. He filmed sports events for Pathé News and Fox Films, and went down to Louisville every spring to cover the Kentucky Derby. He lugged his heavy equipment—camera, tripod, and film case weighed in at ninety pounds—to the top of the Yale Bowl and the Harvard Stadium for football games, and he shot, edited, and put together films for several successive graduating classes at Princeton, depicting the athletic and social highlights of the senior year. Occasionally, he was hired to shoot action sequences for Hollywood films. He climbed twenty-two stories above the street to film Richard Dix's double clinging to a steel girder of the Telephone Building, on West Street, which was then under construction, and he helped to shoot the Battle of Lexington—in Plattsburg, New York—for "Janice Meredith," starring Marion Davies. "I accepted every job that came my way, and it didn't do me a bit of harm," he has said. He earned thirty-five dollars a day at first, and eventually, by demanding it, he got fifty. His real interest, though, remained still photography, which he practiced on weekends and whenever else he could find the time.

IN 1922, Strand had married Rebecca Salsbury, a strikingly handsome artist, whose father, Nate Salsbury, had been Buffalo Bill's partner and manager. Becky Strand was a great friend and admirer of Georgia O'Keeffe, whom Stieglitz married in 1924; friends considered the two women remarkably similar in looks and personality. To save money, the Strands lived with Strand's family in the house on West Eighty-third Street—Strand's mother and grandmother had both died by that time, his mother in the influenza epidemic of 1919—in an upstairs suite that they transformed into a modern atelier, with white walls and very little furniture, and with photofloods pointed at the ceiling for light. It was not until 1926 that the young Strands had enough money saved to go away in the summer. They went to Colorado, where Strand photographed at Mesa Verde National Park, experimenting with closeups of tangled roots and blasted tree trunks. Later, they

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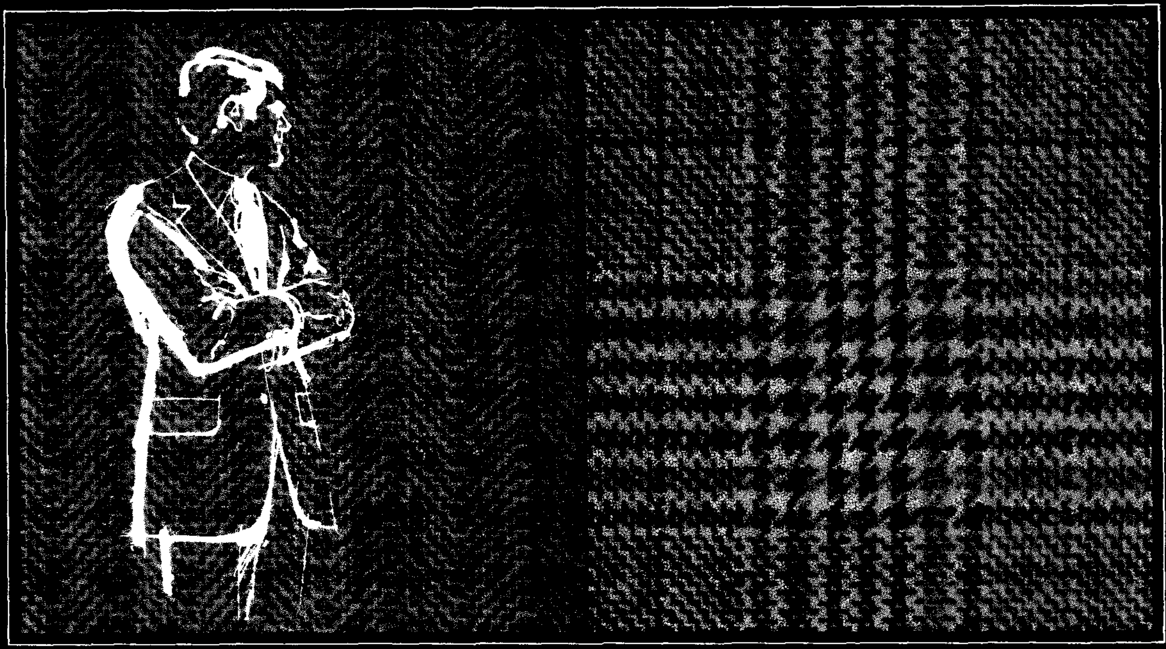

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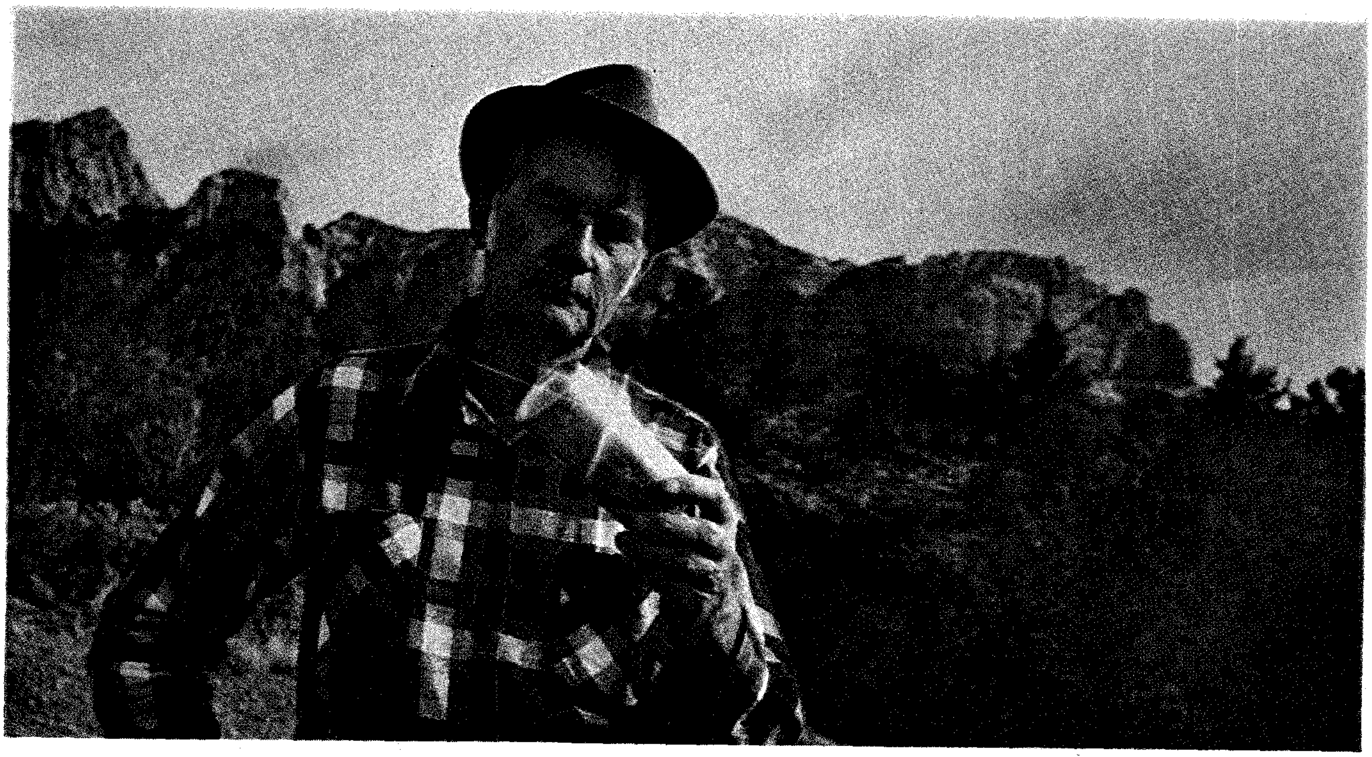

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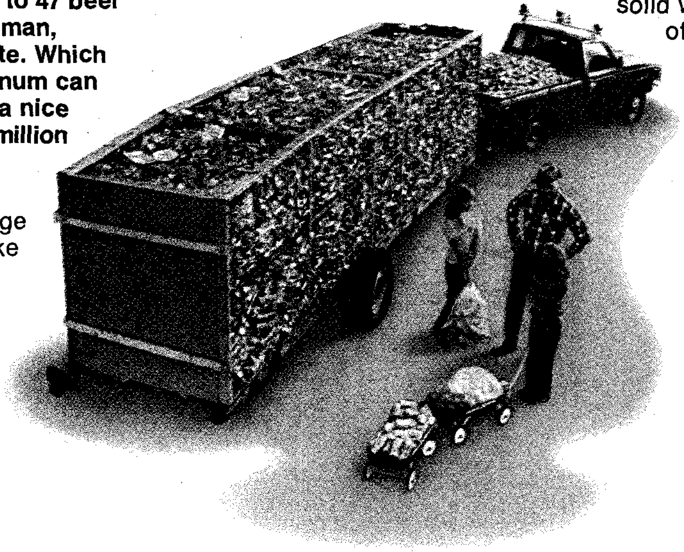

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went to Taos. Mrs. Mabel Dodge Luhan, to whom they had an introduction, let them use one of her houses there for two weeks. Strand liked the country but was put off by Mrs. Luhan, whom he thought domineering, destructive, and rather silly in her self-appointed role as the doyenne of Taos. "I hadn't the slightest interest in photographing her," he said once. The next two summers, the Strands went to Georgetown Island, in Penobscot Bay. Their neighbors there were John Marin, Marsden Hartley, and Gaston Lachaise, all of whom he did photograph, either then or later. (Strand considered Lachaise one of the three leading modern sculptors—the others were Brancusi and Lehmbruck—and he was both flattered and pleased when Lachaise offered to trade a small bronze for a Strand print, something no other artist has done to this day.) Strand spent the two summers photographing mushrooms, rocks, plants, a cobweb in the rain, and other natural details—usually in extreme closeup.

"I've always had an interest in the things that make a place what it is, which means not exactly like any other place and yet related to other places," Strand said recently. "Growing things are part of the quality and the character of a place; the things that grow by the sea are not like the things that grow, say, in the middle of Kansas. It's the same with rocks. Rocks by the sea are different, because the sea has washed them and done things to them, and trees by the sea are very special, too. Incidentally, I discovered something that first summer at Georgetown that was vitally useful to me. You see, if you want to photograph growing plants, flowers, grass, or whatever, and if you want to do it at a very small lens opening and with a long exposure—two or three minutes—then you have a problem, because there's always a wind, and they move. I solved that by trial and error. I found that when I sensed the wind coming I could close the shutter, wait until the wind had passed, and reopen the shutter. The plant would have always returned to the exact same spot it had been in before. That way I could get an absolutely clear, needle-sharp picture."

The problems of dealing with larger landscapes did not really emerge for Strand until the summer of 1929, when he and his wife went around the Gaspé Peninsula. "The landscape problem is the unity of whatever is included," Strand has said. "In a landscape, you usually have foreground, middle ground, distance, and sky. All

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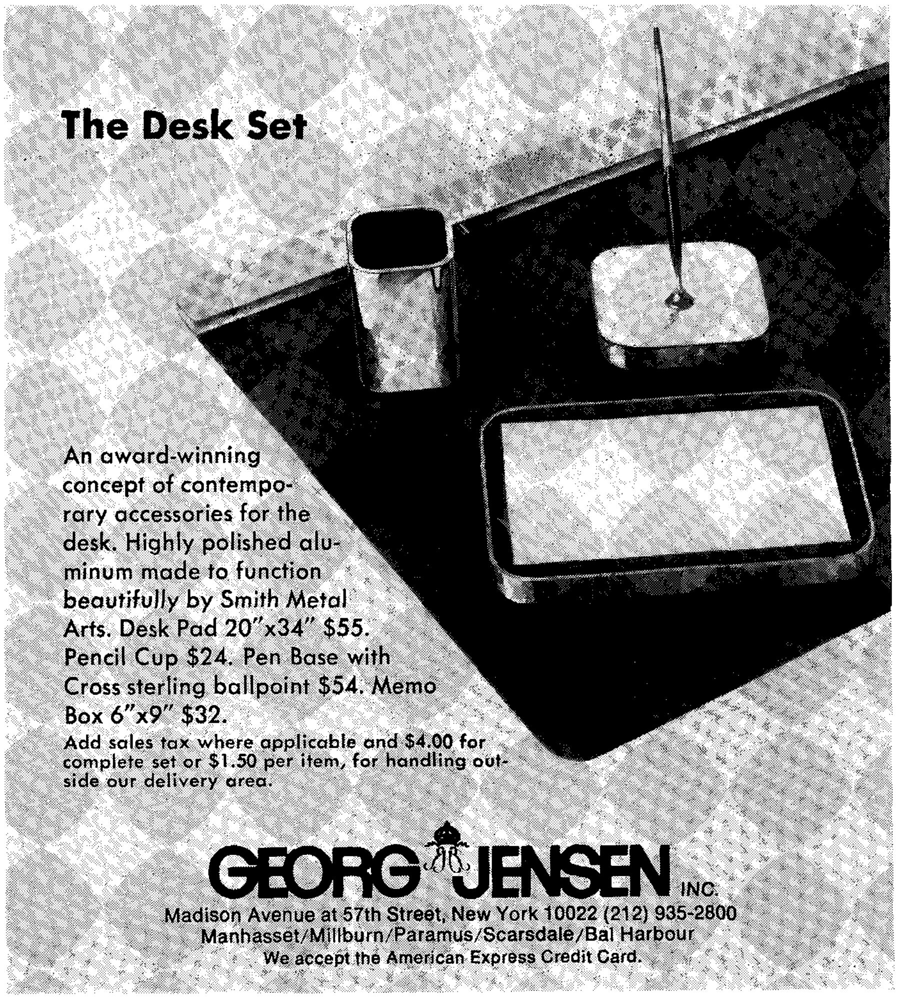

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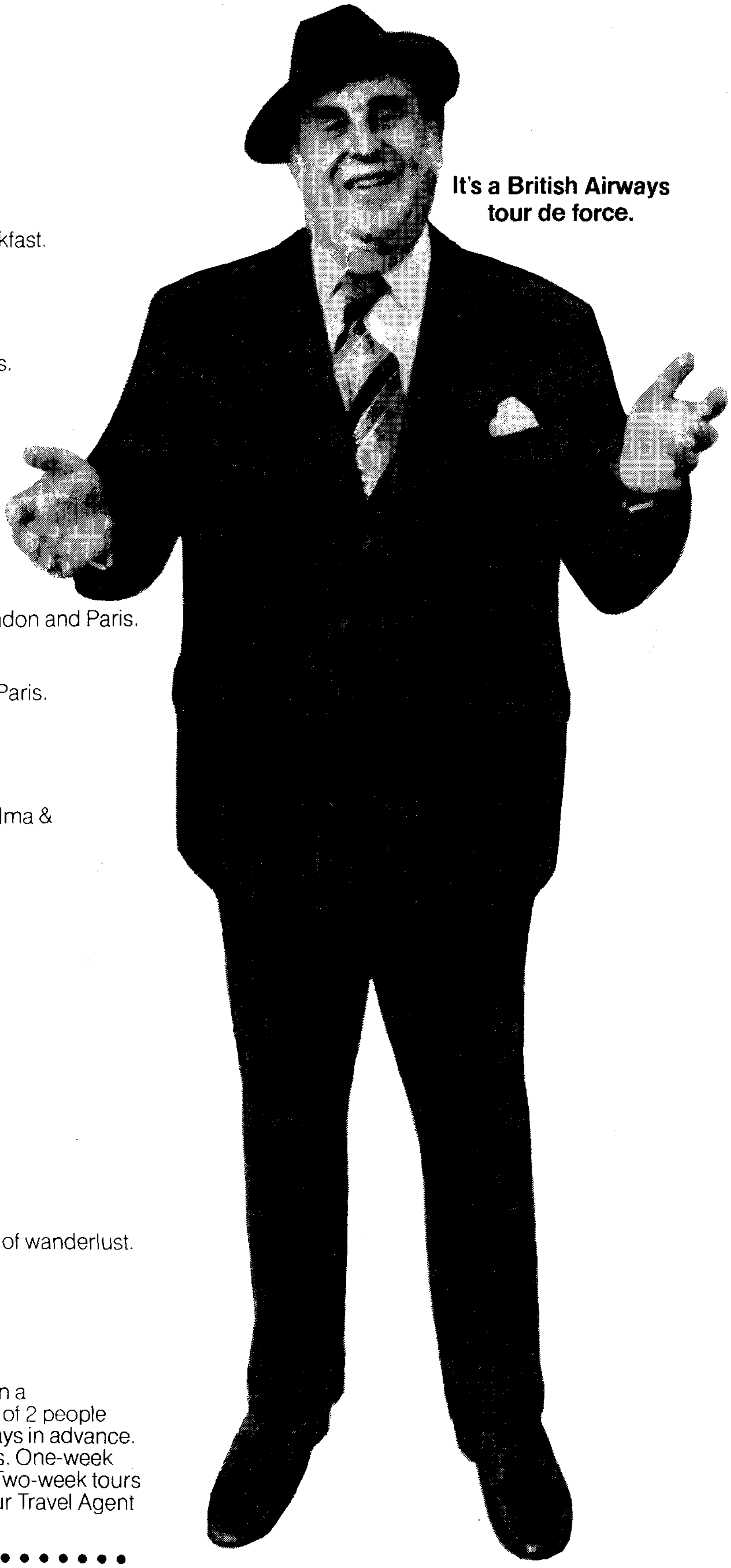
these have to be related. This is very difficult to do, of course. There are plenty of landscapes in art where the sky has no relation to the land—some of the Impressionists, like Pissarro, made that mistake. I would say that the landscapes of Cézanne are the greatest of all, because not only is every element in the picture unified but there is also unity in depth; there is this tremendous three-dimensional space that is also part of the unity of the picture space. Anyway, I became very conscious of the need to master this problem."

Strand's work in the Gaspé that summer, done with a 4 x 5-inch Graflex hand camera, was a continuation of his "search for what might be called the essential character of a place and its people," as he has termed it. In Strand's pellucid Gaspé landscapes, with their marvellously balanced images of land and sea and sky, of boats and houses, of fences and barns, it is almost possible to infer the sounds and smells of the place; the sense of peace and stillness seems to emanate from the land itself, rather than from the photograph. Strand's landscapes are seldom spectacular or awesome, in the way that Edward Weston's and Ansel Adams' are. Weston, a Californian who had come to New York in 1922 and met Stieglitz and Strand, noted in his daybook in 1929 that both he and Strand were using trees and rocks as subject matter—"he on the Atlantic Coast, I on the Pacific"—and a year later he was wondering anxiously whether this might lead to accusations of plagiarism. In reality, their work was profoundly different. Weston's images had a dynamic, sculptural power that riveted the eye; Strand's were like tapestries, with every part of the picture space working together. As for Ansel Adams, he and Strand first met in New Mexico, where Strand photographed during the summers of 1930, 1931, and 1932. Adams, who had been trained as a musician, was staying in one of Mabel Dodge Luhan's houses; the Strands had rented another. When Mrs. Luhan abruptly informed Adams that she needed his house for someone else, the Strands invited him to come and stay with them for a few days. The Strand house was about four miles from the adobe church of Ranchos de Taos, whose thick walls and buttresses were replastered by hand every year by the Indians. Strand used to watch the sky, and when he saw a storm coming he would get in the car, head for the church, and have his camera set up by the time the storm got there. What have come to be known as "Strand



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clouds"—heavy, lowering shapes holding rain and threat of storm—appear in a great many of his photographs of the arid Southwest, suggesting that the essential character of a region may have a good deal to do with the essential character of the artist who is depicting it. A friend of Strand's in those years remembers him cursing under his breath whenever fluffy, cottony cloud formations, which he referred to as "Johnson & Johnson," took over the sky; they never appear in his prints.

Henwar Rodakiewicz, a photographer who was then living in Taos, took Strand around to some of the ghost towns of the Old West—to St. Elmo and to Aspen, Colorado, which had not yet been discovered by Walter Paepcke. Strand photographed their crumbling wooden houses, and caught echoes of the frontier in a worn door latch or a corner of adobe wall. The quality of Strand's negatives impressed Adams so deeply that, as he said later, he decided to devote himself exclusively to "straight" photography. Strand, however, was not at that period a great encourager and promoter of young photographers. Wholly concentrated on his own work, uncompromising in his standards, and rather stiff in personal relations, he kept even his admirers at a distance. His sense of humor took the form of elaborate and elephantine puns and limericks, some of which were days, or even weeks, in the making. He had no talent for simulating polite interest or for disguising what he thought or felt. Strand's admiration extended to very few photographers aside from Stieglitz, and even Stieglitz was not sacrosanct. Stieglitz's aestheticism, which expressed itself toward the latter part of his life in photographs of cloud formations that he called "equivalents," seemed to Strand increasingly removed from what he himself wanted to do in photography. "I'm a politically conscious person," Strand said not long ago. "I've always wanted to be aware of what's going on in the world around me, and I've wanted to use photography as an instrument of research into and reporting on the life of my own time. It was probably just inevitable for us to come to some sort of parting of the ways." The parting was never complete, for the two men continued to meet on friendly terms until Stieglitz's death. But after 1932—when Strand went to Mexico and stayed for two years—they saw one another far less frequently.

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In 1932, Strand's marriage was coming apart. Toward the end of that summer—the third they had spent in New Mexico—Mrs. Strand returned to New York, and Strand headed down into Mexico. He had made friends with Carlos Chávez, the Mexican composer, in Taos the previous summer (Chávez, too, was on Mabel Dodge Luhan's string) and had written to him about the possibilities of photographing in Mexico. Chávez urged him to come, and Strand set off in his Model A Ford. The Mexican landscape awed him. "The minute you get into Mexico, you begin to see a range of mountains that must be part of the American chain but are completely different," Strand recalls. "They have a different feeling—something I found a little threatening and sinister." For many years, Strand had believed that one had to know a country well before attempting to photograph in it, but in Mexico he found himself paying no attention to this dictum. Some of his finest Mexican photographs, he says, were made during his first few days in the country. In Mexico City, Chávez extended a warm welcome. As conductor of the Mexican Symphony Orchestra and director of the National Conservatory of Music, he wielded considerable authority. He arranged for Strand to exhibit his photographs in a Ministry of Education building, and he also wangled a government commission for Strand to work with his nephew, Augustine Velasquez Chávez, on a report on art education in rural schools in the state of Michoacán. Strand and the younger Chávez travelled together, and Strand began for the first time to make portraits with the aid of a prism. Ever since his experience with the woman selling fortunes in New York, he had been looking for a better technical method of making portraits of people who were not aware of being photographed. In 1931, in New York, he had sold his 4 x 5-inch Graflex and bought a 5 x 7 Graflex, which had a shutter that allowed for automatic exposures of up to one minute, and he had had the lens fitted with a removable extension that concealed a fine optical prism. With this extension in place, the lens would photograph at ninety degrees to the angle at which it was pointed. The portraits that Strand

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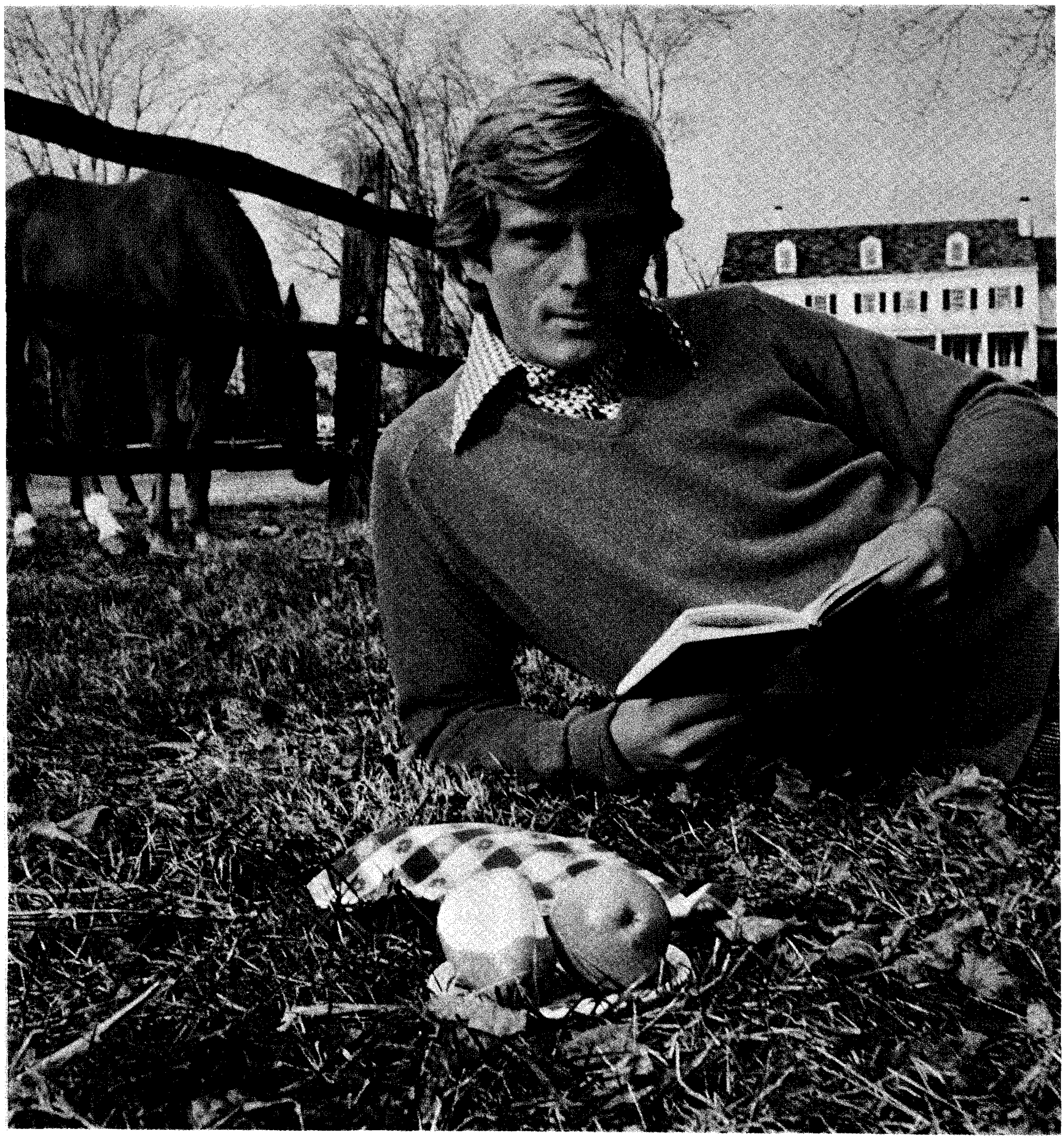

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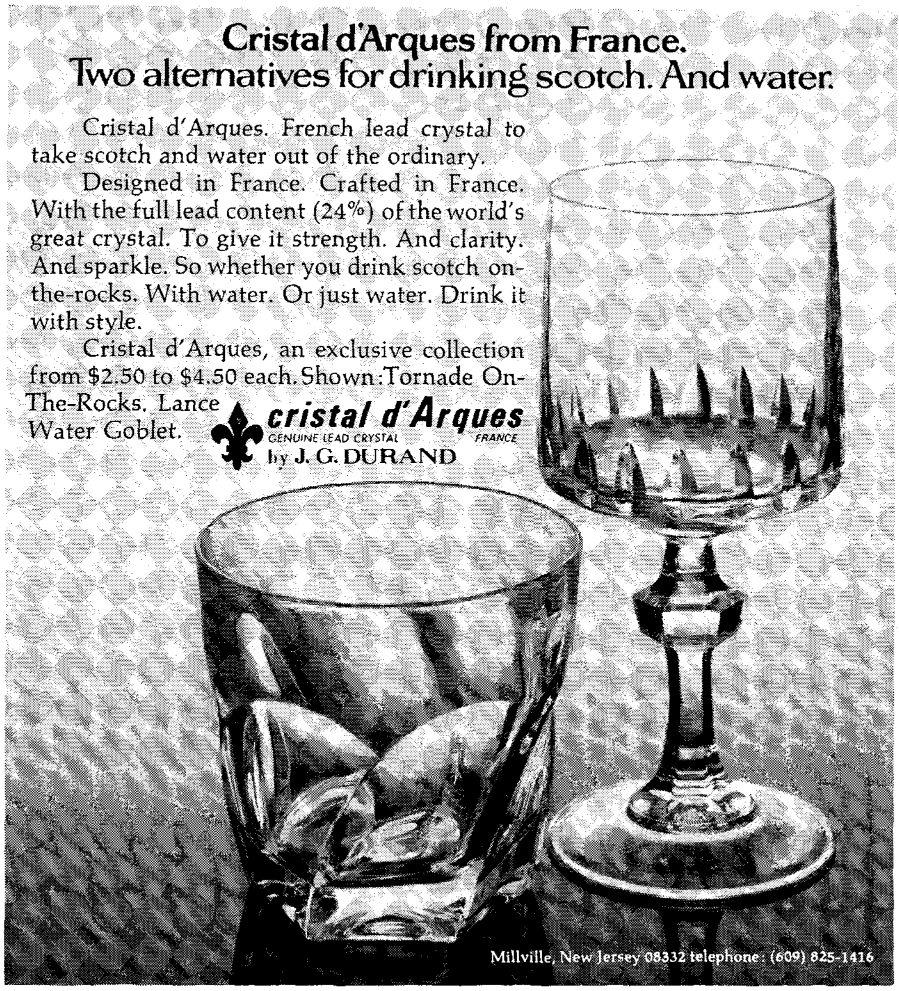
Strand was enthusiastic about the work of the great Mexican mural painters Rivera, Siqueiros, and Orozco, and also about the social reforms that were taking root in Mexico after decades of insurrection and bloodshed. When Carlos Chávez suggested that Strand take charge of a five-year plan to make films that would reflect the real concerns of the Mexican people, Strand immediately set to work drawing up a series of proposals. He and Chávez and Narciso Bassols, the Minister of Education, were in agreement that the principal audience for these films would be Mexico's eighteen million Indians, most of whom were illiterate. According to Strand, the three men were also agreed that there should be no "filming down" to anyone; the highest aesthetic standards would always apply, on the theory that the best art would appeal to the largest number. The first—in fact, the only—film to come out of this high-minded endeavor was "Redes" ("Nets"), whose English title is "The Wave." Strand and Augustine Chávez conceived the idea and wrote the outline for the film, a part-documentary, part-fictional feature whose plot had to do with a strike by poor fishermen against a merchant who was exploiting them. Strand got his Taos friend Henwar Rodakiewicz to come down and work out a detailed shooting script, and when Rodakiewicz had to go back to the States for a prior commitment he got *his* friend Fred Zinnemann, then an aspiring young Hollywood director with no films to his credit, to direct it. The film is about sixty-five minutes long and contains many stunning images that could very well have been Strand stills; one critic said later, a trifle sardonically, that it was "the most beautiful strike ever filmed." Strand photographed it with his Akeley, hand-cranking at three revolutions a second instead of the customary two, because that was what sound film required; according to Rodakiewicz, Strand would get excited now and then and crank the handle even faster, which has led some film his-

ellen tracy



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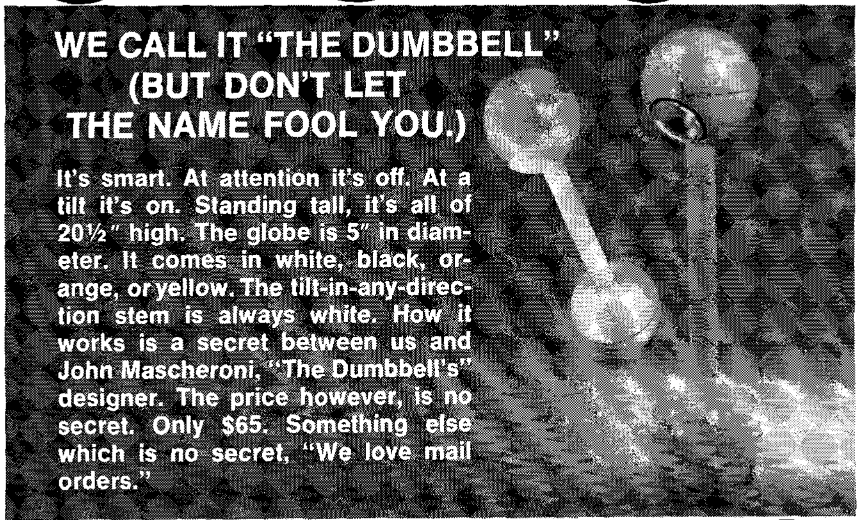

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torians to credit him with the first use of slow motion as a cinematic device. Only one professional actor was used—the exploiting merchant—and he turned out to be the film's only obvious ham. The rest of the cast consisted of local fishermen of the town of Alvarado, on the Gulf Coast, near Veracruz. "The Wave" took nearly a year to make, in part because of Strand's insistence that every detail be perfectly realized. The shooting of one scene was held up for a month because one of the fishermen, the helmsman in the lead boat, took the notion one morning to get a haircut. By the time the film was finally edited, in the fall of 1934, Lázaro Cárdenas was President of Mexico and the previous administration's five-year film plan had been shelved.

STRAND packed up and went back to New York. He was feeling somewhat at loose ends. Divorced—Rebecca had gone to live permanently in New Mexico—and no longer so close to Stieglitz, he gravitated to what might appear an unlikely new association: the Group Theatre. Harold Clurman, Lee Strasberg, and Cheryl Crawford, the three Group directors, wanted to build a permanent repertory company that would perform contemporary plays on the highest possible artistic level, and Strand, although never much of a theatregoer, had become interested in their work. Consequently, when he got back to New York in late 1934 he was delighted to find that the Group was riding high; in fact, its production that winter of Clifford Odets' "Waiting for Lefty" was the hit of the season.

In those Depression years, the Group was considered to be somewhat left-wing in its political sympathies. Actually, as Clurman pointed out in his book "The Fervent Years," the Group's directors and players were political naïfs, concerned almost totally with the aesthetics of the theatre. They were particularly interested in the aesthetics of the theatre in the Soviet Union, and Strasberg had modelled his own work with actors on the celebrated "method" of Stanislavsky. The productions of the Moscow Art Theatre; the films of the Russian directors Eisenstein, Pudovkin, and Dovzhenko; and the social context that had given birth to this creative ferment—all were a source of great interest to many American intellectuals of the period. Indeed, in 1935 Clurman told Strand that he and Cheryl Crawford were going to Moscow to see for themselves. Would he come along? Strand was eager to go. He met

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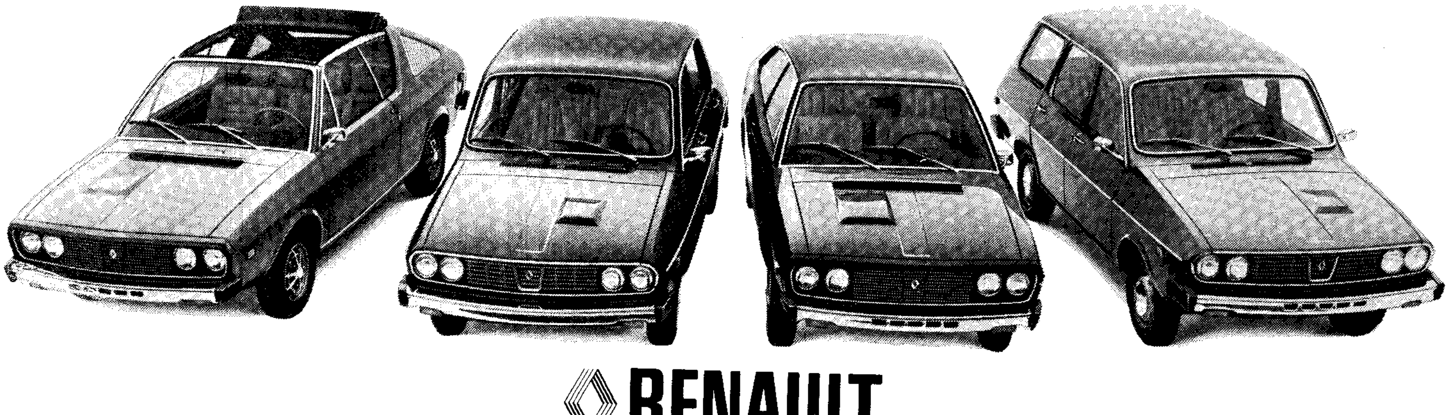

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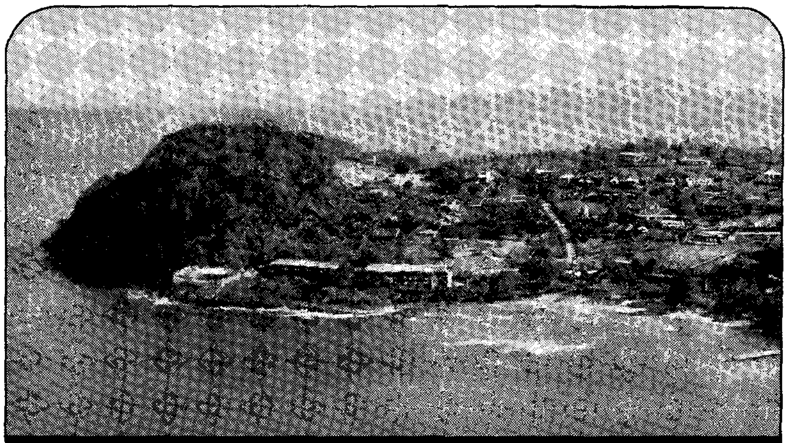

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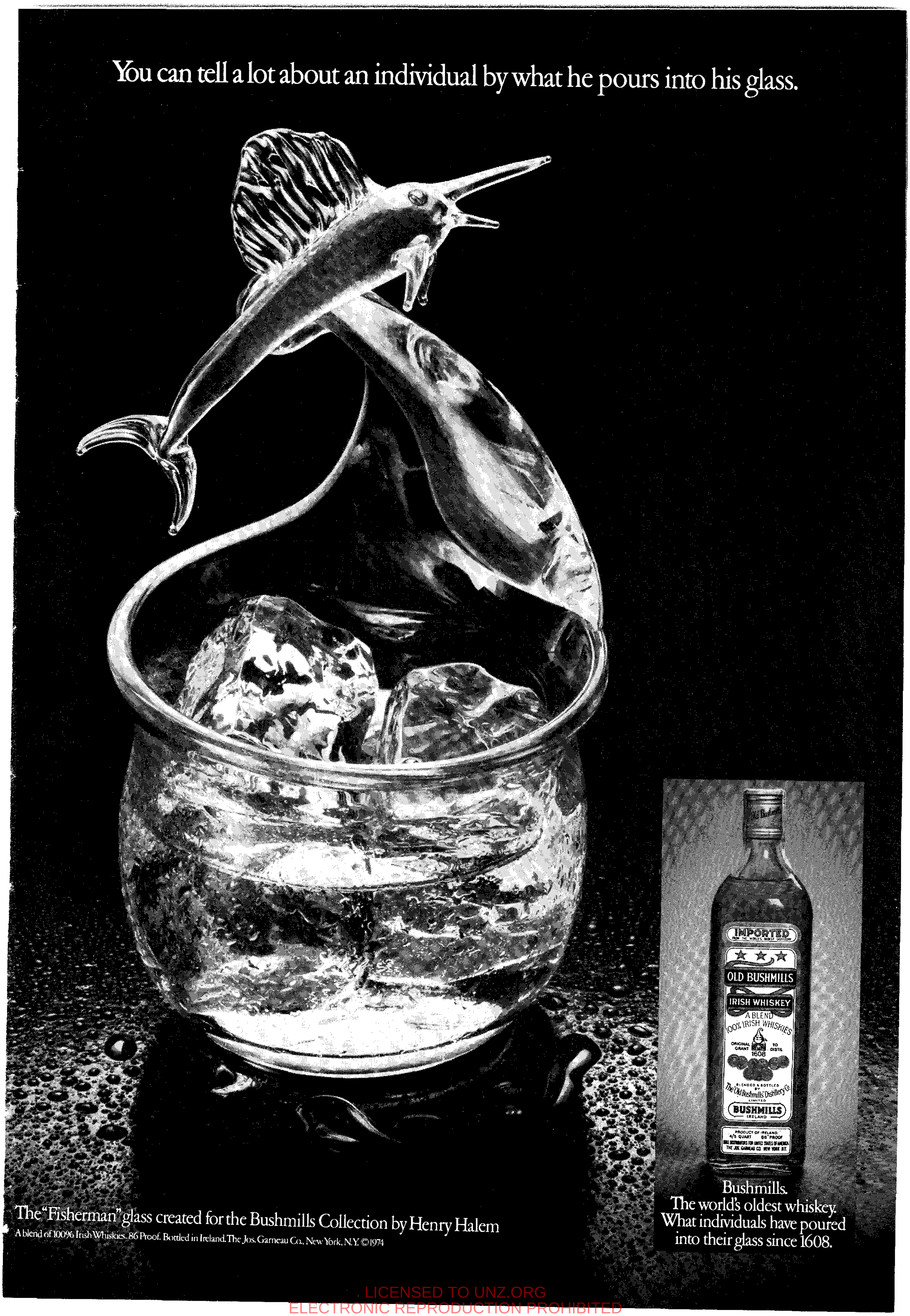
Clurman and Crawford in Moscow that summer, and stayed a little more than two months. They received tickets to all the major theatres and met the great theatre figures and film people. Sergei Eisenstein looked at a few feet of film stock from "The Wave," holding it up to the light, and said jovially that he could see Strand was essentially a still photographer rather than a filmmaker—a comment that struck Strand as "a little overfast, but I didn't mind." (Actually, Strand took no photographs at all in Russia.) Later, Eisenstein invited Strand to work with him on a new film (Strand had brought his Akeley along), but the difficulties of getting a work permit proved to be insuperable.

In New York at this time, a number of young photographers were becoming interested in the possibilities of documentary films. Excellent documentaries were then being made in England, but in spite of the great legacy of Robert Flaherty's "Nanook of the North" (1922) and "Moana" (1926), the form was dormant here, and Flaherty himself was working in England. In a period when perhaps twelve million Americans were unemployed, the newsreels of the day featured naval vessels docking and bathing beauties pirouetting. The "March of Time" series, which started in 1934, was a big improvement in this field, but serious filmmakers wanted to go much further with the form; influenced by the work of the Group Theatre, they wanted to make documentaries that dealt with complex social issues, and did so with all the resources of the cinematic art. "We felt the need for the development of an independent film movement run by artists," Leo Hurwitz, one of their number, put it not long ago. Hurwitz, Ralph Steiner, Sidney Meyers, Lionel Berman, Irving Lerner, and Ben Maddow had banded together in an informal association called Nykino (with a nod to the Soviet director Dziga Vertov's Kino-Pravda newsreels). Although Strand's Mexican film had not yet been released in the United States, they knew about it, and Strand had attended several of their meetings in Steiner's studio before going to Moscow. "They had the same attitude toward filmmaking that I had in Mexico," Strand said recently. "They felt that a documentary should have the highest possible aesthetic content and dramatic impact."

On his return from Russia, Strand was invited by Steiner and Hurwitz to work with them on "The Plow That Broke the Plains," a documentary on



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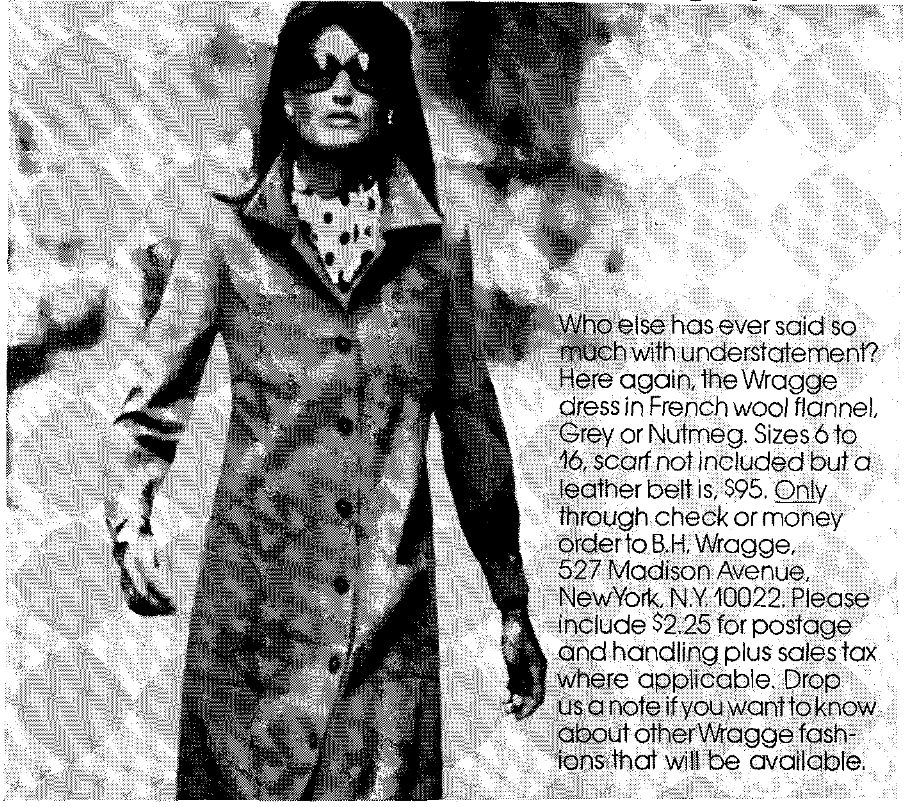

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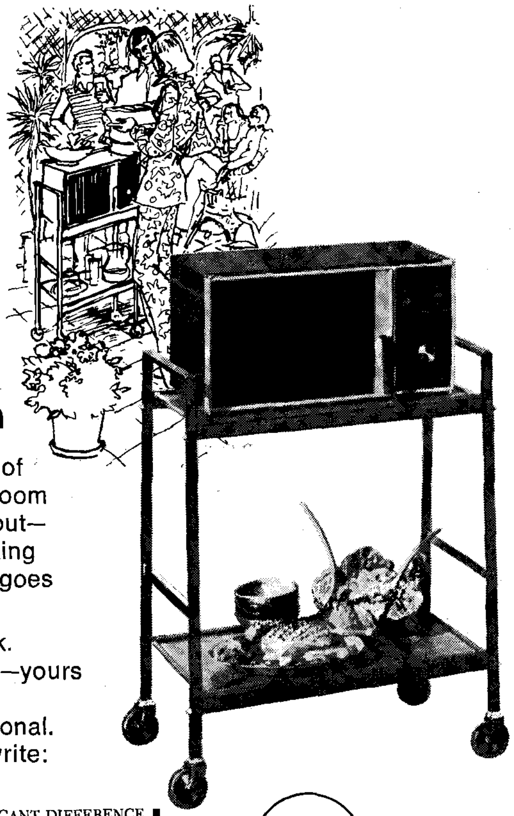

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the Dust Bowl. Sponsored and financed by the United States Resettlement Administration, one of the New Deal agencies, it was to be produced and directed by Pare Lorentz, a film critic who had never yet produced or directed a film, and, as Hurwitz and Steiner outlined the project, it was to show how the misuse of the land for short-term profits had combined with nature to produce what would today be called an ecological disaster. None of the three photographers knew Lorentz well, and in Strand's view this was the real root of the troubles that began as soon as they left New York for Wyoming and Montana, to film farmlands as they had looked before the Dust Bowl.

"Lorentz saw us off at the railroad station and handed us the shooting script, which he had written himself, and which none of us had seen until that moment," Strand recalls. "We read it on the train with mounting astonishment. We couldn't understand it. It just wasn't a guide to the sort of action that we could take with the camera."

Leo Hurwitz felt the same way. "The script was full of personal visions and fantasy," he said recently. "For example, Lorentz had one scene in which a lot of men in top hats would walk across a field, get on tractors, and plow up the field. The idea was clear enough—that the rich who profited by grain deals were the ones who were destroying the land—but there was no way that we could see to make the scene work with the rest of the material."

When their train stopped at Buffalo, they sent a wire to Lorentz saying they couldn't understand his script and would he please send them another as soon as possible. No new script was waiting for them when they got to Montana, so, rather than lose time,

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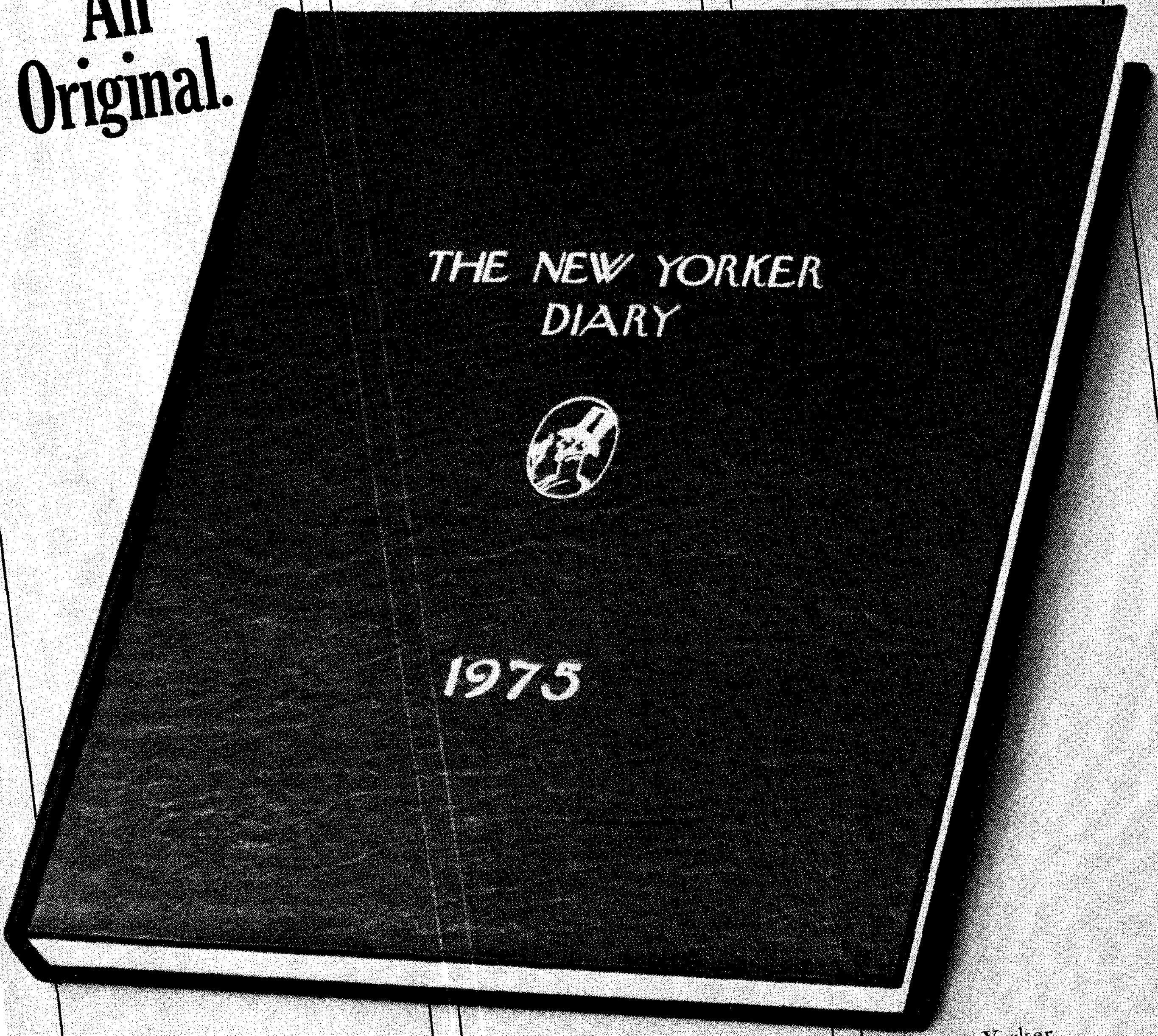

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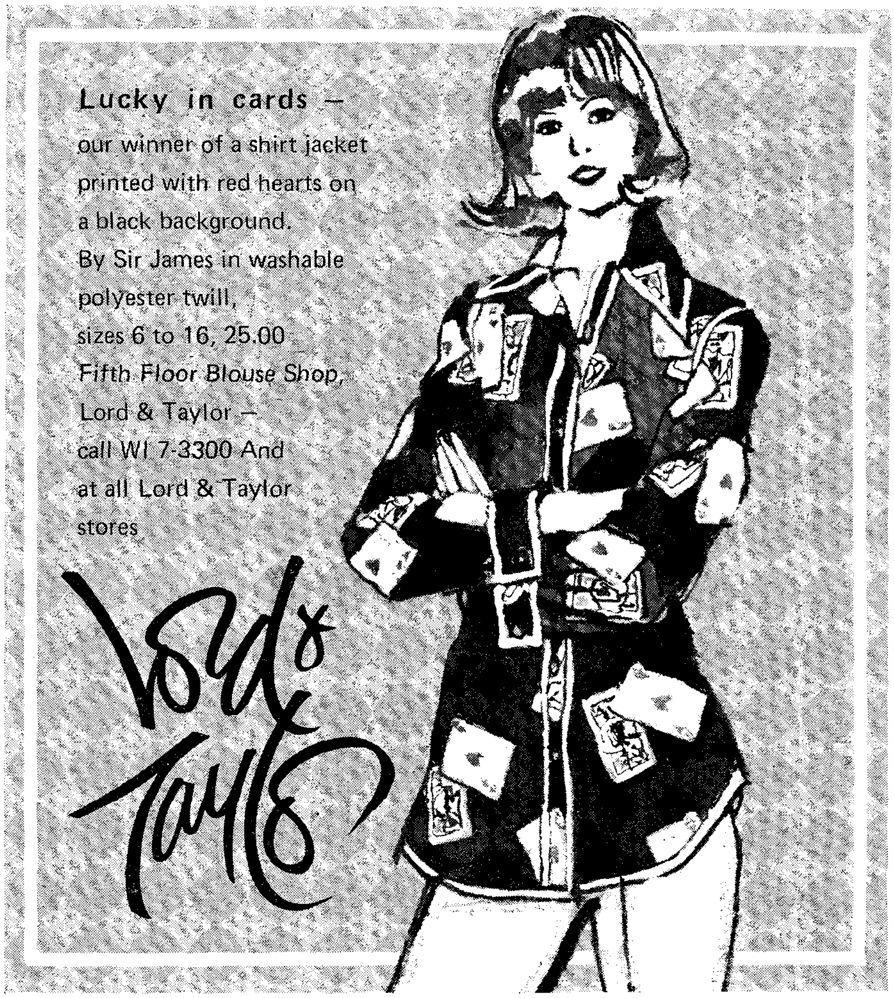
they decided to go ahead on their own with background work. They filmed what the Great Plains had once looked like, with cattle and sheep grazing on the tall grass that, farther south, had been plowed up indiscriminately to plant wheat. But unless the film was to be all background they needed a script. "Finally, we wired Pare again to say we were writing our own script," Hurwitz recalls. "We headed down to the Texas Panhandle to film the real Dust Bowl stuff, and on the way we stopped off in Alliance, Nebraska, where I rented a typewriter and knocked out a script."

Lorentz met them in Dalhart, Texas. There was no direct clash of wills, but matters were sufficiently tense. Steiner, who had become increasingly uneasy about the revolt—he now feels that they could perfectly well have shot from Lorentz's script, as he himself did later from Lorentz's equally poetic script for "The City"—worked with Lorentz, and Strand and Hurwitz worked together as a separate film unit, and notwithstanding a certain lack of communication, they managed to shoot the necessary footage. None of the three photographers had any further contact with the picture, which Lorentz edited, and which struck them all, when they saw it, as surprisingly good. Hurwitz has said it was "a great surprise" to him to find that Lorentz had done such a brilliant editing job, although he insists that the finished film bore little relation to Lorentz's original script. (The men in top hats were not included.) "The film is first-rate, so I don't understand why people are so busy being resentful," Strand said not long ago.

Filmmaking, in any case, had become Strand's full-time occupation. The informal Nykino group evolved in 1937 into Frontier Films, a nonprofit production company dedicated, as Strand once put it, to making films that would be in some sense warnings. "We were very concerned about what was going on in the world," Strand has said. "We were very concerned about the Spanish Civil War. Elmer Davis, who later became head of the Office of War Information, called people like us 'premature anti-Fascists,' which was pretty shocking and infuriating. It wasn't that we told an untruth—it was that we told the truth too soon." Strand was president of Frontier Films from 1937 until the company dissolved, in 1942. During this time, Frontier completed seven documentaries: "Heart of Spain," edited by Strand and Hurwitz from footage that was shot, mostly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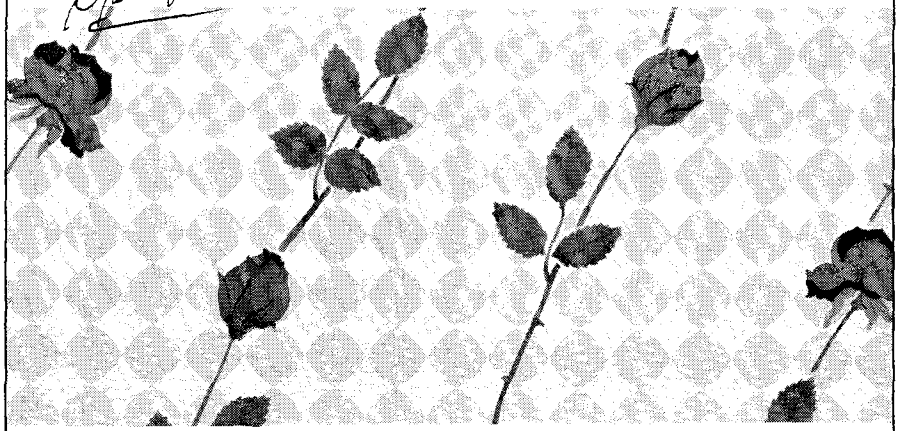
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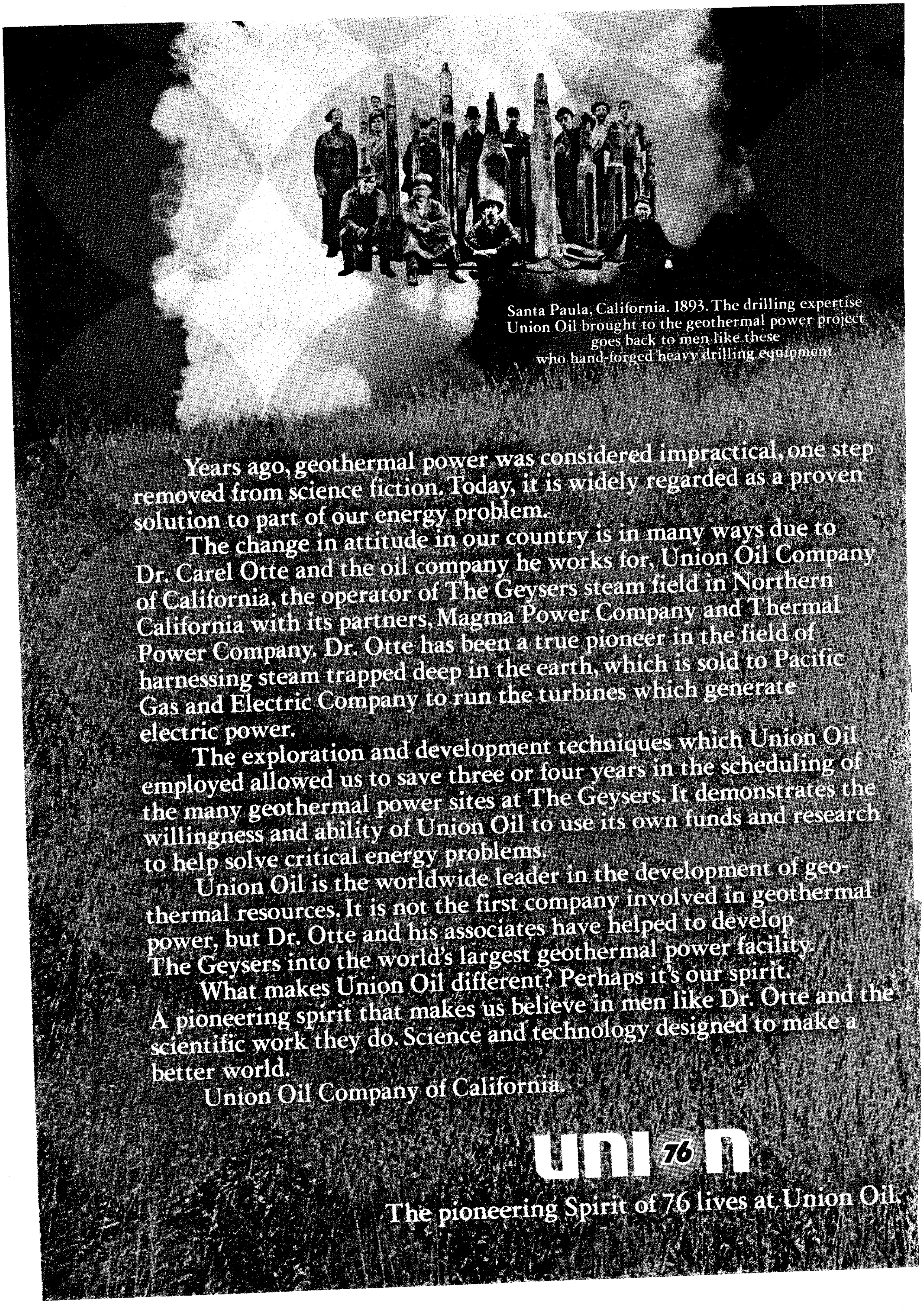

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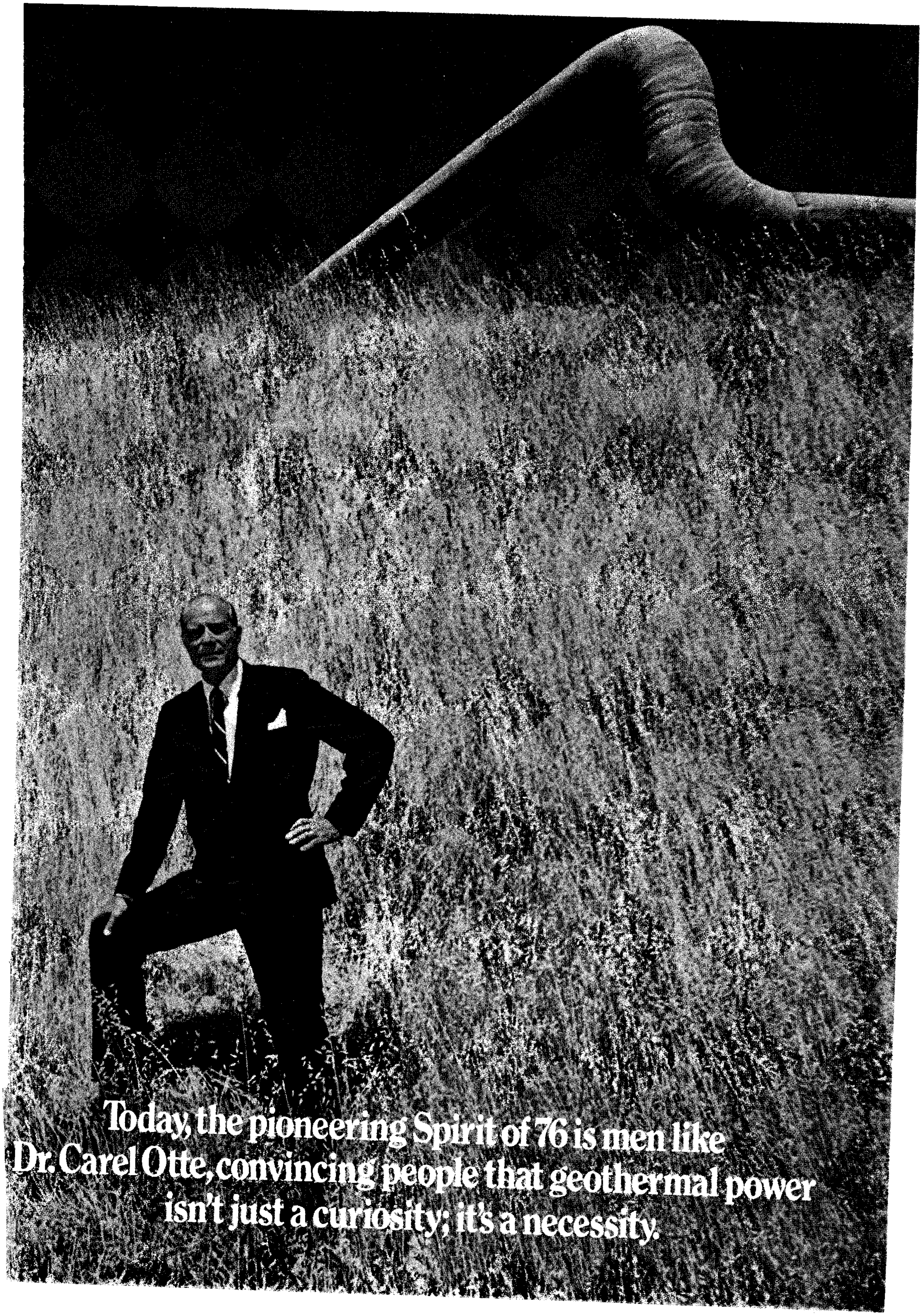
Today, the pioneering Spirit of 76 is men like
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in Madrid, by two amateur cameramen, and that dealt with the pioneering blood-transfusion work being done for the Republican side by the Canadian doctor Norman Bethune; "China Strikes Back," about the training of the Red Army in Shensi Province, with shots of the young Mao Tse-tung and Chou En-lai; "People of the Cumberland," about a school in Tennessee, filmed by Steiner and directed by a novice named Elia Kazan; "Return to Life," another film shot in Spain, produced and directed by the young French photographer Henri Cartier-Bresson; "White Flood," about glaciers, filmed by the naturalist Osgood Field, who was a Frontier trustee; "United Action," about the daily lives of striking U.A.W. workers in Detroit, sponsored by the union; and "Native Land," with a commentary by Ben Maddow, and directed, filmed, and edited by Strand and Hurwitz. By far the most ambitious of the lot, "Native Land" was based on the Senate's LaFollette-Thomas Committee hearings on civil-rights violations throughout the United States, and, in particular, on the campaign by some large corporations to break the developing power of the labor unions. The film lasts nearly two hours, and it took two years to make, with one eight-month hiatus when Strand and Hurwitz ran out of money and had to raise additional funds. Strand is still very proud of the film, which mixes straight documentary material with dramatic reënactments—his second wife, a young Group Theatre apprentice named Virginia Stevens, is featured in the final scene at the grave of a slain labor leader—but, unlike some of the other Frontier films, it was not widely shown. It was released in 1942, after the United States had entered the Second World War, and exhibitors were not eager for films about civil-rights violations.

During the war, some of the Frontier people worked for the government or for the Army, making training or propaganda films. Strand and Hurwitz went to Washington to propose the formation of a film unit that would work with troops in the field, but they were turned down. Later, they were assigned to write a script for a film about the cargo run to Murmansk, but the film was never made. Hurwitz feels sure that in both cases they were rebuffed because of their "premature anti-Fascism" and their work on "Native Land." Strand did do some film work for government agencies in 1943. He also conceived and put together for

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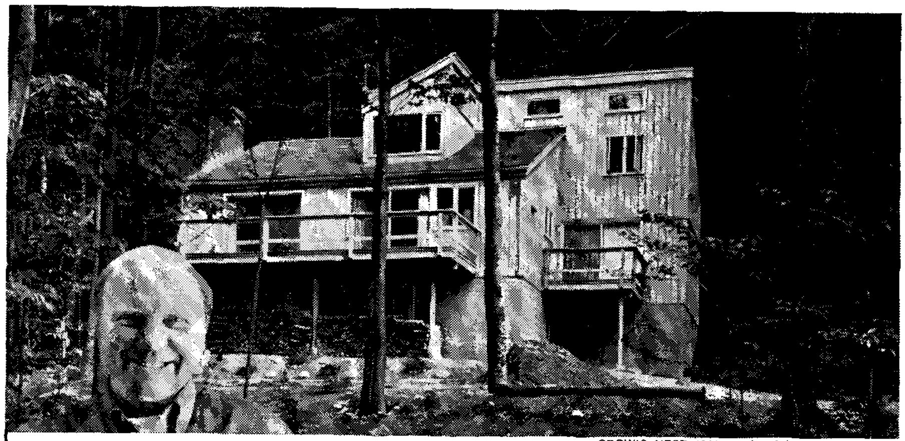
the Vanderbilt Gallery a large photographic chronicle of the first twelve years of the Roosevelt Administration—he was a great admirer of Roosevelt, and the exhibition was intended to help his reëlection. But after 1942 he made no more films of his own. "Things do have an ending, although not always one you can be happy about," he said once. "I'm proud of all the films Frontier made. We were learning how to dramatize documentary material, to involve people emotionally, just as the story films did. But I never had any desire to be simply a cameraman." After ten years as a filmmaker, Strand returned, at the age of fifty-three, to still photography.

HE had never really left it completely. In 1936, there had been a new series of photographs of the Gaspé, where he and Virginia Stevens spent their honeymoon. In 1940, he had spent months working with a printer on a hand-gravure portfolio of his Mexican prints. (The portfolio included twenty gravures and sold for fifteen dollars; today the Museum of Modern Art insures its copy for a thousand.) For ten years, Strand had been working under great pressure in collaboration with others, and now he was content to work quietly and on his own. In the spring of 1944, he went to visit his friend Genevieve Taggard, the poet, and her husband, Kenneth Durant, in the West River Valley of Vermont, a region that appealed to him so much that he got a room at a neighboring farmhouse and stayed several months, photographing. The haunting portrait of "Mr. Bennett," a farmer who lived across the road from the Durants, dates from this period. "He died six months later," Strand has said. "That's one of the things in his face, although I didn't know it then." In 1945, Nancy Newhall, in charge of the Department of Photography at the Museum of Modern Art while her husband, Beaumont Newhall, the regular curator, was in the Army, proposed a Strand retrospective. Strand and Mrs. Newhall worked together on this show, which contained a hundred and seventy-two photographs, covering thirty years' work, and was the first major retrospective that MOMA ever devoted to a photographer. During their collaboration, Mrs. Newhall suggested to Strand that they do a book together about New England. She had been struck by the powerful "sense of place" running through his work. A New Englander herself, she thought it would be interesting to combine Strand's photographs



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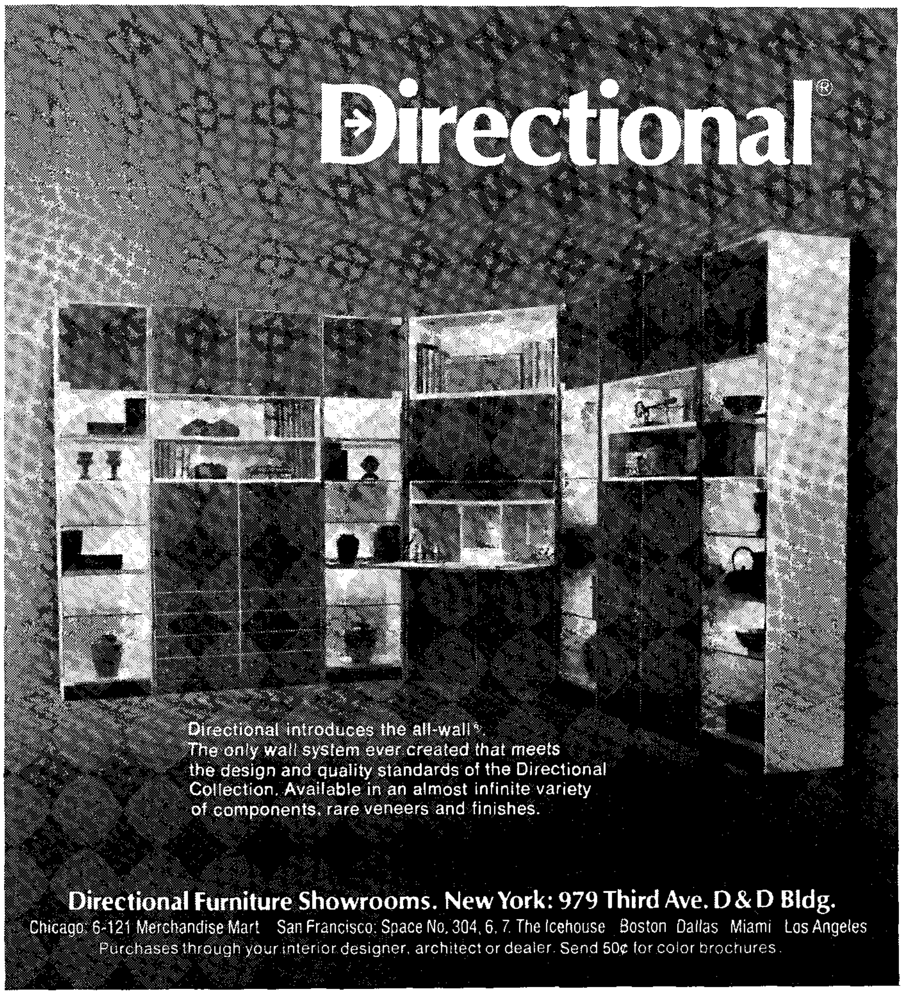

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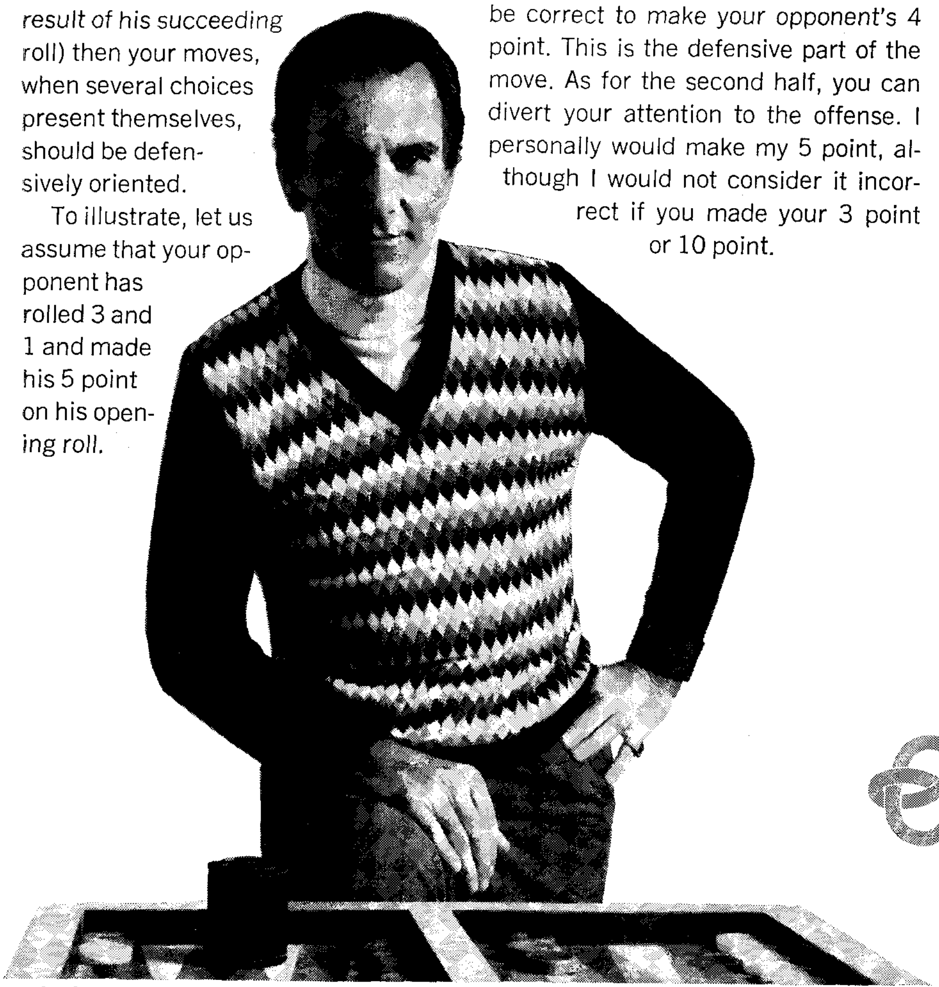
Your opponent opens. Now what? Byford and Tim Holland reveal a rule for the right response.

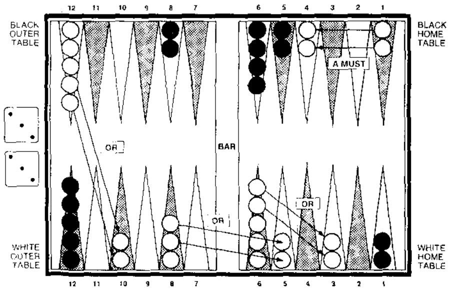
The area of Backgammon which is perhaps most neglected in instruction and least understood by players, is what is known as the "response to opening moves"—that is, the move which directly follows the opening roll.

Fortunately, after suffering the pangs of indecision for countless games, I discovered a "general rule" that could be applied to all responses to opening rolls. Although I inherently dislike general rules in Backgammon, this one does have definite value and I use it constantly: When, because of an opponent's play of an opening roll, the escape routes for your two men on his 1 point are threatened (or about to be threatened as a result of his succeeding roll) then your moves, when several choices present themselves, should be defensively oriented.

To illustrate, let us assume that your opponent has rolled 3 and 1 and made his 5 point on his opening roll.



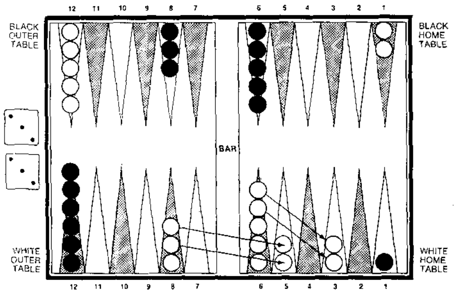
Black's opening roll was 3 and 1. White rolls double 3's.



Your response is double 3's. Obviously you have several choices. Without some criteria to help in your decision you might or might not make the right selection. By using the "general rule" you know that for half of your move it must be correct to make your opponent's 4 point. This is the defensive part of the move. As for the second half, you can divert your attention to the offense. I personally would make my 5 point, although I would not consider it incorrect if you made your 3 point or 10 point.

This problem illustrates what, by inference, is the rest of the "general rule":

Black's opening roll was 6 and 5. White rolls double 3's.



The correct play is to make your 5 point and your 3 point. Your decision in this case is rather simplified. Since at this moment there is no threat to your men in your opponent's home board, you need not be concerned at this juncture in the game with defensive measures. The emphasis should be on the "attack."

The slight risk of your resulting blot on your 8 point being hit (you can be hit only with the rolls of 6 and 1 or 4 and 3—4 chances out of 36) should be disregarded for your board has become an imposing threat to your opponent.

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of the region with writings by New Englanders from the earliest days to the present. Strand was much taken with the idea. For the next few years, then, while Nancy Newhall combed the New York Public Library for quotations, from Cotton Mather to Van Wyck Brooks, Strand travelled and photographed in various parts of New England. He spent six weeks with his old friend John Marin at Cape Split, Maine; their neighbor was a lobsterman, whose wife, Susan Thompson, became the subject of what may be the loveliest of all Strand portraits. Strand, as he later wrote, was looking for "images of nature and architecture and faces of people that were either part of or related in feeling to [New England's] great tradition." Eventually, he and Mrs. Newhall sat down together and worked out the combination of text and photographs, in associations that were poetic rather than concrete. The result was "Time in New England," published in 1950. Although the reproduction of Strand's photographs fell far short of his expectations, he found that the process of making a book in which text and photographs interacted so as to enrich one another appealed to him enormously. "It was a major turning point in my whole development," he said.

Needless to say, there was little money to be made from books of this sort, but by now Strand no longer needed to earn a living. After years of marginal struggling, his father had become quite successful in business—among other things, he was the distributor of Domes of Silence, the little metal devices that keep chair feet from scraping the floor. Jacob Strand believed in what his son was doing, wanted to help him, and did so. "He had gone to work at the age of twelve, but he retained a marvellous openness and tolerance," Strand recalls. "He must have had something of the artist in him. During the twenties, when John Marin was having financial problems, Stieglitz got together a group of people who each agreed to give Marin two hundred dollars a year for three years, at the end of which they would be entitled to a Marin watercolor valued at twelve hundred dollars. My father joined, and when it came time for him to pick his watercolor he picked the top one. I always felt great support from him. He made me feel that what I wanted to do with the camera was all right."

One thing that Strand had long wanted to do with the camera was to make a book about a village—a book

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in which he would try, as he put it, "to find and show many of the elements that make this village a particular place where particular people live and work. The idea came from my great enthusiasm for Edgar Lee Masters' 'Spoon River Anthology,' " he says. "I had considered doing it in Taos when I was there, but then I left and never went back, and the filmmaking started." The book that Strand envisioned would in no way derive from the sort of photojournalism that such magazines as *Life* and *Look* were helping to develop. "I haven't really got a journalistic streak," he said once. "That was always the part of my work with the Akeley that I detested. I wanted to avoid anything that would take me away from my particular way of looking at things." Interest in doing his village book was rekindled during his travels in New England. But by the time "Time in New England" was published, Strand had begun to feel a little uncertain about doing a book on an American village. He was disturbed by what he saw happening in this country. Leo Hurwitz and a number of his former colleagues had been blacklisted as dangerous radicals by the film industry and were having trouble finding work. Strand's thoughts turned to Europe. "The intellectual and moral climate of the United States was so abused, and in some cases poisoned, by McCarthyism that I didn't want to work in an American village at that time," he said recently. "It was not in any way a rejection of America; it was a rejection of what was happening in America just then. Also, I had an impulse to travel—to see what was happening elsewhere in the world." He had not been to Europe since 1911, when he was twenty-one. Moreover, there was another honeymoon in prospect. In 1949, the year his second marriage ended in divorce, Strand met Hazel Kingsbury, who, after working for several years as an assistant to Louise Dahl-Wolfe, the fashion photographer, had enlisted in the Red Cross during the war and served as a photographer, travelling extensively in the European and Far Eastern war zones. She and Strand were married in the spring of 1951 and soon afterward left for France, intending to stay only a few months.

For some time after Strand got to France, he took no photographs. For weeks, the Strands travelled around the country, looking for the right village in Brittany, in the Charente, in Provence, and elsewhere. They never found it. "That was our fault," Strand said not

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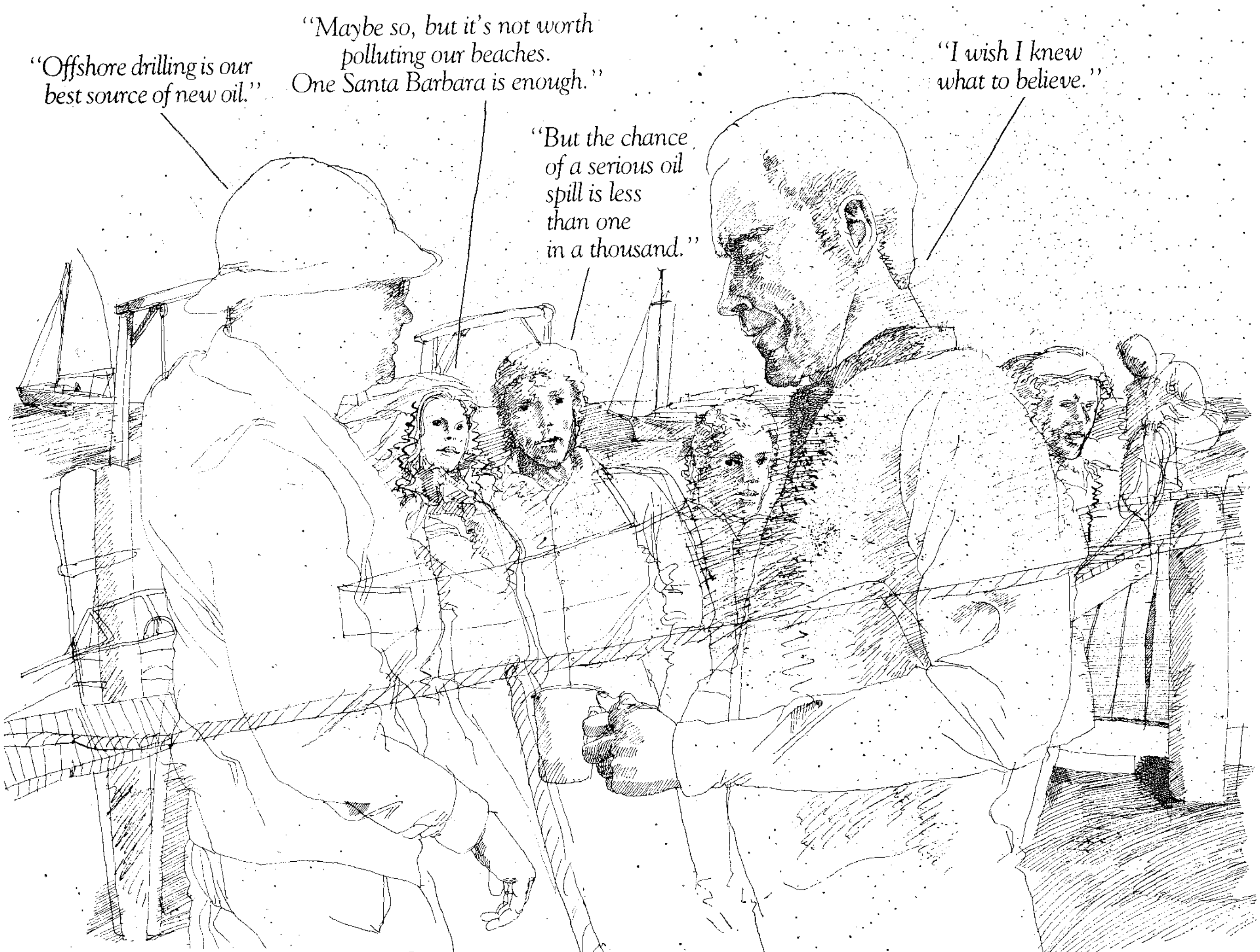
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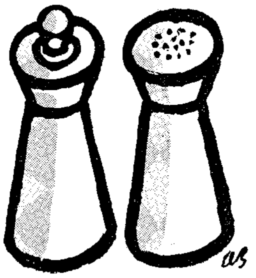
long ago. "We could have worked in many places. But we didn't know anything about French life or French people, and it was discouraging to find that at six-thirty every evening all the houses were shuttered. We had the feeling of being barred from close contact. On the other hand, I did eventually begin to see things to photograph that I thought were very much France—things I'd never seen anywhere else. So although we didn't find our village, I ended up doing a lot of work."

Strand's French photographs, published in a book called "La France de Profil," show a countryside and a way of life that now, twenty years later, have all but disappeared. There are no shots of familiar monuments, and not a single picture taken in Paris—just as in his New England book there are no pictures of Boston or any other large city. Strand's France is rural, particular, and very old. As Claude Roy wrote in his introduction to the book, "He let himself drop into the taciturn depths of the French nation with the submissiveness of a pebble that falls to the bottom of a well, and made all kinds of everyday discoveries on his way. What he had to tell us on his return, that wise New Englander companion of the Tour de France—ah! it wasn't so gay, or flattering, or delightful... it was very beautiful."

The Strands found their village the following year, in Italy. The screen writer Cesare Zavattini had agreed to work with Strand on a book about an Italian village, and, after doing some work in the town of Gaeta, near Naples (where the poverty was so overwhelming that women offered to sell their babies to them), they settled on Zavattini's own home town of Luzzara, in the Po Valley. "There was nothing immediately stirring or attractive about the place, but Hazel and I weren't looking for picturesqueness," Strand said later. "The plainness was a challenge; it meant you had to look closer, dig into the life with more intensity." The Strands spent about two months photographing Luzzara and its inhabitants—five weeks in the spring of 1972 and three weeks in the fall. The resulting book, called "Un Paese," with an Italian text by Zavattini, strikes some people as an unaccountably sombre portrait of Italians (in whom sombreness is not exactly a national trait), but it contains some of the strongest and most eloquent photographs that Strand has ever done. The book's summation is in the famous group portrait of the Lusetti family, tenant farmers, in front of their house—a composition that the British art critic John Berger found thoroughly comparable in expressiveness and moral authority to the work of the French seventeenth-century painter Louis Le Nain.



THE moral dimension in Strand's work has become more and more apparent since his move to Europe. Over the next twenty years, in all the places where he chose to work—the Outer Hebrides, Egypt, Morocco, Ghana, Rumania—what he has looked for, and frequently found, is the enduring dignity of those to whom he once referred in a speech as "the plain people of the world, in whose hands lies the destiny of civilization's present and future well-being." Avoiding cities and crowds, working slowly with his big cameras, he has seemed sometimes to be making statements about the present in terms of the undying past. Even in his series of portraits of French artists and intellectuals, made during the nineteen-fifties and published in part in the *Aperture* monograph of his collected work, what strikes the viewer is not so much the uniqueness of each individual as the moral energy that has shaped his or her character. Strand approached his famous subjects directly, making no effort to pose them. Climbing onto the wooden stepladder that an Italian carpenter had made him so that he could place his camera on a level with the subject's eyes, he photographed them in their homes and in natural light, without tricks or effects of any kind, and he rarely even spoke to them while he was working. Strand did not want to "create" the situation or the atmosphere of the portrait by telling his subjects where to stand or sit or how to look. Somehow, they all—Picasso and Cocteau and Sartre and Malraux and the others—seemed to reveal themselves, at the moment Strand pressed the shutter, with the simple and unself-conscious directness of Hebrides Islanders or Egyptian fellahin. "There are a lot of people in the world I have no desire whatsoever to photograph," Strand said once. "I like to photograph people who have strength and dignity in their faces; whatever life has done to them, it hasn't destroyed them. I gravitate toward people like that."

Some critics believe that Strand's

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post-1950 photographs are not as strong, over all, as the work he did earlier in his career. There is a certain ambiguity about human character in the early Strand—an ability to look unblinkingly on meanness and ugliness as well as on strength and dignity—which is rarely evident in his later work. He has been criticized for photographing Egypt and leaving out the flies and the dirt and the poverty. "You just can't have *all* heroes," a Strand admirer said recently. There is another view, however, which finds in the European photographs a depth and complexity of pure image-making that no photographer before him has ever approached. "Look at some of the photographs of Moroccan markets," says Michael Hoffman, publisher of *Aperture* and the person mainly responsible for organizing the Strand retrospective in 1971. "Look at the detail, and the relationships of the figures, and the sense of complex, dense life. One could really *live* in that time and that place. The image itself takes on a life inside the print. It's very mysterious, what goes on in a Strand print, and I don't think it can be explained."

Until 1971, at any rate, there was very little discussion of Strand's more recent work, because very few Americans had seen it. "Time in New England" went out of print almost immediately, and the books that were published in Europe—"La France de Profil," in 1952; "Un Paese," in 1955; "Tir a'Mhurain," in 1962 (the title is Gaelic for "Land of Bent Grass," which is the old name for South Uist Island, in the Outer Hebrides); "Living Egypt," in 1969—were not readily available in the United States. The consequent neglect of his reputation had no appreciable effect on Strand. He kept right on doing what he wanted to do, living simply on the inheritance from his father, and dedicating himself wholly to work of the most exacting standards. He has been helped immeasurably by his wife. Having been a professional photographer herself, Hazel Strand has been able to take over many of the technical details of his work. She develops most of his negatives, does the spotting and cataloguing of finished prints, and handles much of the correspondence with publishers and museums. In the field, she makes a rough sketch and notes down the pertinent information for every photograph he makes, and she also smooths the way for him through bureaucracy, dealing easily and tactfully with, for example,

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African officials and natives whose language she may not speak but with whom she manages somehow to communicate with great good humor. It is doubtful whether Strand could have done what he has done in the last decade—the decade of his seventies and early eighties—without her help. "I've had enough experience in my life so that I don't worry much about things," Mrs. Strand said recently. "Once Paul gets under the dark cloth, he's completely oblivious of everything. I'm the one who sees to it that no bare feet get caught under the tripod." When Strand talks these days about "our" work, as he does, he means to imply that it is a full-fledged collaboration.

The Strands say that they never really made a decision to live permanently in Europe—that it just seemed to happen that way. For several years, while they were working on the French and the Italian books, they had their base of operations in Paris—first in the Hôtel l'Aiglon, on the Boulevard Raspail, and later in a fifth-floor walk-up apartment on the Boulevard Auguste-Blanqui. In 1955, they began to look for a house in the country, mainly so that Strand, for the first time in his life, could have a fully equipped darkroom; for one nearing sixty-five, makeshift accommodations in converted bathrooms seemed an unnecessary handicap. When they bought an old house in the tiny village of Orgeval, near Paris, they were thinking vaguely of eventual resale. But Strand had his ideal darkroom built there, and Hazel restored and enlarged the garden, "and now," she says, "we're so settled in we couldn't think of leaving." The house is airy and comfortable and full of books (*all* the latest photography books), and the walled garden, with its rows of espaliered pear trees and its flowering walks and borders, is a delight in all seasons. Strand photographs in it a good deal these days; he has spoken of making a book of these pictures, to be called "On My Doorstep." Their trips in to Paris are increasingly few and far between, but they visit the United States at least once a year, and keep in touch with what is going on here. In 1965, Strand refused, along with Robert Lowell and others, to attend a White House arts-festival luncheon because of his opposition to American policies in Indo-China, and he published a letter to that effect in the *Times*. Although Strand could be mistaken for a Frenchman—his handsome, nearly bald head is thought by many people to bear a striking resemblance to Picasso's—he still speaks

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very little French, and when the Strands go for dinner to the house of one of their French friends, that and his increasing deafness make it hard for him to follow much of the conversation. It doesn't seem to bother him.

In recent years, among the visitors who have made their way to Orgeval to see the Strands have been a number of young American photographers, and this has pleased Strand enormously. He likes to talk with them, and they like to listen to what he has to say. The subject, of course, seldom veers from photography. "The young people often ask me how I choose the things I photograph," Strand said last summer. "The answer is, I don't. They choose me. All my life, for example, I've been photographing windows and doors. Why? Because they fascinate me. Somehow they take on the character of human living. Why did I photograph that white fence up in Port Kent, New York, in 1916? Because the fence itself was fascinating to me. It was very alive, very American, very much part of the country. You wouldn't find a fence like that in Mexico or Europe. Once when I was in the Soviet Union, I was taken out into the country by Edouard Tisse, the cameraman for Eisenstein and others, and along the way I saw a fence against dark woods—it was a very special fence, containing the most amazing shapes. And I felt then that if I'd had the camera with me I could have made a photograph that had something to do with Dostoevski. That fence, and those dark woods, gave the same sort of feeling you get in reading 'The Idiot.' You see, I don't have aesthetic objectives. I have aesthetic *means* at my disposal, which are necessary for me to be able to say what I want to say about the things I see. And the thing I see is something *outside* of myself—always. I'm not trying to describe an inner state of being."

Strand also likes to disabuse his visitors of the notion that he is unbendingly "pure" and uncompromising in his use of the medium. "I've made lots of compromises in my time," he said, laughing softly. "There was a period when the photographers around Stieglitz thought you should never enlarge—that you should only make contact prints. I got the reputation of never making an enlargement, but that wasn't true even then. All those early things I did in New York—the 'Blind Woman' and the bowls and the Wall Street pictures—were taken with that small Ensign reflex camera. When I got ready to print them, I'd first make

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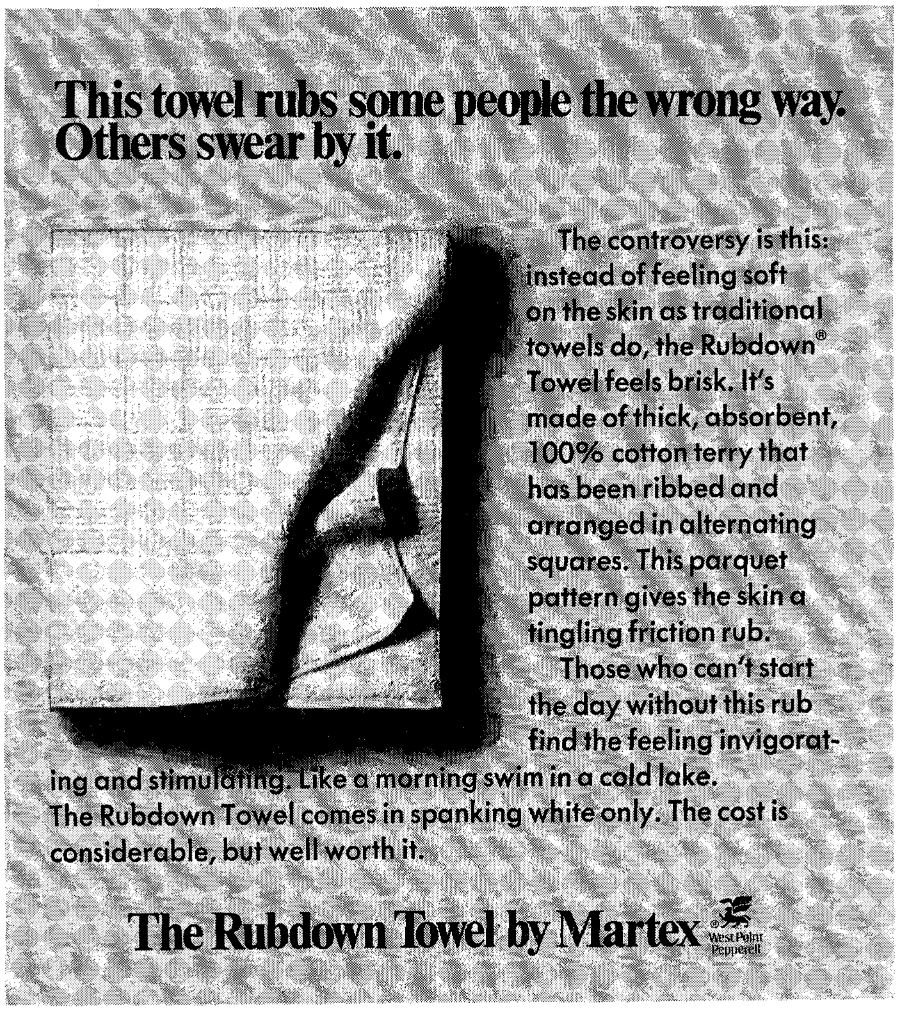
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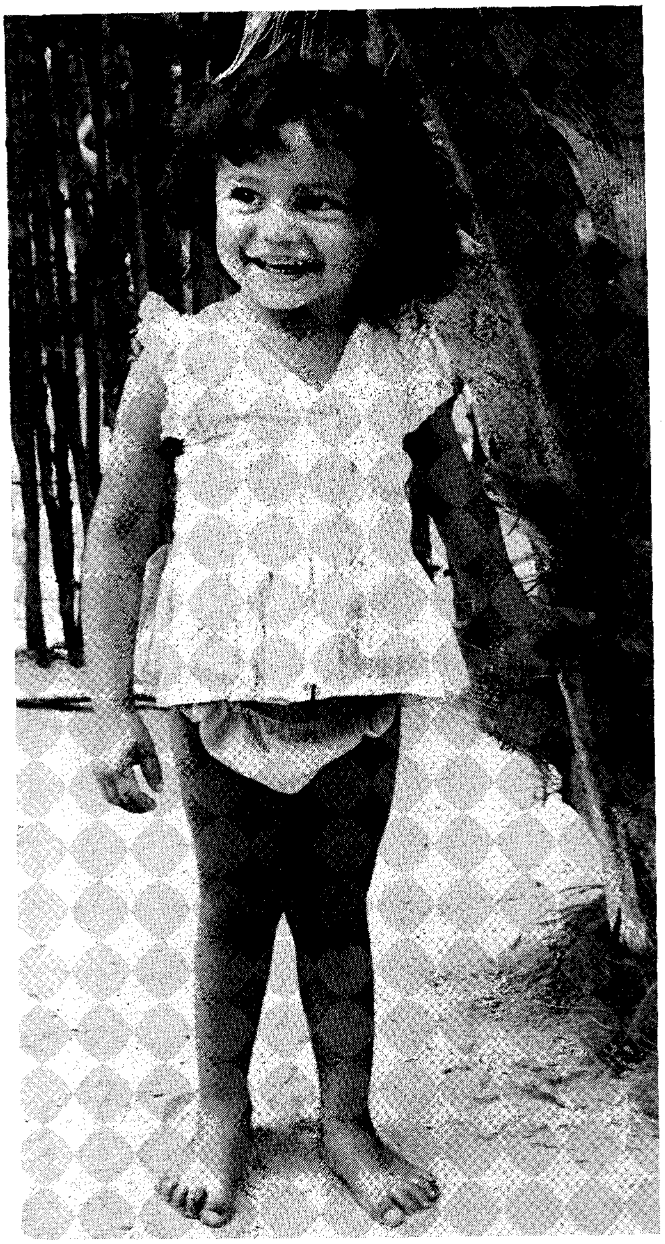

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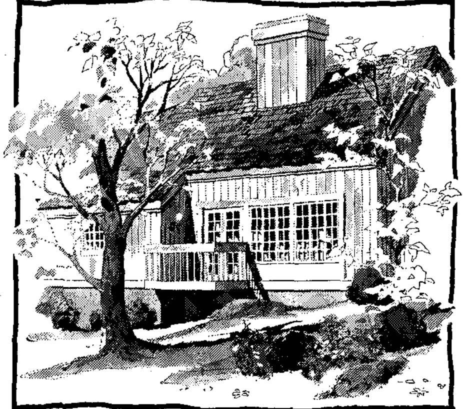

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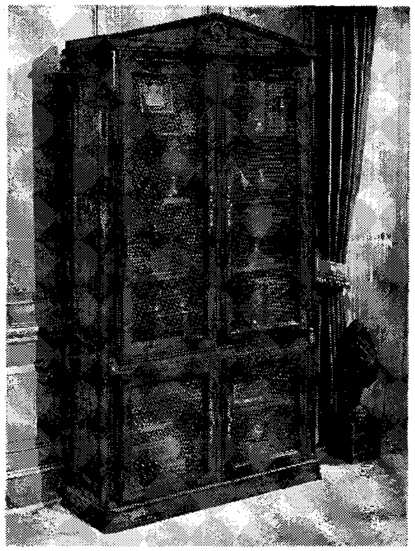
a contact positive on a glass plate, and then put it in the enlarger and project it onto an eleven-by-fourteen-inch glass plate, and from that I'd make a contact print on platinum paper. You couldn't enlarge directly on platinum, because the enlarger lights weren't strong enough then; you had to expose in daylight. I've always felt that you *can do anything you want in photography* if you can get away with it. Another one of those early pictures of mine—it was published in *Camera Work*—was taken from the window of a courtroom the first time I was ever called for jury duty. I shot down at some people in City Hall Park. Well, there was one group of three people that should really have been two people. I took the third person out. Retouched him out in the darkroom. I had no great feeling of guilt over that. Of course, I don't agree with this method of just shooting and shooting and hoping to find something later in the darkroom. I've done all sorts of retouching when there's been a functional reason for doing it, and I crop negatives in the enlarger all the time. In general, I agree with Cartier-Bresson, who says he always uses the whole negative. That's the best way to work. It's only when you know how to work that way that you have the right to crop. But it's not a great issue. The only great issue is the necessity for the artist to find his way in the world, and to begin to understand what the world is all about.

"Cartier-Bresson has said that photography seizes a 'decisive moment,' " Strand went on. "That's true, except that it shouldn't be taken too narrowly. For instance, does my picture of a cobweb in the rain represent a decisive moment? The exposure time was probably three to four minutes. That's a pretty long moment. I would say the decisive moment in that case was the moment in which I saw this thing and decided I wanted to photograph it. Many of Cartier-Bresson's photographs are truly capturings of moments that were exceptional—for example, his great photograph of the children playing in the ruins of a Spanish town; it's like a dance that could be interrupted at any moment by the fall of another artillery shell. But with me it's a different sort of moment."

For several months last winter, before the successful cataract operations on both his eyes, Strand could barely see. Walter Rosenblum, a photographer and teacher of photography, and one of Strand's closest friends, went with his wife to Orgeval during this

time will tell



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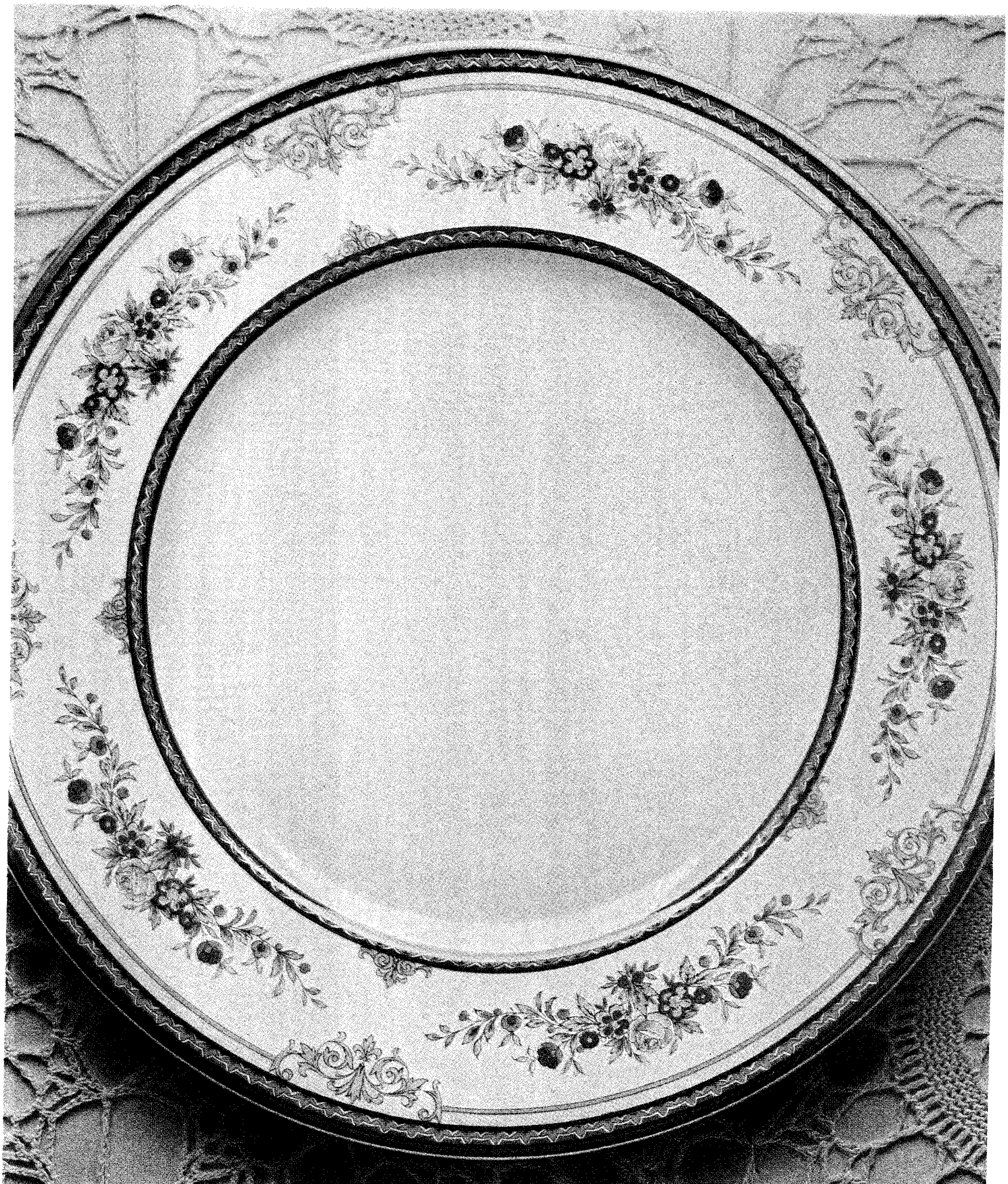

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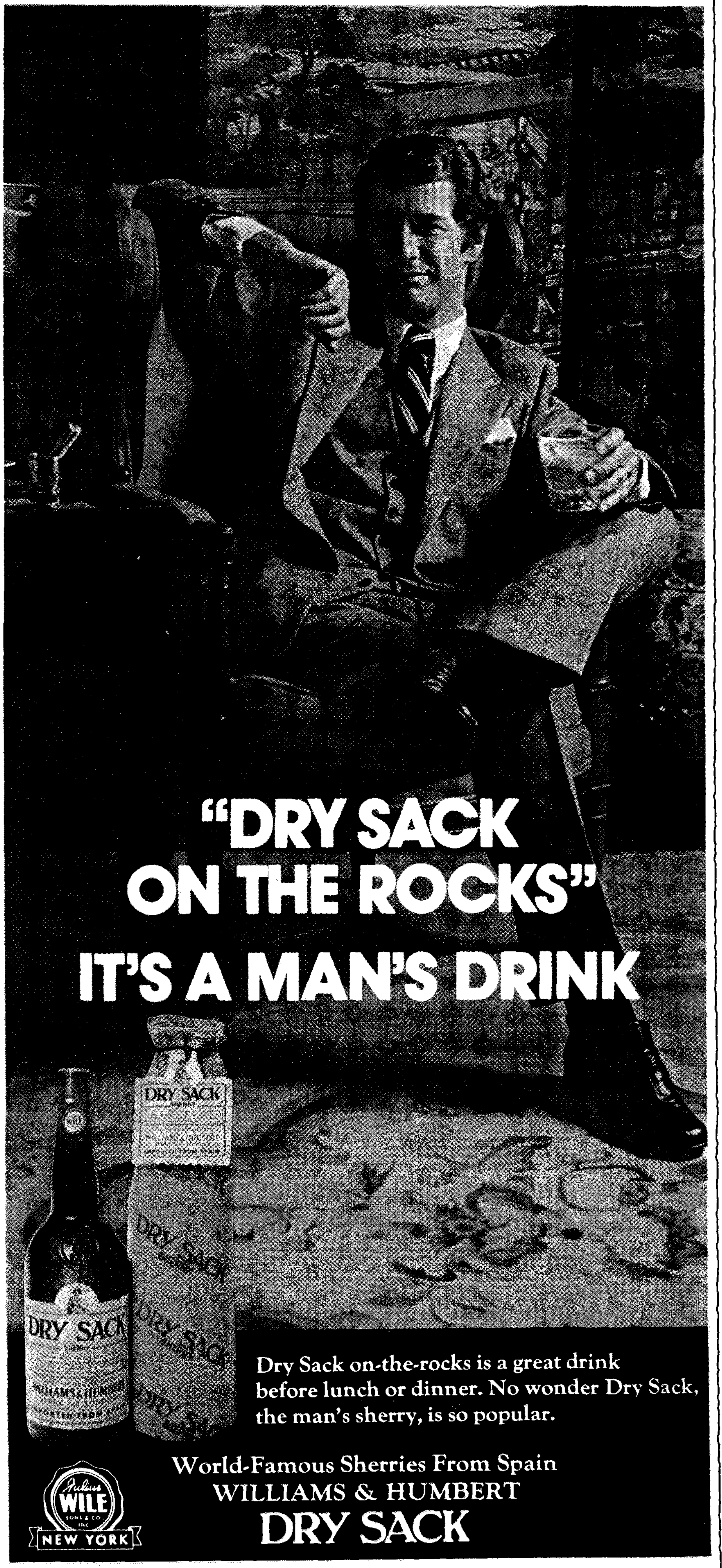

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time and stayed a few days. "He never stopped working," Rosenblum recalls. "He'd put a negative in the enlarger and get Hazel to tell him what was showing on the easel and when it was in focus. He reminded us of Renoir at the end of his life, painting with brushes strapped to his wrists. Now that he can see again, he wants to buy an eight-by-ten enlarger. He's interested in big-scale prints—at the age of eighty-four. He also talks of getting himself a 4 x 5 view camera, to replace the old 8 x 10. I've never met any man who knew so completely who he was and what he wanted to do."

Strand himself speaks a trifle wistfully about the future. "I think Thoreau's comment that 'you cannot say more than you see' is profoundly true," he said last summer. "It's the final measure. When you reach the point where you come to the end of seeing—when seeing is only looking—then you've reached the end of your road. In some artists, it certainly does go on for a considerable length of time. Did you ever see the black Goyas in Madrid? They came at the end of his life, and they show that at the end of his life he was seeing more, and deeper, than at any other period. Whereas when Hazel and I went to see the Matisse exhibition at the Grand Palais just recently, we had the impression that the end was not as interesting as the beginning. I don't know. It seems to me that if I could go on for another fifty years I'd have no hesitation in saying that I would be very busy."

—CALVIN TOMKINS

•

Medical doctors in Maine and China make about $70 a month.—*Hartford Courant.*

You can get a tonsillectomy in Kennebunkport for a dollar.

•

To keep one worker employed all year, an employer must sell enough gasoline to drive a car a million miles, or 800,000 tin cans, or 12,000 pairs of socks, or enough soap for 6 million baths.—*Waterbury (Conn.) Republican.*

What's this fellow's name?

•

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[*From "Peter Ruff and the Double Four," by E. Phillips Oppenheim, 1912*]

They dined close to the stone palisading of one of New York's most famous roof gardens. . . . The air where they sat was pure and crisp. There was no fog, no smoke, to cloud the almost crystalline clearness of the night.

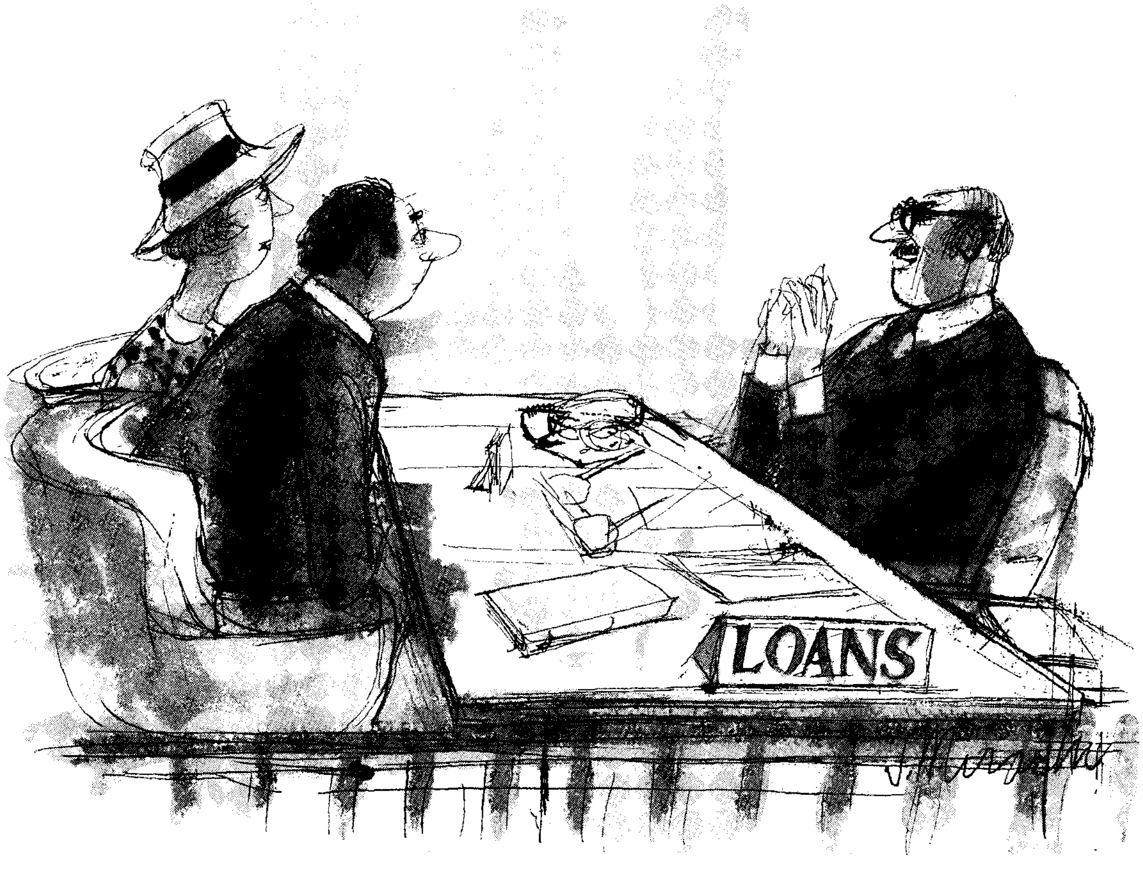
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Prisons Fled

FILM biography is particularly astute about the out-of-step and the mavericks of conventional society—its ex-jailbirds who have sawed through prison bars. It catches their convict's pallor, the gabble covering fear of further sentence, the dedication to something in the outside world, the earnest idea of the possibility of another life. At the moment, there happen to be three films about people who have torn their way out of cages. First, "Reed: Insurgent Mexico," made by Paul Leduc from John Reed's famous book about his pampered, unsettled Harvard-graduate self when he found his life in Mexico with the revolutionaries of 1913-14. Later, in Russia, he worked to establish the Communist International, and he was buried with honor beside the Kremlin wall. Second, "Antonia: A Portrait of the Woman," directed by Judy Collins and Jill Godmilow (showing at the Whitney Museum, and nothing like as precious as it sounds), which is about Dr. Antonia Brico's struggle to work as an orchestra conductor: though it is thought fine for women to be instrumentalists and singers in the world of music, just as they are accepted now as actresses in the theatre, it is still felt to be unfitting for them to conduct an orchestra. Third, "The Henry Miller Odyssey," directed by Robert Snyder, about the rumbustious author who found America hostile to the vocabulary he wanted to write in. The place he longed for was a country where he would be free to use the English of the King James Version of the Bible, written "when twenty thousand words sufficed to build a monument for all time." The "to the best of my recollection"s of the Watergate hearings would likely have made him want to put stones in a sling to aim down the witnesses' larynxes. In spite of speaking French with an execrable accent after spending all this time in France, he has discovered a docility and concord in French life which he never found at home.

The films are made in a form that could be called a biographical essay. The chronicle of John Reed is the furthest from reportage. We probably start by knowing little more of Reed than that he was a renegade who wrote "Ten Days That Shook the World," about the Russian Revolution. As "Insurgent Mexico" goes on—photographed by Alexis Grivas—we see the sometime frequenter of Greenwich Village left-wing salons (played in the fictional account by Claudio Obregón) living through the actuality of Mexico's revolution. Reed had been a boy rather stalemated at Harvard. Like a good many other people, he somehow defined his sexual identity by allying himself with an alien cause. He was in the thick of the revolution that was started by President Madero, who overthrew the dictatorship of Díaz. Madero was a rich and kindly man who failed to see the gigantic dilemmas born of Díaz's long dictatorship; many people have called him the Kerensky of the Mexican Revolution. The peasant leader Zapata had a different vision of change, and this was the one that spoke to the boy from Harvard. Carranza carried on Zapata's plan and openly rejected the specious Huerta government. Pancho Villa, escaped from jail, was Reed's greatest hero. Starting off with only nine rifles and a couple of barbed-wire cutters, plus two pounds of sugar and two pounds of ground coffee, Villa and his Northern Division captured Chihuahua and cleared the ground of the enemy. It was in Chihuahua that the young Yankee newspaperman locally called Juanito Reed was seen coming to the telegraph office to send his dispatches.

The implacably coherent tone of John Reed's book, itself called "Insurgent Mexico," sounds clearly through the film. In the same spirit, Leduc's work fastidiously observes the fine line between the onlooker and the participant which may have been an expression of John Reed's own temperament. We see Mexican refugees crossing the Mexican-United States border. John Reed takes photographs of the crossings which he explains are needed as proof of what he sees. A caustic Mexican replies, "Careful you don't get a bullet in your belly as proof." John Reed is eventually drawn into the mainstream. To a Mexican revolutionary, he says, like a schoolboy, "I'm John Reed, an American reporter. I



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would like to join your troops and write an article." His America is decorously envied, on the whole. "After all the Federals are killed, I'm going to study there," says a Mexican fighter. Other soldiers talk about themselves: "When I'm not fighting, I'm frightened." Reed's response is made with his usual dubiety about himself: "I'm here, perhaps, to experience pain. To feel brave." A Mexican says, more simply, "You're here to tell the truth, and that's good." John Reed shows in his book that he had a rightly complex idea of that truth. The film, which won the Prix Georges Sadoul in 1972, is shot in sepia and makes no pretense of being other than fictional, but it seems to come very close to the nature of this young man, dead at thirty-two.

THE devoted woman who fled her particular jail in "Antonia"—the musician Dr. Antonia Brico—was born in Holland, but she has made most of her life in America. Big and attentive, with the stumpy hands of the true pianist (only pianists in rotten novels and rotten films have long, sensitive fingers), she proves herself in the film to be a born teacher. It takes a picture as unbigoted as this one is to show that the words "a born teacher" are often a way of keeping quiet someone who might otherwise be making a greater fuss in the world. For Antonia Brico is a born conductor, too. We don't need feminist propaganda to show us that: her rehearsals are here in the film. We also see her teach, which she does with love and knowledge. But she would like to conduct, five times a month. The orchestra is her instrument. Instead of that, she conducts only five times a year. The days of needlework and French and a little harp playing to show off the elbows are not over for women. Conducting is taken to be a man's job. For a woman to do it attracts to her accusations of mannishness, lesbianism, bossiness. Dr. Brico is a conductor above all; to comment on anything else about her gifts would amount to saying that Toscanini was bad at dishwashing.

On a street in Denver, Colorado, in a little blue-and-white house full of grand pianos, the kind-natured, expansive woman of seventy-three speaks of herself. The story is intercut with shots of rehearsals and concerts. At the end, she shows clearly what we have suspected: that she has had to overcome a shyness that stood in the way of a longing for gregariousness. The shyness sprang, perhaps, from a bashful strain that she had to hide in order to

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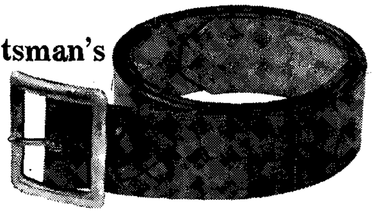

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conduct at all. The armor that people often have to put on to live their lives worthily is something that this sort of character study on film can uniquely catch. In Dr. Brico's case, it emerges when she is suddenly asked to entertain by playing pop music. The woman we have seen taking on difficult classics without apparent thought of herself suddenly turns into a child bidden to perform for visitors and wanting to crawl under the piano. Gamely, laughing at herself, she plays "After You've Gone" and "Whispering." There is nothing in the film that is belligerent, and a lot that is musically instructive as it recounts the life of someone trying to make a start in a profession without the allies who would have prevented her from being ham-fisted and feeling a freak.

AND then Henry Miller, whose reputation makes him seem more cock-a-hoop than this closer-at-hand "Odyssey" does. At eighty-odd, he emerges as a likable man of considerable sweetness. The sweetness makes up for his pockets of intentional ignorance. One can be grateful for his shafts of intuition and courage. Long before his time, this man saw through the hypocritical politesse of his well-born contemporaries and the matching tone of a mandarin language that was making a social flunky of literature. In the film, he talks his head off beautifully but beats no drums. He spends a lot of his time laughing with his head up, like a delighted seal balancing a rubber beach ball on the end of its nose. "When we left high school," he says, "I was asked what I wanted to be, and I said a clown." His gay monologues include some sage remarks that contradict his reputation for occultism, such as "One thing determines the next thing, do you see? We shouldn't be five steps ahead." When he talks about "cheating" in prose, he knows perfectly well that he is giving the honest name to what dandies call "style" when it is without content. "Writers make life a game, not a struggle," says this old man, who has struggled with orthodoxy but always managed to make a game out of the combat, resulting in some finely comic Rabelaisian writing of an import that sobersides have missed. At the time "Tropic of Cancer" appeared, it was widely seen as, at best, an epitaph for the American artists who migrated to Paris after the war. It now seems—apart from being very funny—a highly ironic book about all fly-by-nights who seek new homelands by embracing a literature they

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WINE TALK

by Austin, Nichols

M. de Rausan thought so highly of this wine that he dumped it in the Thames.

Rather than sell his claret to London merchants at a price he considered unworthy, one 18th-century proprietor of Château Rausan began throwing it overboard, cask by precious cask. Finally, with four barrels bobbing in the river, the wine merchants relented.

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Of Rausan, the wine expert Benjamin Franklin once said, "This wine I import for myself." And of Rausan-Segla, the experts at Austin, Nichols say, "This wine we import for you."

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neither make nor understand and who then subside into a secondary life of drinking, eroticism by the proxy of chatter about it, and infrequent token visits to museums. Henry Miller has had his beady eye on them for a long time, as the film records. He has also detected and stamped on any of the same symptoms in himself. My instinct is that he may turn out to be one of existence's more energetic ironists about its forged aspects, even though his own generations have taken him to be no more than a gleeful prankster playing with us and customs officers. He has a hard-won understanding of life's creditors: "when we ask a man to love without being loved." No repayment; no recompense; no thanks; none looked for. The bent old man to whom we are in debt walks away from us down a French street that he has painted for us in bright colors but that he himself sees as less than gaudy. To paint it so that it seems sunlit: that's the thing.

—Penelope Gilliatt

•

Supplemental Information for Reservists

Unmobilized Air Reservists in the Ready, Standby and Retired Reserve are reminded of their duty and obligation to report their survival following an attack on the Continental United States.

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(4) The nearest military installation of any service
(5) Any surviving government facility
(6) The nearest Post Office.

—*Directive received by a Standby Air Reservist.*

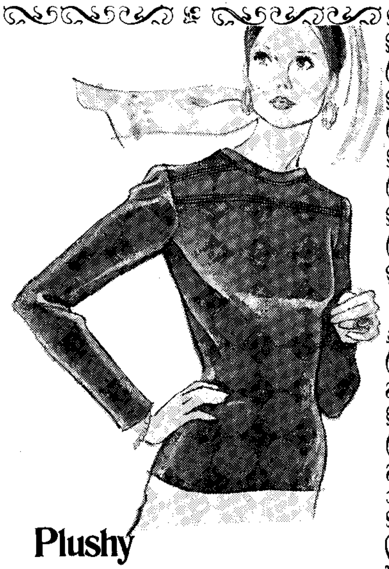
Those who *fail* to survive, forget the whole incident.

•

UP LIFE'S LADDER

[*From the Austin* (*Tex.*) *Texas Observer*]

Dimmie Johnson, 19, of Houston, was elected Grand Dragon of the Ku Klux Klan in early July. He is the youngest Grand Dragon ever elected. Johnson explained to reporters that he owed it all to a Dale Carnegie personality improvement course. He said the course had really helped him with his Klan work.



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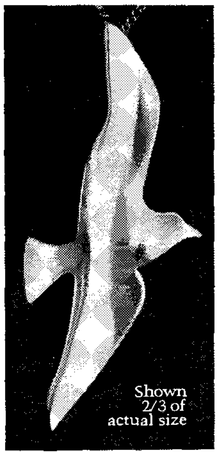

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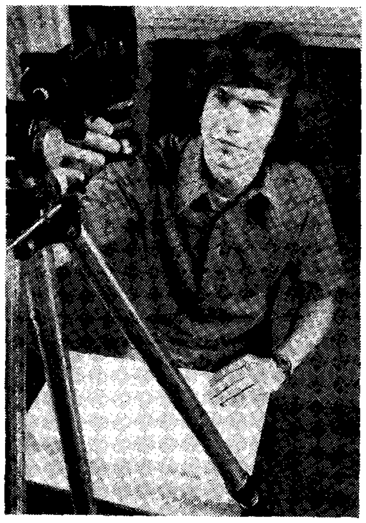

At Parkdale Senior High in Riverdale, Md. Scott Guthrie created an animated moral fable, *The Bird,* for his course in movie-making. It won First Prize last year in the Senior Category of the Kodak Teenage Movie Awards. Now at Maryland School of Design, he is aiming for a multimedia career in painting, printmaking, and movie-making.

There are three 8mm/super 8 categories for these Kodak Awards: (1) ages up through 11, (2) ages 12 through 15, (3) ages 16 through 19. Also a fourth category for 16mm filmmakers up through age 19. The payoff goes to good ideas and success in organizing a complex endeavor around generally simple equipment.

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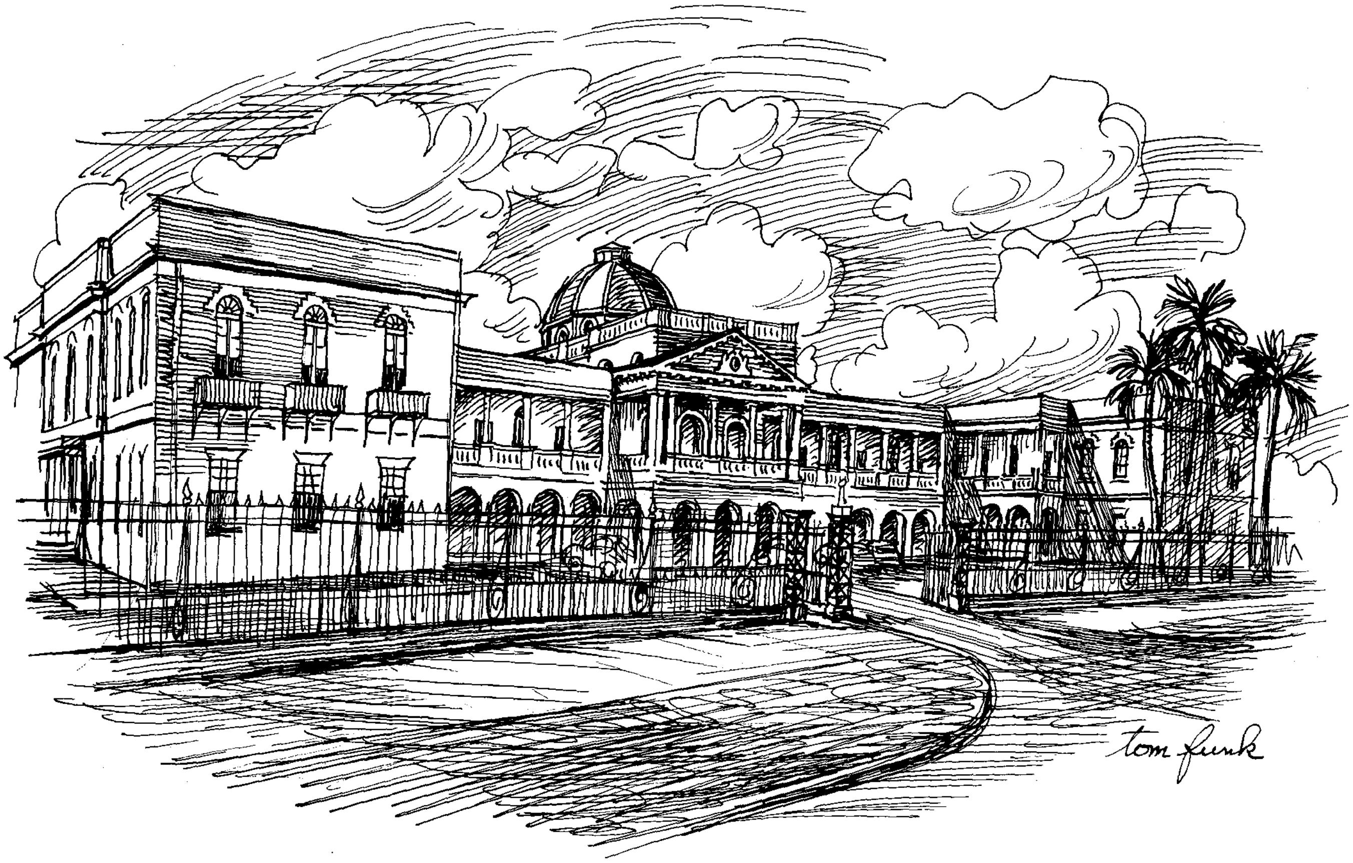
LETTER FROM GUYANA



LOCAL folklore has it that the visitor to Guyana who eats labba meat and drinks creek water will return to the country. Labba meat and creek water are Guyana specialties, along with bauxite, cane sugar, Amerindian baskets, and rigged elections. Labba is a kind of jungle rodent, good in curries, and creek water is the Creole way of saying pure water from a jungle spring—and most Guyanese consider it a rule of hospitality that no stranger leave the country without sampling them both. The problem is that there are so few strangers in Guyana these days, apart from a smattering of anxious Western businessmen, woebegone diplomats, Chinese advisers, and African technocrats at expense-account development conferences. Visitors who go home and talk about what is happening in this small, unhappy country on the Caribbean coast of South America are not apt to be welcomed back by the government, and the people they report to usually assume that they are talking about Guinea or Ghana anyway. The confusion is instructive, because Guyana, like Guinea or Ghana, is one of those countries that we seem to refer to collectively as the Third World, the so-called Third World, the underdeveloped world, or the developing world. What they are, more accurately, is the post-colonial world. Countries like Guyana have shared the traumas of a colonial past, and now they are sharing the traumas of a chaotic present in which the divisions and dependences of colonialism have outlasted the system that produced them.

Guyana itself is practically an object lesson in this sort of chaos. There are three-quarters of a million people in the country, and about a third of them are black, the descendants of slaves who once worked the colony's plantations; over half of them are descendants of indentured peasants from India who took over on the plantations when slavery was abolished; the remaining few are Chinese or Portuguese merchants and Amerindian natives. Nearly all of them live in bitter proximity on a narrow strip of sugar and rice land—it stretches from Surinam, on the east, to the Venezuelan border—that was literally dredged from the sea and carved out of the jungle by the white planters who had come to the Caribbean to make their fortunes. The land has no history but its history as a colony. Centuries ago, it was a pawn and a prize in the struggle between the kings of Britain, France, and Holland for hegemony in the Caribbean. It has survived, in turn, the ambitions of those kings, the exploitation of the planters, the claims of neighbors on its territory, and the corporate intrigues of the giant North American companies that have mined its bauxite. And now it has become a pawn and a prize in a struggle for power between its own black people and its East Indians. There is not an institution here, not a relationship within the society, that has not been shaped in some way by the colonial past. For most of the people, to be Guyanese still means to be black or East Indian on a foreign continent, isolated by race as much as by jungle from the rest of South America and divided by race at home. The Guyanese have been independent from Britain for eight years now, and they have little to show for it but a disintegrating society and the makings of a police state, and nothing certain ahead of them but racial violence. "All o' we is one family" is what people say here when the local rum makes them sentimental. The Guyanese spend forty thousand dollars a day on liquor working up that sentiment. There is so much trouble in Guyana now that no one goes out alone at night in most of the country. Some thirty per cent of the people here are unemployed, another thirty per cent are underemployed—and the races steal from themselves and blame each other. When the rum runs out, they stop talking about "one family" and say,

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“All o’ we is punishing”—which is exactly what has been going on in Guyana for the past four hundred years.

THE Dutch were the first colonists in what is now Guyana. When they arrived here, late in the sixteenth century, it was virgin jungle, and the Guyanese were about fifty thousand primitive Amerindians scattered in tiny settlements along the jungle riverbanks. For a time, the Dutch forced Amerindians to clear the land and do the planting for them, but they began importing slaves from West Africa as soon as it was clear that they would never capture enough Amerindians for their purposes and that the ones they did capture would always disappear back into the jungle at the first chance. The Dutch were notorious as slave masters. And the British, when they took the colony, early in the nineteenth century, inherited traditions of severity and often cruelty which all but the most enlightened planters apparently felt called on to maintain. There was already a history of desperate slave rebellions in the colony, and desperate reprisals, and the reprisals had nurtured in the slaves an abiding hatred of the land. The slaves here came to associate the land with their torment, and not even the mildest British planter expected that his slaves could be persuaded to stay on as paid workers once they were free to go. A ship carrying indentured laborers was already on its way to Guyana when England formally abolished slave trading, in 1807. By the time slavery itself ended, some thirty years later, the only blacks left on any of the sugar or coconut plantations were a few old household servants and an occasional foreman. The blacks had fled—to coöperative townships, which failed economically, or to the capital, at Georgetown, where they became a kind of town proletariat. They were the hawkers, the shop assistants, and the dockworkers, and then the policemen and the foot soldiers. Their sons became the clerks in the civil service and in the big British banks and trading companies. Over the years, they began to regard themselves as a sort of Guyanese old guard, tied by their new positions in the colonial hierarchy to the ruling class and the running of the government. Eventually, they came to think of Guyana as *their* country, a Creole country, to regard their past as a part of black Caribbean history, and to envision their future as that of citizens of a black Caribbean state.

The Georgetown blacks despised the East Indians who had taken over their work on the plantations. The East Indians were peasants, and most of them remained peasants. They were the last indentured workers in Guyana—the British imported them because Portuguese and Chinese workers, whom they had tried first, would leave to open shops in town as soon as their indentures ended—and thousands of them are still cutting cane on British sugar estates along the coast. A few saved money and began to cultivate rice fields along the Courantyne and the Essequibo River deltas; *they* hired more East Indians, who in time sent for their own friends and families. Those families, over the years, became the East Indians’ security in a hostile country, their only real source of authority and self-respect. The East Indians were always isolated in Guyana, a poor rural proletariat, and the more the blacks despised them for it, the more they kept having children. At independence, in 1966, they were the majority population here, and they, too, wanted Guyana. They had begun to think of Guyana as *their* country—not a “Creole” country but a tiny India on the Caribbean which happened, by chance, to have a black minority.

PEOPLE who visit Guyana find it difficult to believe that anybody wants the country. The jungle—seventy-five thousand square miles of dense rain forest cut by wide, snaking rivers and some of the world’s highest waterfalls, and known mostly to the Amerindians and to a few diamond and gold prospectors, bush pilots, and intrepid Jesuits—has a kind of ominous, empty beauty. So does the southern savanna land where some of the old settler families still have ranches. But the strip of coastline that the rest of the Guyanese inhabit is a hot, flat swamp, and it looks like the end of the world, which is what diplomats who get sent here call it. The Dutch and then the British built seawalls along the coast, and now the government spends a good deal of its money patching them and rebuilding them in reinforced concrete in a hopeless, endless effort to preserve the land during the long rainy seasons. The “coastal plain,” as this strip of habitable land is optimistically referred to here, is in most places no more than ten miles wide; without the seawalls, half of it would be lost. The land is steamy and muddy right up to the edge of the jungle. The Caribbean here happens to be steamy and muddy, too. The occasional, unwitting tourist who stops in Guyana—and gets past the police at the airport, who assume, with good reason, that

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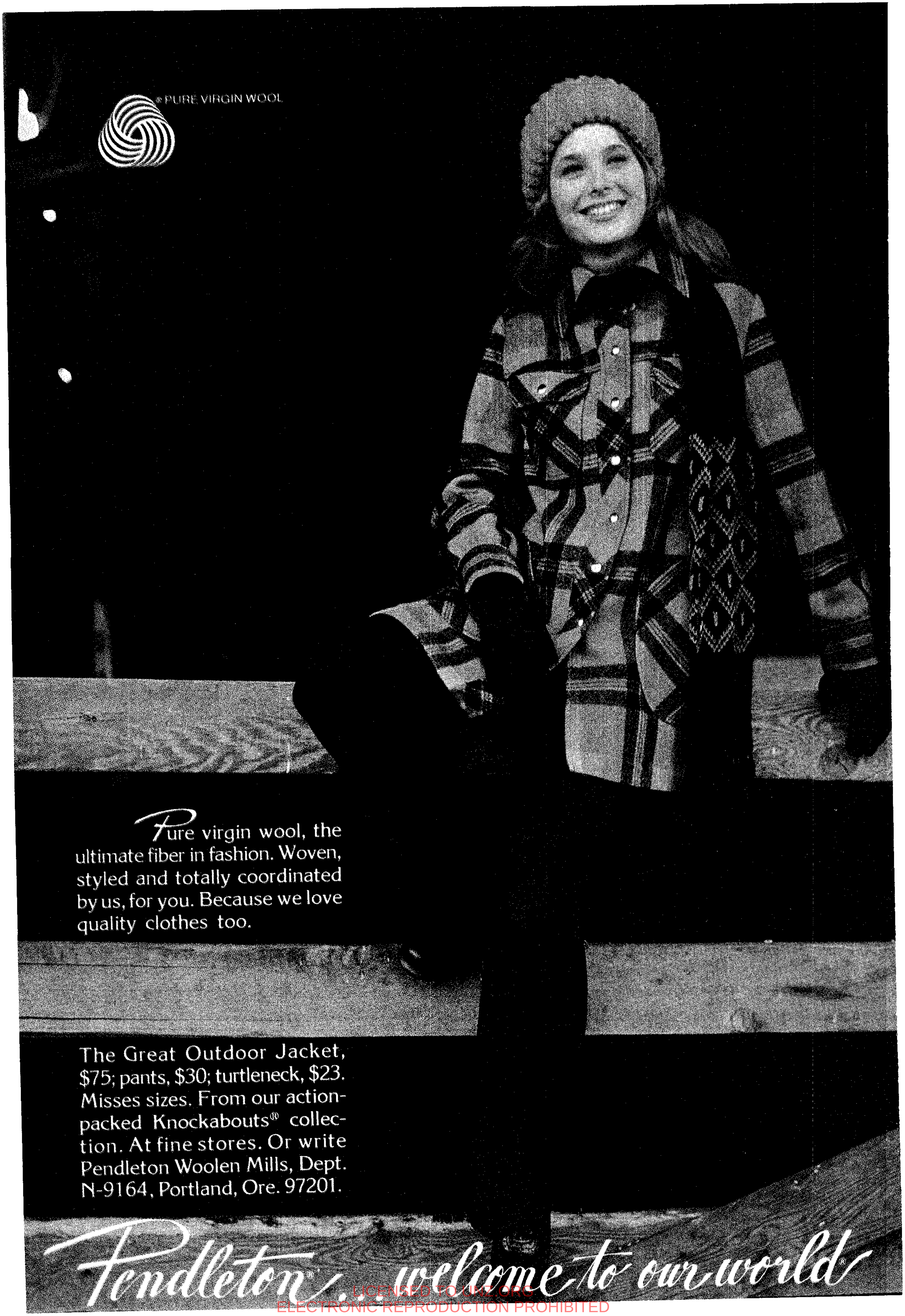
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no one but a spy or a journalist would choose to drop in unannounced—usually spends a bewildered day by the swimming pool at the Guyana Pegasus, an ungainly, round tower that British Airways built in Georgetown, and then flees north to Jamaica or Barbados, where the sea is a proper Caribbean color.

No one from Georgetown would think of showing off the countryside to a tourist. There are a few new suburbs, where the upper-echelon civil servants live in little pink or blue concrete ranch houses, each of them set in a quarter acre of muddy bougainvillea garden. But most of the coast road is lined with workers' shacks and dilapidated "ranges"—long barracks that originally housed plantation slaves and now house the poorest people in the country. And the coastal plain itself is given over to sugarcane fields and rice fields and to desolate squared-off villages, where the East Indian peasants live in rows of tiny houses built on stilts to protect them from flooding. It is hard to find a Creole face in any of these sugar-estate villages.

The countryside here is still East Indian, but the power is black, and this situation has left the peasants as depressed and torpid as their landscape. Not many of them come to Georgetown unless they have business with the police or with the government. Georgetown is now essentially a black city. And it is a restless, irritable place, crowded by day with gangs of teen-age boys, out of work and out of money, who roam the streets looking for something to steal or something to do. People say that it was once the loveliest port in the Caribbean. The architecture of the Dutch, the English, and the French (who held Guyana for a time at the beginning of the eighteenth century) combined to give the town a kind of lazy elegance, with wide, eucalyptus-shaded avenues, quiet gardens, and big, fanciful, white frame houses, set high on stilts and shaded by elaborately carved shutters that opened every which way to catch the sea breezes. Many of these old houses still stand, but a lot of central Georgetown has been destroyed by fires over the last hundred years, and the burned-out districts eventually became the city's slums or were levelled to make way for cheap new government and office buildings of a style usually described as "tropics modern." The government has been making occasional efforts to "decolonialize" the looks of Georgetown—something hard to do in a city where senior civil servants still expect a free trip to London when they retire,

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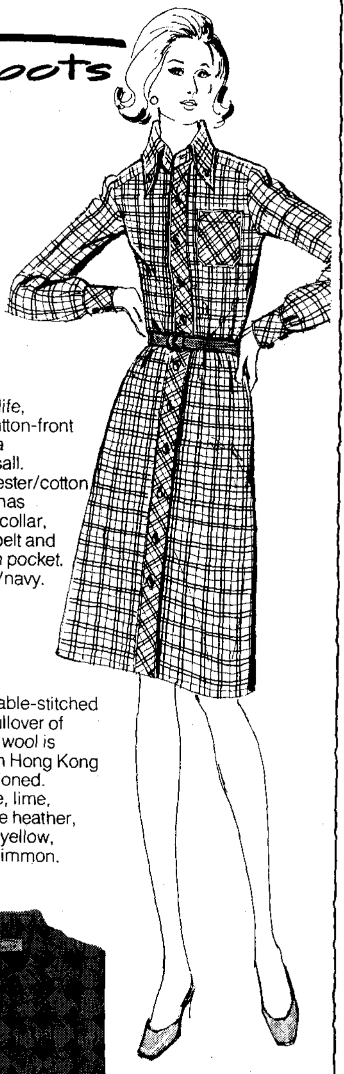

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and everyone insists on a traditional English Christmas. Christmas, in fact, has been officially discouraged in Georgetown, and there are now import bans that cover canned Christmas fruits and puddings, but Georgetowners spend their last dollars to buy the proper Christmas fixings on the black market, and go on celebrating. So far, the most successful "decolonializing" attempted here involved the removal of Queen Victoria from her pedestal in front of the Victoria Law Courts building to a remote corner of the national Botanic Gardens. (She was dumped on her side, but when the British Ambassador complained that it was ungentlemanly of the Guyanese to leave a lady lying down in a garden, the Queen was put on her feet again.) The official diplomatic reception hall these days is an enormous thatch-roofed replica of an Amerindian roundhouse, but it is still the big foreign banks and department stores that dominate the area of the intersection at Church and Main Streets—the town's main corner. The Parliament Building was ceremonially painted last fall in the national colors—yellow, red, green, black, and white—but was quickly repainted in colonial pink because so many Georgetowners were outraged by the change.

The Guyanese may not miss the British much, but they do seem to miss the ordering tone of the British presence. There are over a hundred and fifty thousand people in Greater Georgetown, and yet the city has a peculiar quality of having been abandoned. To a stranger, it feels more like a place that the British have left than like a place that the Guyanese inhabit, much less the capital of a young country. The restlessness here is not the noisy, nervy restlessness of, say, Trinidad or Jamaica but a kind of anxious energy with a sullen, still, expectant edge to it. The street gangs have it. So do the women who sit in the hot waiting rooms of the Western consulates along Main Street, filling out applications for emigration visas, and the young bureaucrats who drink all night in the bar at the Pegasus, and the old men who pace the waterfront, watching the sea as if they were waiting for the meaning of their freedom to come in, like cargo, on the next tanker.

THE Guyanese were political foundlings when they started talking seriously about independence, in the early nineteen-fifties, and they were taken with the sound of words like "freedom" and "fellowship." The only real fellowship they ever had began then. It lasted no longer than the col-

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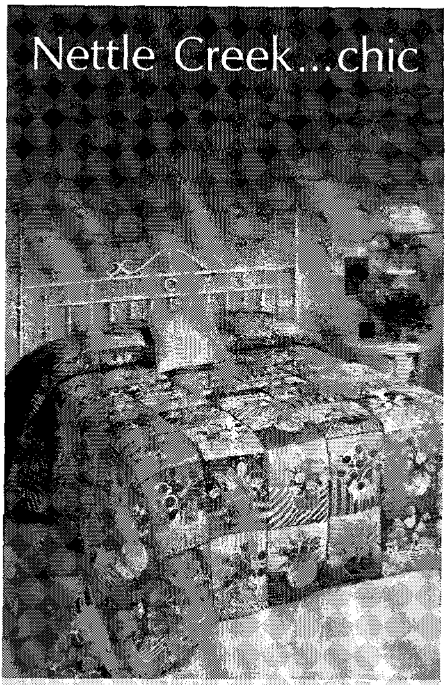

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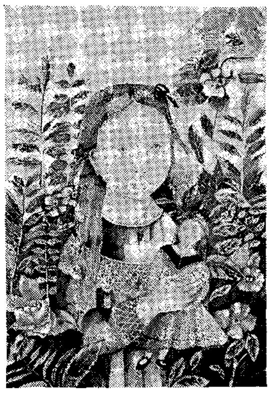

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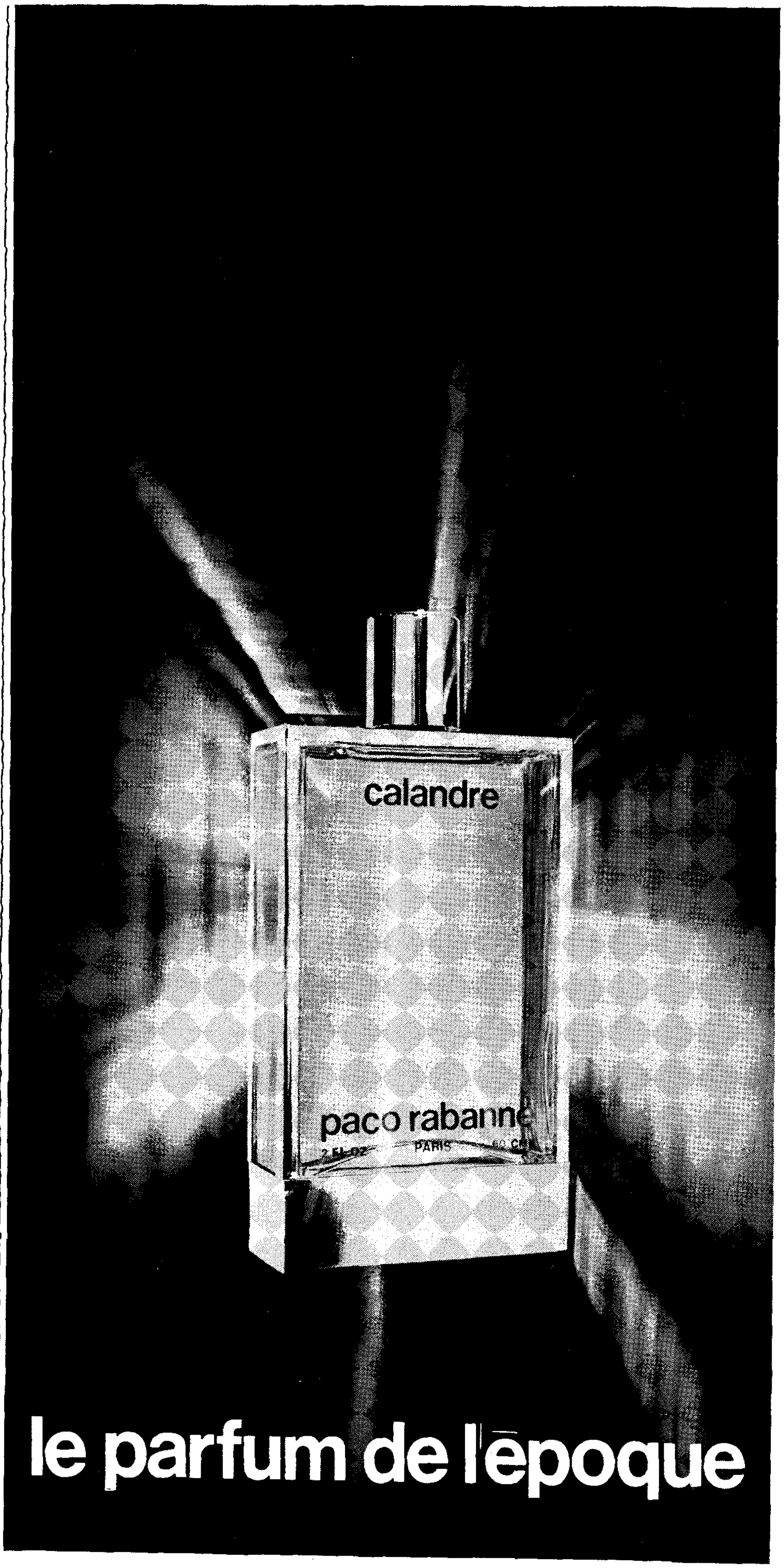
laboration of Cheddi Jagan and Forbes Burnham, their leaders in the independence movement, and it was just as fragile. Linden Forbes Sampson Burnham is black. He has been the Prime Minister here since independence, and by now he virtually owns the country, but most foreigners who know anything about Guyana still associate it with Jagan, who is East Indian and a Communist and was the colonial Prime Minister for three years during the period before the British left. Both of them were young men, home from abroad, in 1950, when they got together to form an independence party called the People's Progressive Party, or P.P.P. It did not seem strange in those days that a black lawyer with a lot of ambition and a little London polish should plot at liberation politics with a radical East Indian dentist from a family of Berbice River sugar workers. Everybody in Guyana with education and ambition knew everybody else, and sooner or later entered politics. Jagan and Burnham, at the head of their new party, led an unlikely Georgetown coterie—it ran a gamut from black Oxbridge intellectuals to East Indian labor agitators from the backwater—for whom the challenges and the excitement of the inevitable independence created illusions of like-mindedness and common cause.

For a while, Jagan and Burnham were ideal partners. "Vote for your own" was the rule of politics for everybody in this divided country, and Burnham's specific job was to stump for the black vote. He was a crafty, dramatic politician, who knew what his people wanted of him, and he dazzled the black workers with fancy London rhetoric, full of long, impressive words and loaded pauses. Jagan, for his part, got to the East Indians. He was patient with them, always organizing and instructing, and the simplicity of his good-guy-bad-guy, country-Marxist politics comforted the poor sugar workers and the rice farmers, who were apt to forget that their own politics were the conservative land politics of a peasantry that lives either to preserve family property or to acquire some. The East Indians venerated Jagan, and even the blacks acknowledged him as the father of their independence. They all knew him as a man of exceptional warmth and decency and commitment, and heard him not as the Red Dentist of a paranoid folklore but as their champion against the exploitation of the sugar companies, the foreign rice packagers, and the bauxite monopolists. Jagan was not as doctrinaire in those days as he began to sound later, when he



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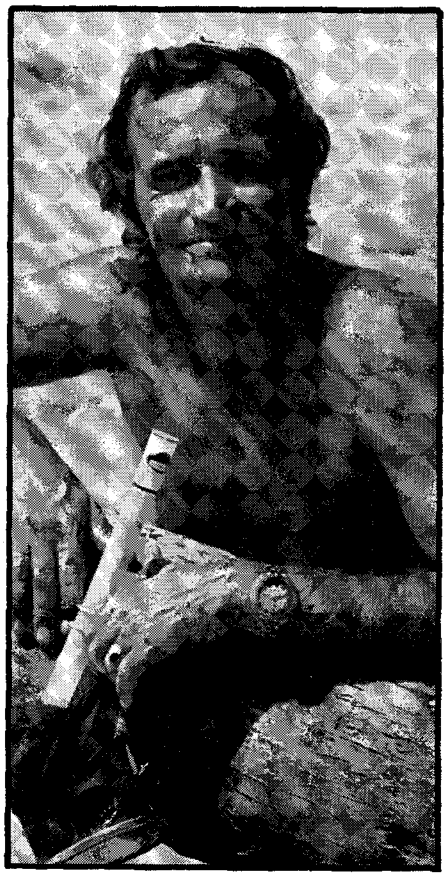
had been maneuvered out of power by British policy and Central Intelligence Agency money, and the only friends he counted on were the Russians, the Cubans, and the East Germans. The People's Progressive Party was Jagan's brainchild, modelled after the British Labour Party and just about as revolutionary. When Burnham broke with Jagan, in 1955, the only significant difference between them was Burnham's instinct that accommodation with the British was the surest way to power once the British left. The British, who characteristically preferred Jagan as a personality, had no illusions about Burnham. They had educated Burnham, at London University (Jagan had gone to dental school at Northwestern), and they knew the rules by which he played politics. They gauged his personal ambition, assured themselves that he could be manipulated to serve their interests, and decided to support him.

"The British," specifically, meant Booker Brothers, a family business that had started to consolidate Guyana's sugar plantations in the nineteenth century and, by the nineteen-fifties, controlled over eighty per cent of the country's sugar production and a great deal of its economy. It is one of those ironies by which the British seem to survive their most outrageous policies that the board chairman of Bookers at the time was Sir Jock Campbell, later Lord Campbell of Eskan, the Socialist peer, who became chairman of the company that publishes the *New Statesman*. Under Jock Campbell, Bookers practiced what used to be called an "enlightened colonialism." The company supplied the land for a university outside of Georgetown, sent bright young Guyanese abroad to study, and, for the first time in the history of the colony, encouraged some social contact between the races. Moreover, Campbell was fond of Jagan, both as a friend and as a Socialist—though he was never inclined to let his friendship or his politics interfere with Booker profits. Jagan, with the stronger party and the biggest voting bloc behind him, beat Burnham at the polls in 1957 and again in 1961, but even then his days were numbered. London saw to it that the country was always in debt and often disastrously low in investment and development capital. They discouraged Western governments from lending Jagan money, vetoed low-rate loans he did manage to arrange with Czechoslovakia and Cuba, and released development money themselves only at high interest rates. They refused to recognize the Guyana Agricultural Workers



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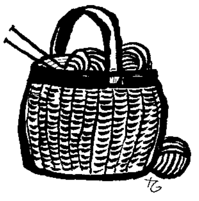
Union, which represented virtually every East Indian sugar worker in the country and backed Jagan, and dealt instead with a small black union tied to Burnham's new party—the People's National Congress, or P.N.C.—and, through the Trades Union Congress, to British union policy. They would not authorize Jagan's trade programs or his development programs, and once they even suspended the constitution to prevent the passage of a Jagan labor bill. More to the point, they encouraged the old divisions between Jagan's rural supporters and the blacks in Georgetown, representing Jagan as a zealot who would see to it that the "old-guard" blacks in the police, the Army, and the bureaucracy lost their privileges once the British left.

In the end, the British might have decided to make do with Jagan as a Prime Minister. They were showing signs of it when America, in the late fifties, got involved in a new spasm of "protection-of-the-hemisphere" politics, and then, of course, it became clear that Jagan would not last long. Big American companies and American-controlled multinational companies had been operating in strength in British colonies since the Second World War drained Britain of her finance capital and exhausted British credit, and, naturally, Jagan was unacceptable to these companies. He was already a kind of Marxist folk hero in the Third World, and American business feared his example as much as it feared the man himself. There was enormous pressure from big business to get rid of Jagan, and in America this went along nicely with the official hard line on Communism which the revolution in Cuba had inspired. The Christian Anti-Communism Crusade, a reactionary California group, was already supplying funds and propaganda for a third Guyanese party, the United Force, which was run at the time by a right-wing Portuguese millionaire named Peter D'Aguiar. (D'Aguiar was probably the closest thing Guyana has ever had to a traditional Latin-American politico. He had started his career by barnstorming the countryside and talking poor Guyanese into buying one-dollar shares in a new beer business—twenty-five Guyana cents down, and three years to pay the rest—and by the time he entered politics, he was producing all the beer and much of the rum in the country and owned one of its two main daily newspapers.) Burnham, in many ways, let D'Aguiar's people do his dirty work for him. Some of them led a sort of brown-shirt youth organization called the Guyana United Youth Society, and the GUYS, with their Crusade literature—and, some people here say, Crusade arms—agitated through the black unions, started riots, and eventually took up street terrorism in a largely successful campaign to discredit Jagan's government.



The C.I.A. took over where the Christian Anti-Communism Crusade left off. Jagan had flown to Washington, looking for money, in the fall of 1961, when John Kennedy was at his most determined to prevent "another Cuba," and had apparently done little to reassure Kennedy—or Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., who saw Jagan, concluded that he had "that kind of deep pro-Communist emotion which only sustained experience with Communism could cure," and expressed doubt to the President as to whether Jagan was "recoverable for democracy." Burnham showed up in Washington six months later, wooed Schlesinger, and got the President's backing. America took Burnham for a friend, though the British say they tried to warn Kennedy not to trust him, and on his behalf the C.I.A. moved into Guyana, using as its covers the A.F.L.-C.I.O.-sponsored American Institute for Free Labor Development and the International Affairs Department of the American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees, which is an A.F.L.-C.I.O. union. The C.I.A. funded the strikes and riots that crippled Guyana in 1962 and 1963, supposedly supplying a million dollars in strike pay for workers who joined an eighty-day strike against Jagan's labor program, and effectively ending Jagan's chances. By then, the job was not difficult. The East Indian sugar workers could not officially support Jagan, because their union was unrecognized (Bookers, on the other hand, was automatically deducting dues for the "official" union from their pay envelopes), and thousands of town blacks, unemployed and disaffected, could easily be mobilized against the government. After a year of violence, it had been sufficiently demonstrated that Jagan could not control the country. He was slandered at home and became discredited abroad. There were rumors—Burnham's people still use them—that Jagan's wife, a Chicago woman named Janet Rosenberg and the best Minister of Health, Education, and Labour the country ever had, was closely related to the convicted spies Julius and Ethel

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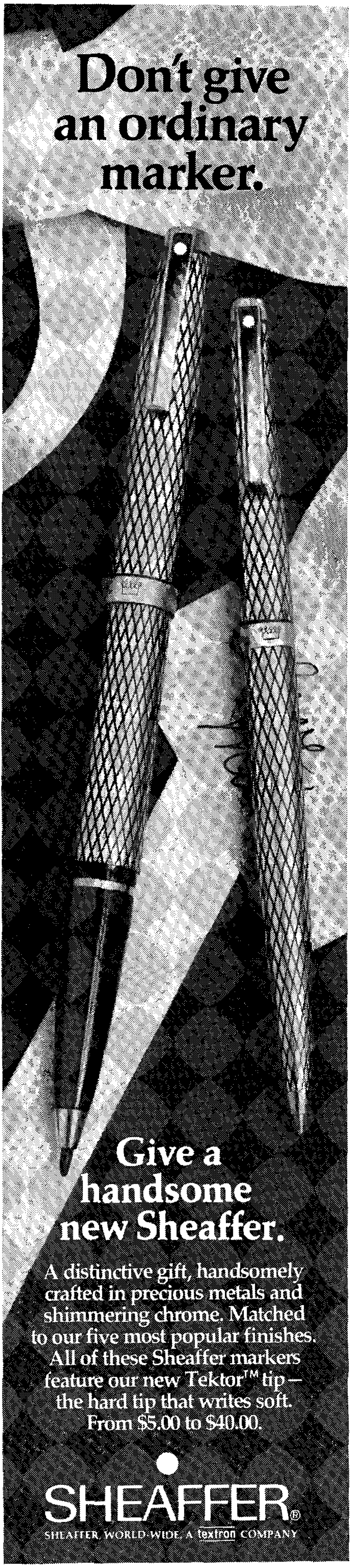
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Rosenberg. (She was not related to them at all.) It was said that Jagan himself was a Russian agent, that he was in the pay of Moscow, that he had promised the Russians territory in Guyana for a missile base.

Independence was imminent, and Jagan expected it under his elected government. But now Burnham and D'Aguiar, as opposition leaders, could point to the crisis in the country and demand a new election, and they managed to deadlock the constitutional conference called by the British to determine the terms of independence. Jagan had taken office under the British winner-take-all constituency system; he controlled over fifty-seven per cent of the seats in Guyana's Parliament with only forty-three per cent of the total vote, and what Burnham was asking was a change to proportional representation, which would give him a chance to take over in a coalition with D'Aguiar. No one here knows why Jagan finally agreed to let Duncan Sandys, the British Colonial Secretary, resolve the argument. Sandys was notorious among colonials as the architect of some of Britain's most illiberal policies. He clearly preferred Burnham, and he was under pressure from the Americans to get Jagan out of office. Jagan evidently thought that his friends in the Labour Party would support him. They talked a lot about it, but that was all, and Sandys' "Guyana solution" ended up echoing an electoral scheme allegedly devised by Secretary of State Dean Rusk on the advice of the C.I.A.'s Guyana agents, instead of anything the British had discussed. It was certainly more than Burnham had expected. It called for new elections, under a constitution that outlined a system of representation so extremely distorted that even the checks on executive power of an independently elected Parliament were gone. Jagan polled nearly forty-six per cent of the vote this time—better than he had done in 1961—but he could not put together a majority government. When the colony won its independence, in May of 1966—with the blessings of a Labour Government in London and the protection of British troops in Georgetown—Forbes Burnham was the Prime Minister.

BY now, it is fairly clear that Guyana will continue to have a Creole government and a Caribbean outlook. A road has just been cut through the jungle to Brazil; it is a fair-weather road, not much more than a track and scarcely passable even in special truck or Land-Rover convoys, but the contact

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is largely symbolic, anyway. Guyana belongs to the Caribbean, and, given its harsh tropical geography and limited development potential, will probably not survive, let alone prosper, except in the context of a Caribbean state. Burnham is determined to be the leader of that state. The British, when they groomed Burnham, underestimated his particular adaptive talents. Pragmatic politics in the Third World happen to be left politics, and Burnham, having decided to become a Third World power in the Caribbean, has managed to betray the best and the worst interests of everyone who once supported him. He mouths all the appropriate anti-Western rhetoric. He has frightened off investment capital, and by now has undermined what was once at least a functioning capitalism. He runs the country as a demagogue. He is given to the most ingenuous displays of personal power: sipping his cognac from an imperial snifter while his Ministers and guests get theirs in tiny glasses; commandeering land that supposedly belonged to the national Botanic Gardens for his wife's dairy farm. At the same time, he seems to have an ex-colonial's longing for British respectability and the forms, if not the substance, of British justice. He holds elections, which he then fixes. He lets the press function, and then insures its tractability with libel suits, in courts that he controls absolutely, at the least criticism of his government. There is "free" debate in Parliament, but Burnham appoints most of the members at his pleasure, having doctored the constitution so that his party is not obliged to list its choices from the slate of candidates before elections. There is an open civil service, but civil servants are expected to join his party and support it. There is also "academic freedom" at the university, but last year a professor who publicly criticized the Prime Minister lost his job, and no one has tried since.

Actually, so much time here is devoted to charades of democracy and due process that the charades themselves have become a channel for energies that might otherwise be turned more practically against Burnham. The Guyanese still absorb themselves in meaningless elections. In 1968, Burnham called the first national election since independence—he wanted a clear majority, to end the inconvenience of his coalition with D'Aguiar. The people exhausted themselves campaigning, and in the end Burnham got what he wanted through loyal supporters padding voter lists, tampering with ballot boxes (people in P.P.P. districts say

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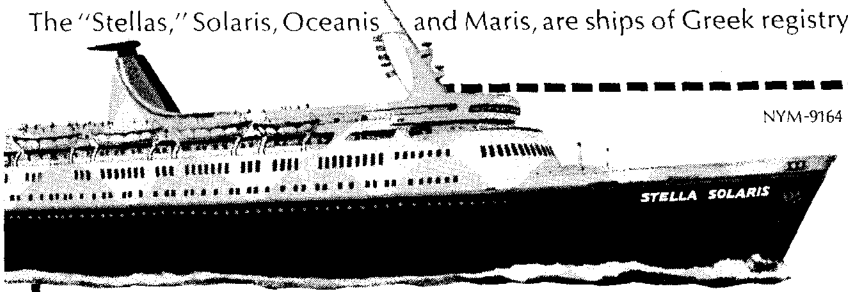

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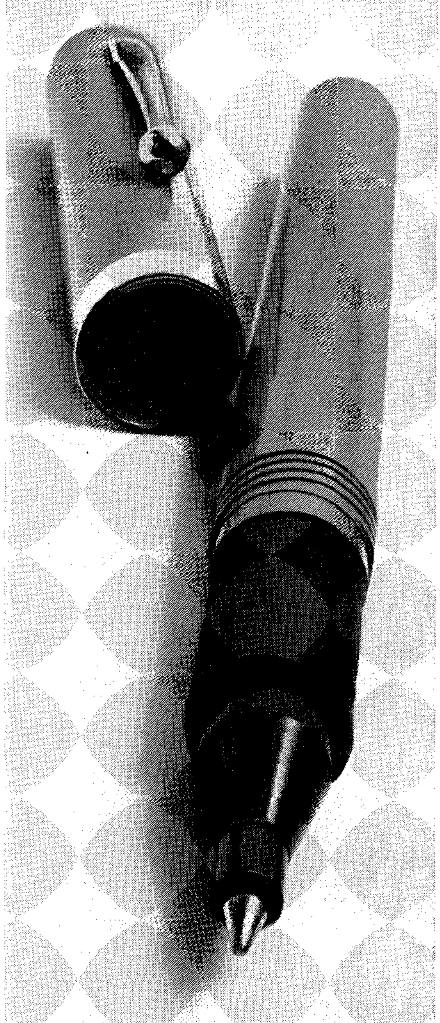

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they have photographs of ballot boxes dumped in paddy fields, and Jagan claims that when one substituted box was opened four neat bundles of marked ballots wrapped in rubber bands rolled out), and sanctioning elaborate systems of proxy voting and overseas voting which gave the vote to nationals of other countries whose fathers, even fathers-in-law, were born here. In local elections two years later, no one had access to proxy lists; thousands of people were turned away at the polls with the news that their "proxies" had already voted for them, and after the results were tallied it turned out that these proxy votes accounted for seventeen per cent of the total vote cast—and over forty per cent of the black vote. When people complained, and the publicity in the British press became embarrassing, Burnham refined the system so that "direct" postal voting replaced much of the proxy voting in the next national elections, which were held in the summer of 1973. This time, nearly seventy thousand more votes were reported than there were registered voters. Burnham credited himself with the two-thirds majority he needed to be able to make changes in the constitution without having to worry about an opposition veto, and the Guyanese began to quote Eric Williams, the Prime Minister of Trinidad and Tobago, who once said, "It's only a fool of a Prime Minister will lose an election."

For Burnham, the elections of 1973 were the end of a long, slow process of consolidating power. In earlier elections, there had been harassment at the polls, and Jagan supporters had been arrested, but in 1973, for the first time, the Army actually took over the polling process. The Army barred opposition poll watchers. In one sugar-estate district, where five thousand out of six thousand voters belonged to the P.P.P., the Army arrested fifty-four local leaders, held them for two weeks before the elections, and then reported that four thousand people had voted for the P.N.C. Jagan claims that by the time the polls closed, seven people had been shot and soldiers had openly seized the ballot boxes. Given the fact that a lot of disaffected blacks had stopped voting altogether, figuring that the government would do their voting for them, this was probably the first election that Jagan could have won with a clear majority. Burnham must have known it as soon as the returns came in from Georgetown, which is still overwhelmingly black, and which he apparently carried by only sixty per cent, with only seventy per cent of the city

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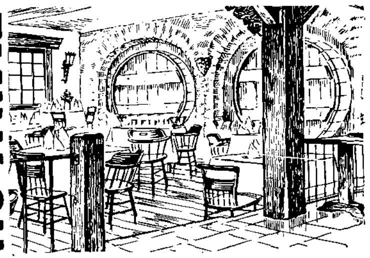

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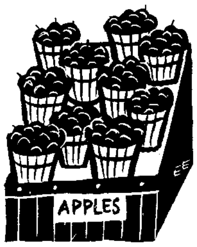
voting. It was well over twelve hours before any other returns were announced—the time that most people here assume it took the Army to dispose of or exchange ballot boxes—and when they were announced, skeptical commentators on the country's two radio stations were cut off the air, on Burnham's orders. Burnham then sued the Guyana *Graphic*, which is still owned by a British newspaper chain, for a hundred thousand dollars, because its chief political reporter, an East Indian named Rickey Singh, had written about the election frauds. The suit was dropped only after Singh and the managing editor of the *Sunday Graphic* had been forced out of their jobs and left the country. The *Catholic Standard*, a weekly put out by Jesuits in Georgetown, lost its editor, Father Harold Wong, in the same crackdown.

Jagan has had his own newspaper, the *Mirror*, since 1962, and he has suffered most from this sort of lawsuit, because the government's intention is not so much to silence one reporter as to bankrupt an entire party. The *Mirror* has been denied licenses to import newsprint—it has gone from a daily to a small, shabby P.P.P. house organ, publishing twice a week, often on whatever paper the *Graphic* has left over—and to replace its dilapidated printing press. Jagan is paying lawyers to sue the government for these licenses while the government, in turn, is suing him. Over the past few years, Burnham or one or another of his friends has sued the *Mirror* at least four times for alleged libels, ranging from a statement that the Speaker of the National Assembly, who belongs to the P.N.C., is partisan to one suggesting that Mrs. Burnham guards her valuable milk cows (there is virtually no fresh milk available in the country except from Mrs. Burnham's cows) with an illegally electrified fence. The *Mirror* has not won any of these lawsuits. (The only libel suit of this sort in recent years to be decided in favor of the defendant was a suit brought against Radio Demerara, the country's private station, by a nephew of D'Aguiar, who had deserted his uncle to work for Burnham as a sort of personal flack and is now a Minister of State, attached to Burnham's office; the fact that Burnham permitted the decision was regarded by most Guyanese as a sign of his low regard for the man's character.) The amounts awarded in these cases—twelve and a half thousand dollars, for example, in the cow case—may seem petty by Western standards, but they represent a lot of money to a politician in a poor country. The P.P.P. has no real benefactors—Leonid Brezhnev is happy to pay Jagan's way to conferences in Moscow, but he is not eager to give Jagan's party any money now that he has established formal relations with Burnham's government. Jagan himself gave up a seven-thousand-dollar-a-year state salary as opposition leader when the P.P.P., protesting the last elections, decided to boycott Parliament, and now he is working lunch hours at his brother's dental clinic to make enough money to feed his family and pay his legal debts.



INTIMIDATION is easy in a small, poor former colony with no history of self-government. Most Guyanese today worry more about food than about freedom. A racially divided proletariat is not likely to become a united proletariat as long as the races blame each other for their troubles. And an absentee intelligentsia is not likely to come home to an overcrowded strip of coastline where there is virtually no way to organize an effective opposition. A couple of years ago, two professors from the University of Guyana did do some organizing. They started a sort of community-action group in Tiger Bay, which is the worst slum in Georgetown, and soon one of them, an East Indian biologist, was shot, while the other, a black economist, was twice nearly kidnapped by mysterious "policemen." Since everything that happens here is immediately common knowledge, Guyanese say that the shooting of Joshua Ramsammy, the biologist (he was badly wounded but survived), and the bungled attempts at kidnapping Clive Thomas, the economist, were as useful to the government as a thousand political arrests, and obviously more efficient. Ramsammy was shot in broad daylight near a bank on a major corner of downtown Georgetown, where there were a hundred witnesses to spread the story and speculate about the registration of the gunmen's car. (Some people say that the car was registered to the Prime Minister's office, but when Ramsammy's friends tried to trace the license plate they found that the police had closed down the registration office.) Ramsammy and Thomas subsequently left Guyana, but they are back now, teaching at the university. They have stopped working in the slums. An East Indian from a

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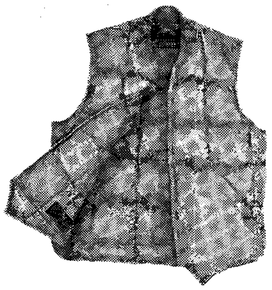

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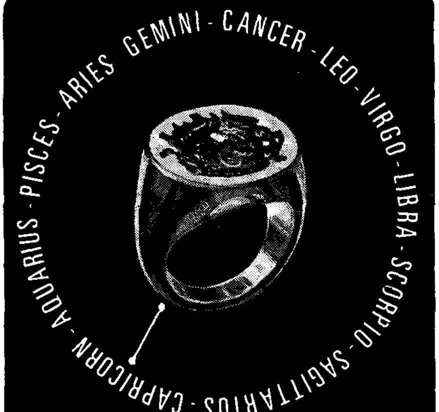
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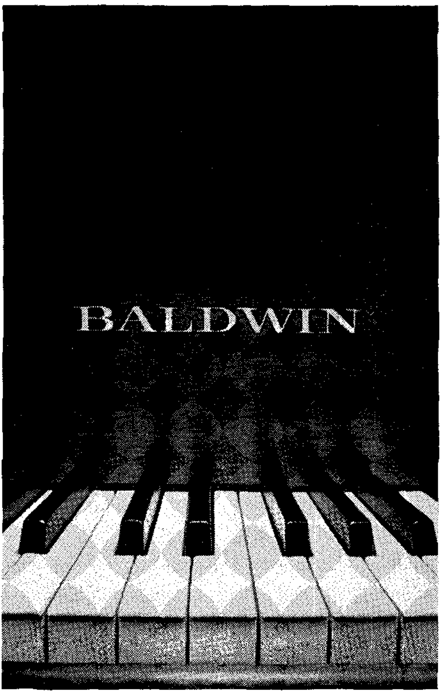
farming family can usually survive here if he is out of favor with the government, but a Georgetown intellectual, especially a black intellectual with no family in the countryside, either goes hungry or emigrates.

Most educated blacks here get their jobs, directly or indirectly, through the government, and if those jobs are profitable, they involve generous "spontaneous" contributions to the P.N.C. Burnham's birthday celebrations always bring in a lot of money. So do the P.N.C. conferences. Last year, the Party took in a hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars at its annual conference, and in October, when a rickety wooden building that served as the P.N.C.'s Georgetown headquarters burned down, minutes after a meeting between the Prime Minister and some Party luminaries, Burnham collected thousands of dollars in gifts toward a new headquarters, which he has still not started to build. There is probably no important appointment made or business transacted in this country which does not in some way benefit Burnham. Merchants who want to receive their goods on time, and in one piece, join the P.N.C. and donate money. Builders and suppliers get their contracts through the Party. Lucrative Ministries change hands that way, and so, often, do diplomatic posts.

This, of course, leaves Burnham surrounded by a few intelligent and comparatively well-paid administrators (a very few, since there was always a substantial brain drain on the country, and by now most young men who have been educated abroad would rather stay abroad), a lot of second-rate sycophants, some old Portuguese and Chinese merchants who once opposed him, and a small community of rich East Indian businessmen. Statistically, no more than ten per cent of the East Indians here would qualify as businessmen of any sort, but those who do qualify control a great deal of the country's money, and Burnham needs them. He has been able to woo them into the P.N.C. partly because they are terrified by Jagan's politics and partly because he makes it inconvenient for them to earn any money if they stay out. (The government likes to describe the process as "selective patronage.")

A few of these East Indians are public scandals. One P.N.C. family maintains a coconut estate that is to all intents a slave plantation. It is complete with overseers on horseback and a gun-toting manager, and seventy-five East Indian families—descendants of the original indentured servants—live



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there in filthy slave ranges, drinking polluted water, earning fifty cents for every hundred coconuts they climb for, and paying a fine of two and a half dollars for every coconut they eat. They are forbidden to plant their own subsistence gardens, and, being without transportation off the plantation, which is hidden away some three miles inside the jungle and linked to the coast road only by a mud path, they have little access to decent food or to doctors or to schools for their children. There is, by law, a primary school of sorts on the plantation, but the old headmaster was fired when he refused to join the P.N.C., and now the school has a new headmaster, who uses the children to do his gardening and conducts reading and writing lessons only once a week.

For Jagan's people, the plantation is a symbol of the lie of Burnham's Socialism—they say that Burnham himself has shares in an equally primitive estate—and of the extremes to which he will go in indulging vicious and corrupt supporters. Most of the P.N.C. East Indians, though, are considerably less notorious than the plantation's landlords. They deal with Burnham for his protection, and Burnham scatters them around in high government positions, getting a sort of window dressing for his regime and keeping their money, politically speaking, grounded. His dilemma is obvious. He has to keep recruiting East Indians if he is to break Jagan's control over what is still the Guyanese majority, but it is precisely the threat of Jagan's majority that keeps black Guyanese behind him and insures his power. The blacks in Georgetown are not happy to see East Indians moving into prominent positions in Burnham's government. By now, six of Burnham's twenty-four Ministers are East Indian, but Burnham is always careful not to take on anybody with the kind of affiliations that might be used to challenge him; in fact, most of his East Indian Ministers have no political base at all. A few of them came home from years abroad—Sonny Ramphal, the Minister of Foreign Affairs and Justice and Burnham's most eloquent propagandist, was in law practice in Jamaica when Burnham appointed him. The rest are Georgetown people, and have little or no contact with the Indian masses in the countryside.

Naturally, Burnham would prefer to have a black majority—at least, a docile black majority—and for this reason he finds the idea of a Caribbean federation appealing. Since Guyana stayed out of an earlier federation,

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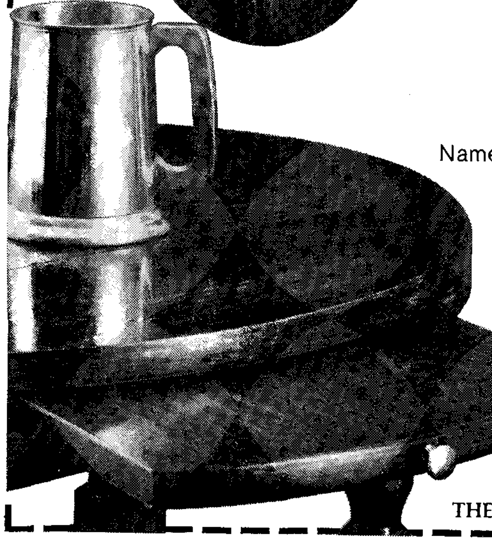

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which proved to be a useless and expensive bureaucratic exercise, with no political jurisdiction, and collapsed almost immediately, Burnham can now claim that Guyana is the key to a functioning Caribbean state. A federation of just the "Big Four" of the English-speaking Caribbean—Guyana, Trinidad-Tobago, Jamaica, and Barbados—would have a population ratio of three million blacks to three-quarters of a million East Indians. But Trinidad-Tobago, Jamaica, and Barbados do not have Guyana's particular racial composition or racial problems, and so far the closest they have come to any sort of new arrangement with Guyana is a Caribbean common market, called Caricom. Caricom members are bound by a common tariff involving edible oils and their by-products and some twenty-two basic food commodities. The arrangement makes good publicity for Burnham, but it is hard to see what it does for the Guyanese, who have a national debt of four hundred million dollars (and a budget about half of that) and a currency that has been losing thirteen per cent of its purchasing power every six months. Over sixty per cent of the gross national product here already goes for imports, and Caricom prices—while they are negotiated yearly and are supposedly controlled strictly—are often higher than prices on the world market, because members usually have to import the produce that they package or can and sell to one another. This means, essentially, that the Guyanese end up paying more for their food, and that the people who benefit most from the restrictive tariff are the stockholders in the big multinational corporations—most of them based locally in Jamaica and Trinidad—that do the packaging.

What the Caribbean does need at this point is real bargaining power on the world market. It needs a system of production sharing, and even resource sharing, and countries like Trinidad-Tobago and Jamaica are not likely to start pooling their resources with Guyana's now. The other Caribbean leaders are beginning to suspect that Burnham's ambition for the area does not include them any more than it includes Jagan. Burnham is currently promoting himself as a Caribbean spokesman—not a difficult job, since in the Third World almost anyone with enough nerve can announce himself as somebody's spokesman and end up as an "acknowledged leader" in the pages of *Le Monde*, the Manchester *Guardian*, and the *Times*—and he already represents Latin America on a twelve-man nonaligned-nations policy council.

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But he is inclined to upstage the other Caribbean Big Four Prime Ministers whenever he has an opportunity. And his arrogance does not sit well with countries—or with Prime Ministers, for that matter—groping for some sort of solidarity and clout.

IN Georgetown, lately, there has been a lot of talk about African roots and African heritage, and a lot of debate about black identity. Guyanese who go to Africa come home and talk about the "purity" of African culture. Some of them sound positively like old Germans, going on about *Volk und Vaterland*. "Coming back to the Caribbean from Africa was like coming from a garden to a dungheap, from purity to pollution," one of the young Afrophiles put it. Others like to talk about "the Creole mosaic;" *they* say that it is stupid to evoke the purity of Africa—that the Guyanese are a race of "new men," who must make a new identity for themselves. Whatever they say, though, is good for Burnham, because the national dialogue these days involves a future in which the identity and the culture of the East Indians have no meaning and no place. People who are used to seeing East Indians at home or in Africa find the ones in Guyana very Caribbean—they dress in Caribbean shirt-jacs and short skirts, drink the local rum, eat meat, and talk in the slang and rhythms of the country—but the impression is deceptive. The East Indians here, for all their surface assimilation, have preserved an ancient horror of miscegenation. And, despite the talk about purity (it is fashionable now among Guyanese blacks to be "pure" black), the true Guyanese is a product of the most exotically confused blood.

Burnham, for his part, sees to it that the dialogue goes on. He has sponsored a big Caribbean arts festival, put money into a Guyana History and Arts Council, planned a national arts institute, and even bestowed an official blessing on obeah, which is the Guyanese voodoo, and which is being referred to here lately as "traditional African religion." The East Indians like to remind visitors that nobody in government has been talking to them about the dignity of, say, Kali worship (bizarre ceremonies to the Hindu goddess Kali go on all the time in the sugar-estate villages) or encouraging them to have more children, as Burnham has been encouraging the Guyanese blacks to do. The official line in Georgetown is that "we are a land without men"—which in a way is true, given the fact that ninety per cent of the country is uninhabited. The problem for Burnham right now is that it is also uninhabitable, and that clearing it for settlement, or even exploiting it for resources, will require the commitment and the labor of the whole population, East Indian as well as black. The few people who have already gone into the interior and staked out farms work all day with a hoe in one hand and a battery-powered scythe in the other, and even so the jungle seems to grow back overnight and strangle their plantings.

Four and a half years ago, Burnham declared Guyana a "Coöperative Republic," hoping to lure town blacks into the interior with schemes for state-subsidized coöperative farms that would in time provide the agricultural base to feed a growing black population. At the beginning, there were five hundred coöperatives—farmers got twenty-five-year leaseholds on their land, at peppercorn rents, with guarantees that afterward they would own the land freehold if the farms survived—and now there are over two thousand, but a co-op in Guyana has also come to mean anything from the tenuous partnership of a few second cousins from the city who are trying to grow oranges in the jungle and at the same time keep each other's hands out of the "coöperative" till to a profitable arrangement among Georgetown businessmen who are using the new system to make a lot of money. (Even the Minister of Coöperatives here has a coöperative. His name is Hamilton Green, and he happens to be Burnham's cousin; *his* coöperative, the Greenland Coöperative Society, apparently serves the family nicely as a conduit for government contracts.) Too much propaganda and too little planning went into the coöperative movement. The best that can be said for the experiment is that the inevitable disasters have given the Guyanese something to joke about. A coöperative dairy college was established with so much fanfare and ribbon-cutting that no one noticed that there was no grazing land anywhere in the area, and now a truck leaves the college every morning carrying eight workers who buy grass, cut it, and bring it back by four in the afternoon to feed the cows. The co-ops in the jungle are in worse trouble, because those settlers who are beyond hiking distance from a landing strip or a river dock have literally no access to supplies. Lately, settlers have been encouraged to stake their claims near the few state farms and agricul-

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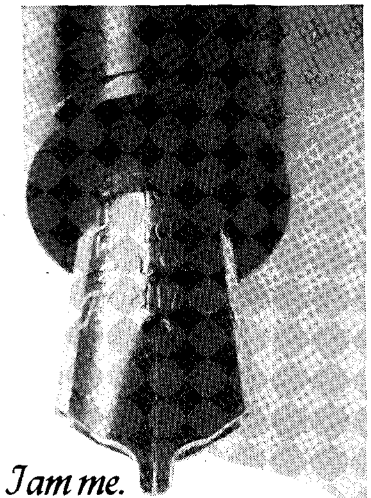
tural projects, and Burnham is beginning to admit what Jagan predicted—that, given the poverty in the country and the monumental work involved in opening up the jungle, Guyana cannot afford the slow, expensive trial-and-error luxury of a coöperative experiment. As it is, even the state farms have problems. The biggest and most ambitious state farm, a citrus-and-cattle project at Matthew's Ridge, near the Venezuelan border, does better than most, because it is on the site of an abandoned Union Carbide manganese mine and had the advantage from the outset of a large clearing, an airstrip, and a population of mineworkers with nowhere else to go. Even so, Matthew's Ridge is thirty-two miles from the nearest river port, and supplies reach the farmers only rarely. A doctor who was due in June of 1973 had not arrived eight months later; there was no medicine left for the four thousand people living there; and no one at the farm's small clinic could remember having seen a fresh egg or a vitamin pill in months.

Burnham's people are talking now about developing a "sound infrastructure" of townships, public utilities, roads, and supply lines—really the shell for a series of linked agricultural communities—before more farmers are encouraged to venture into the interior. Colonialism left export structures here—the sugar-and-rice economy is one of them—but not development structures, and Burnham's people say that Guyana cannot develop independently as long as the physical plant of the country, as it were, is still geared for export rather than for settlement and domestic growth. When Burnham took over, he got the biggest slice of American aid, per capita, in the hemisphere. More than eighty million dollars went to Guyana between 1962 and 1973, and with it America built Guyana's airport, on land that it held on a ninety-nine-year lease from the British and subleased to the government, and built highways from Georgetown to the airport and to the town of Linden, the site of the old Alcan (Aluminum Company of Canada) bauxite complex—which is nationalized now, and called Guybau. Burnham claims that he never wanted flashy aid projects, like roads and airports—that they were simply part of a "neocolonial infrastructure." He says he wanted help in clearing and developing the interior, which America apparently refused to give. There has been a lot of excitement here lately about a new Chinese aid package. (Guyanese are so proud about the presence of a Chi-



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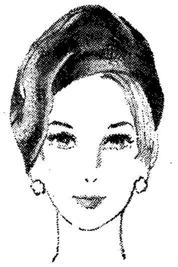

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nese mission in Georgetown that when a stranger asks about the number of Chinese in the country—meaning some forty-five thousand descendants of the Chinese laborers who arrived in the last century—he is apt to be told first that there are fifty or a hundred Chinese advisers living at the Embassy.) But China is not in the habit of passing out blank checks to demonstrably corrupt countries. The Chinese aid package, which amounts to twenty-six million dollars, is, in fact, strictly earmarked for projects like a brickworks and a textile plant, and they will be built to Chinese specifications and under Chinese supervision.

IT is still difficult to lure the black Guyanese out of Georgetown. The new road to Brazil is called the National Self-Help Road. By way of encouragement, Burnham himself went out and worked on it, with much publicity, and there was a good deal of publicity, too, when a distinguished Guyanese scholar named Denis Williams came home from abroad, to settle with his wife and family in the jungle. (The government presented Williams with a bulldozer and a tractor, and he got a small farm started.) Guyanese intellectuals—especially Guyanese intellectuals abroad—have made a romantic myth of the interior. Burnham was counting on them to inspire a back-to-the-land movement, but so far none have shown much interest in following Williams into the jungle, and even Williams is returning to Georgetown, so that his children can go to school there. It is clear by now that any real back-to-the-land movement will have to originate with the government. Guyana has a National Service, which will enlist schoolchildren for "development training" on weekends and for field training during their long vacations. Eventually—and more to the point, for Burnham's purposes—any student who wants to go on to the university or continue with any university-level training here will have to put in a year of National Service in the interior first. The plan makes sense, but it is also a way of indoctrinating children, of controlling their education, and of tying their future to a working relationship with Burnham's government and Burnham's party. The East Indians recognize this—Jagan likes to compare National Service to the Hitler Jugend, though not, of course, to the Komsomol—and they are left with the choice of either boycotting National Service and depriving their children of a university education and the few good jobs that follow from it or giv-

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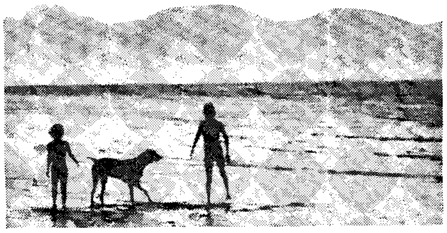

ing in and watching their children, and their culture, be absorbed by a black nationalist party. Some of them are also afraid that their children will accept the service quite willingly, just for the chance to get away from home. Young East Indians here are in the midst of their own revolt against a rigid and traditional Indian family ethic and the stubborn reluctance of their parents to assimilate. More than half the people in Guyana's prisons are black, but the psychiatrists here (there are two) say that young East Indians have a monopoly on the sort of lurid crime—the papers are full of stories of maimings and murders in rural East Indian villages—that indicates a population under severe stress, and that East Indian girls, who are still confronted with the prospect of arranged marriages, account for a very high proportion of the country's suicides.

Jagan calls the National Service plan forced labor; the truth is that, for Burnham, it is *free* labor. There is no way of saying exactly how much money is in the Guyanese treasury, since a national audit in 1967 revealed an unexplained deficit of nine and a half million dollars and was never repeated, but the indications are that Burnham's government is broke. The energy crisis alone raised the cost of his development schemes by more than fifty per cent last winter. State salaries have tripled in the ten years since he took over. Just before the last elections, Burnham doubled his Ministers' salaries, raised the entire civil-service pay scale, and boosted the Army's budget by more than sixty per cent, and he was left with so little ready cash that schoolteachers in jungle outposts, who had no one to complain to, did not get paid at all for the next three months. He will probably have to go on raising civil-service and Army salaries. The civil service is in a sense his grass roots, and the Army is becoming, more and more, his source of power. Venezuela claims about two-thirds of Guyana's territory and has a new government that was not party to an earlier protocol that waived the claim till 1982, but nobody here pretends that in a showdown the Army—its formal name is the Guyana Defense Force, and it has twenty-five hundred men, a couple of Britten-Norman Islander passenger planes, and a few single-engine airplanes, which most pilots are afraid to fly—could defend so much as a tree against the Venezuelan Army. The Guyana Defense Force exists to keep the power in Guyana black. It is run by an amiable and surpassingly ordinary middle-aged brigadier, who likes to spend his eve-

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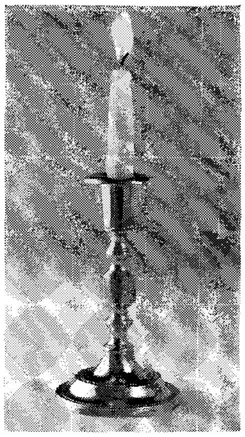

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nings chatting at embassy parties rather than planning coups—an arrangement that leaves Burnham securely in control of a corps of young and pampered black officers. Only about five per cent of the officers in the Defense Force—and fewer than one per cent of the country's police officers—are East Indians. A minimum-height requirement that had effectively kept East Indians out of the police and the Army was recently modified by two inches after the privately sponsored International Commission of Jurists put out an embarrassing report on inequities in Defense Force recruitment, but there are other ways to keep an East Indian out of the Army and without a weapon, not the least of them being the East Indian's reluctance to serve with men who have been encouraged to despise him as unmanly and to think of themselves as a black élite.

Burnham's problems are not so different, really, from the problems of any dictator on the South American continent. Keeping power costs him money, and by now it is costing him more money than the country has. Corruption is so commonplace at every level of government that most Guyanese don't even bother to talk about it. Farm coöperatives fail here as much through Ministerial pilfering in Georgetown as through the farmers' mismanagement. (A couple of years ago, the Minister of Agriculture was involved with an American con man in a contract involving new machinery for farmers. The farmers got old machines that had been sprayed with fresh paint and that fell apart as soon as they were put in use, and the Minister, presumably richer than before, got a new job through the government.) At one point, Burnham talked about drafting a code of conduct and behavior for his Ministers, but he has never produced one, and there is now no way a government official can be called on publicly to declare his means. As things are, practically every government contract involves a kickback or a payoff. Some payoffs are more or less straightforward—Guyanese like to say that the price of the new highway from Georgetown to the Linden bauxite mines was fifteen million dollars plus fifty thousand dollars and an economy car for the supervising Minister, and that the road was certainly a bargain, since if the Minister had been really corrupt it would have cost an extra million and a Mercedes-Benz. Other payoffs are practically choreographed. One American company that operates out of Georgetown with a hundred and thirty-two shrimp boats

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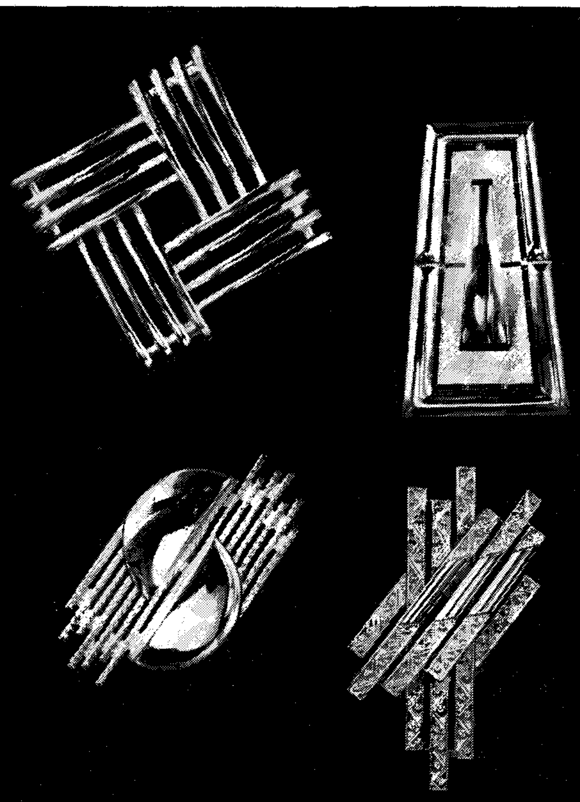

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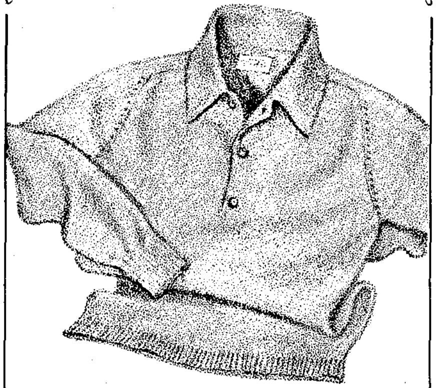

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and has a processing plant in the city was told recently that it could no longer throw back the fish that its nets pulled in along with the shrimp but must bring in the fish (and, consequently, fewer shrimp), sell the fish to the government at six cents a pound, hand over a three-per-cent rebate on that six cents to the Fisheries Department, and watch the fish show up in the Georgetown markets selling for seventy-eight cents a pound.

Businesses like the shrimp company will probably leave Guyana if the kickbacks they have to pay—and have always paid—start seriously interfering with their profits. Burnham naturally wants the capital they generate, if not the companies themselves, to remain in Guyana. His problem is how to keep it and at the same time make it clear to the country, and the rest of the Third World, that he will not sell out Guyana to the West. Last year, he paid a commercial filmmaker from California to come here and talk about a movie on Guyanese progress to show to American investors, who have been worried about risking money in Guyana ever since Burnham nationalized Alcan's Guyanese bauxite operations, three years ago. Guyana is the world's largest producer of high-grade calcined bauxite, and Alcan, nearly half of whose stock was held by Americans, controlled eighty per cent of that production. The fact is that Burnham had never intended to nationalize the Alcan operations fully. He offered the company a forty-nine-per-cent partnership, and took over after Alcan refused to negotiate on that basis. Alcan had been able to put fifty thousand dollars a week into maintaining the mines at Linden, and had applied maximum technology to mining problems, and even then the company had had to push hard to make a decent return. Burnham's Guybau puts less than half that money into maintenance, and foreign suppliers, who are still waiting for payments on the bills that Guybau inherited, are not likely to start replacing worn conveyor belts and wheel excavators until those bills are paid. Burnham has talked to Reynolds Metals Company, which controls the rest of the country's bauxite, about a forty-nine-per-cent partnership in its mines, but he will probably make the arrangement more attractive, because he wants to keep the advantages of Reynolds personnel and Reynolds finance capital. Then, too, Reynolds has always seemed to support Burnham politically. Former Supreme Court Justice Arthur Goldberg, who sometimes represents Reynolds, once referred to Burnham as "my

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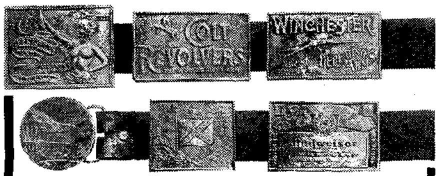

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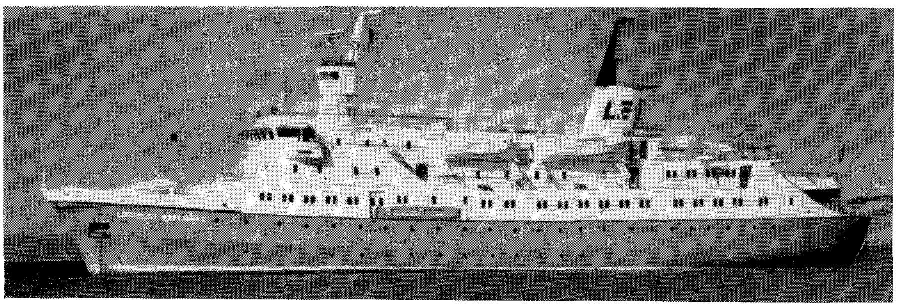
good friend," and people here say that Burnham would probably have to nationalize the whole country to repair the damage that that remark did to his reputation in the Third World.

Many people here assume that Reynolds supported the Alcan nationalization. Reynolds certainly did not discourage the Chase Manhattan Bank, which is not usually in the business of helping Third World rulers finance their nationalization projects, from granting Burnham a nationalization loan of several million dollars. And Reynolds had suffered, as much as a billion-dollar international corporation can suffer, from its second-string production status in the country. It probably had no objection to being the only foreign bauxite producer left in Guyana, and it made no protest when Alcan was forced to abandon its operations—nor did Washington, inasmuch as Canada was about to change its tax laws to encourage Canadian ownership of stocks like Alcan. Burnham, for his part, had signed an agreement with Reynolds in 1965 which froze Reynolds' Guyanese income tax at a quarter of a million dollars a year for twenty-five years and guaranteed that the government here would pay to dredge the river near its installations and to keep the channel clear afterward. Now he wants to raise Reynolds' taxes, but if the company does eventually accept a partnership, he is said to be willing to combine the country's bauxite operations, giving Reynolds the over-all managerial and marketing authority. This would mean that Reynolds bauxite could be washed and dried in Guybau installations along the Demerara River and then shipped cheaply, as alumina, to the Reynolds smelter in Venezuela, which has had to depend up to now on getting alumina shipped from the United States and Jamaica.

Bauxite and sugar together account for some thirty-five per cent of the gross national product here and a full eighty per cent of the export earnings, and at the moment it does not seem likely that Burnham would want to nationalize the sugar business even if he could. Bookers still serves Burnham by recognizing the government-supported sugar workers' union—though it does its daily business with Jagan's union—and by marketing Guyana's sugar in Britain under the Commonwealth Sugar Agreement. (In 1973, cane sugar was bringing up to three hundred and fifty dollars a ton on the world market and, under the agreement, only a hundred and sixty-six in Britain, but the negotiated price has also saved Guyana in years when there was a sugar sur-



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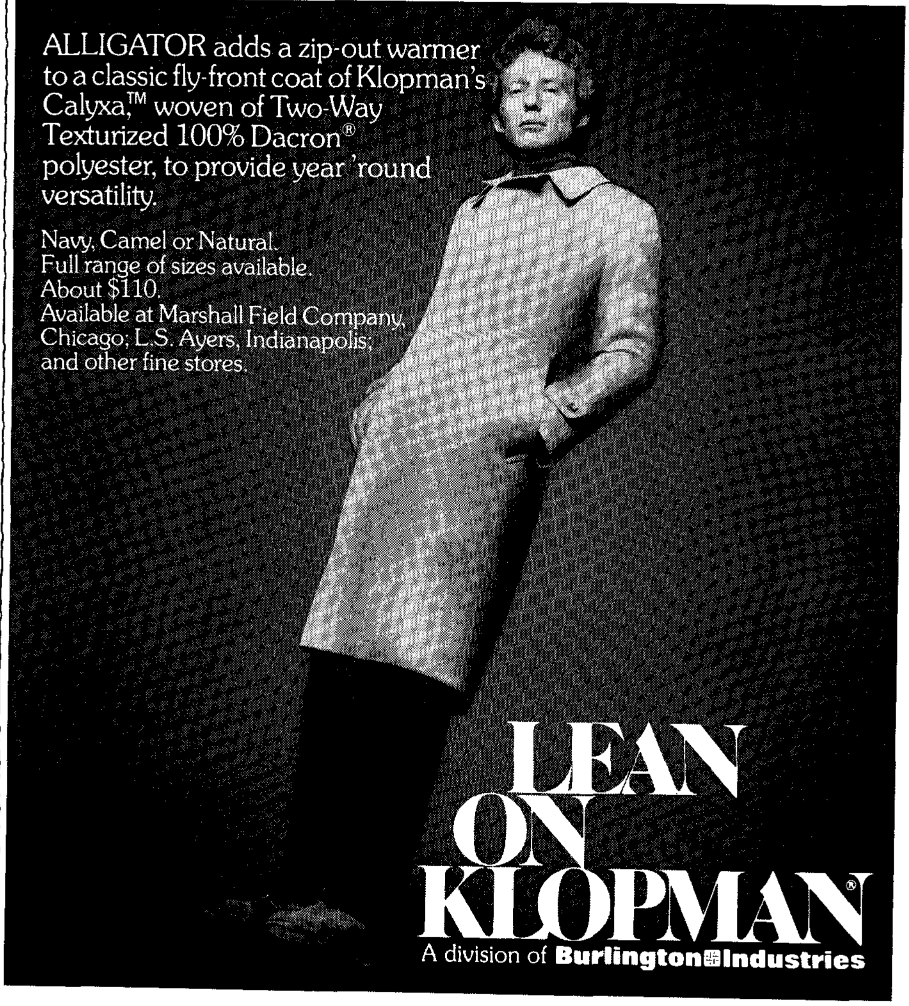
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plus and prices dropped.) Right now, Britain depends on Guyana for a lot of its sugar. By 1977, it may have to give preference to Common Market countries—given the pro-French bias of the Common Market agricultural arrangements, this may mean having to accept France's inferior beet sugar—and Burnham conceivably could end up needing Bookers' marketing connections more than ever. Last year, a long drought followed by torrential rains and flooding nearly ruined Guyana's agriculture. The sugar yield was the lowest in ten years, and even Jagan would admit that only Bookers' credit kept the business going.

The rice producers had nobody to rescue them last year. Rice is still an East Indian business here, with East Indian ownership and a labor force of some forty-five thousand East Indian families. It brings in over twenty-five million dollars a year—eight per cent of the gross national product—and represents the East Indian opposition's only solid economic base. Consequently, Burnham's government has been doing everything possible to undermine the rice producers. Under Jagan, the producers controlled the Guyana Rice Marketing Board, which is the state marketing agency. They sold their super-grade West Indian rice to the board for about eleven dollars a bag and the board, in turn, marketed it for twelve and a half dollars. Twelve years later, under Burnham, they have no control over rice marketing; they still sell their rice to the board at a fixed price—thirteen dollars a bag in 1973—but now the board is selling it at over twenty-five dollars a bag, and, according to the rice-marketing ordinance, the farmers have no right to sell directly to packagers at a fairer price. The Rice Marketing Board's profits are supposed to go for drainage and irrigation and loans to rice producers, and in part they do, but most of the people who benefit are supporters of Burnham's party. The majority of the rice producers claim that they are slowly being forced out of business. And the combination of terrible weather and lack of a fair return brought last year's production down to ninety-five thousand tons—nearly half the yield of 1964.

CYNICS here sometimes say that the only way to solve Guyana's problems is to give Venezuela the two-thirds of the country it wants and leave the rest for Brazil. The Guyanese can speculate on a hundred alternatives to a Burnham government—they run from Jagan's state Socialism to a council system to a federation of separate black and East Indian states—but the people know by now that Burnham's hold on power is too resolute to allow for any peaceful change. Governments in South America change by coups and juntas, not by due process—and in that respect, at least, Guyana belongs to the continent. The People's Progressive Party survives here only in its opposition. It can still cripple the country with a sugar strike, but there is no money anymore for strike pay, and none of the optimism of the early sixties to sustain the sacrifice. Even the rice farmers, whom Jagan called on last year to withhold their produce from the Rice Marketing Board, were unable to continue the boycott for more than a few days. Jagan says that at Party meetings on the sugar estates—the Guyanese call them bottom-house meetings, because they take place among the stilts beneath the houses—the young East Indians are beginning to ask for guns. It is unlikely that anybody will supply them. It is also unlikely that Jagan's party could manage to bring off a revolution, or administer the country if it did. (So far, the closest thing to a revolution here has been a two-day uprising of some white ranching families in the southern savanna who wanted land tenure, and most of them have fled the country.) Jagan and his wife run the Party as a team. Most of the old Party intellectuals and the young radicals have left them, and now there is really no one of any imagination or authority in the P.P.P. except the Jagans. Jagan's union leaders and his Party officers are by and large old farmers of narrow and anachronistic views and no political sophistication, and it is difficult to imagine most of them negotiating bauxite contracts or making practical decisions from a balance-of-payments chart. They were happy, in some ways, to see the young radicals leave Jagan. He had told the old farmers that racial trouble in the country was only the expression of a class struggle, having something to do with "imperialism" and "foreign exploitation," and would go away with the emergence of what he called "a common class consciousness," and they did not see why the Party youngsters had to keep talking about cutting ties with their own Indian organizations, purging Indian racists, and drafting a model constitu-

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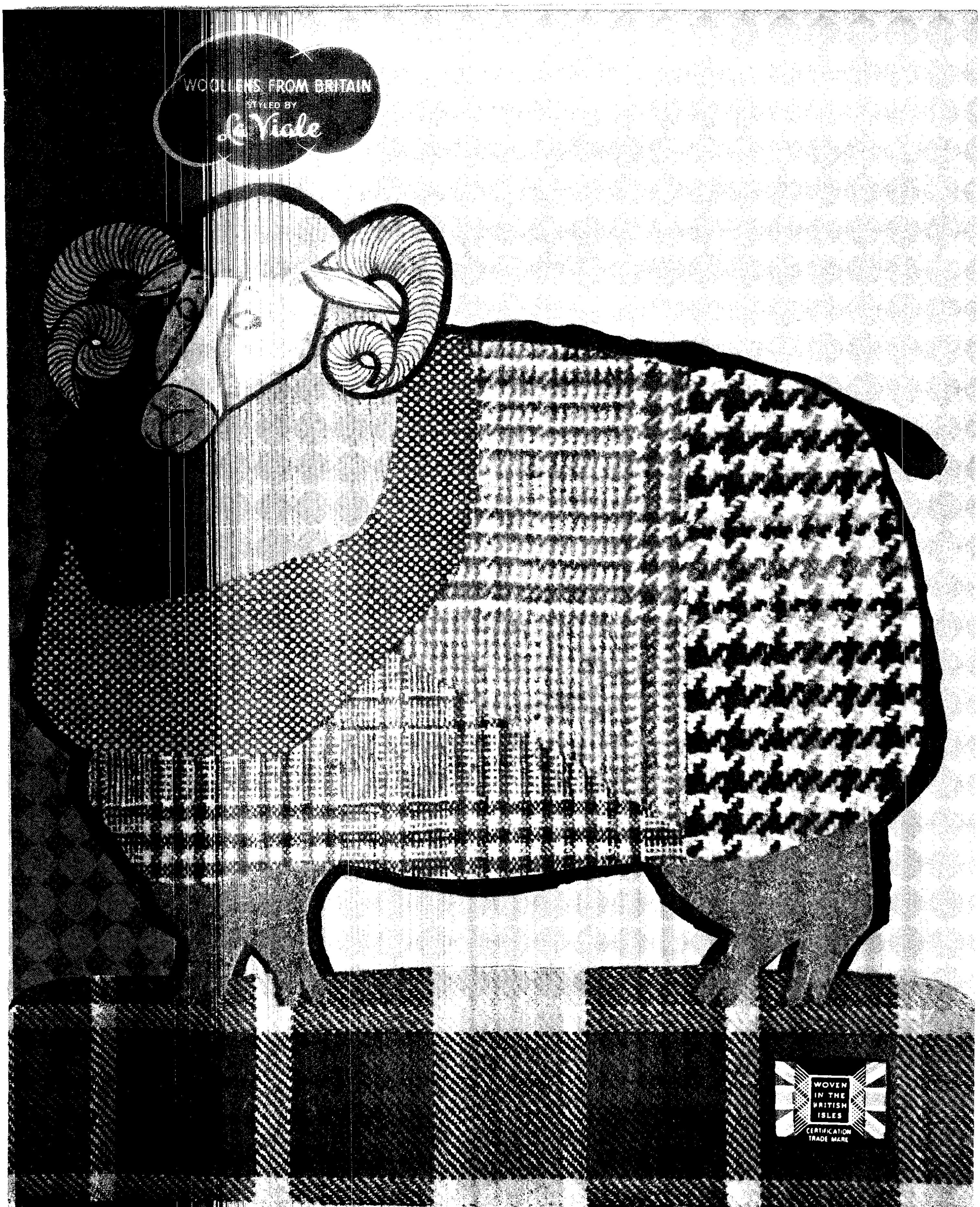
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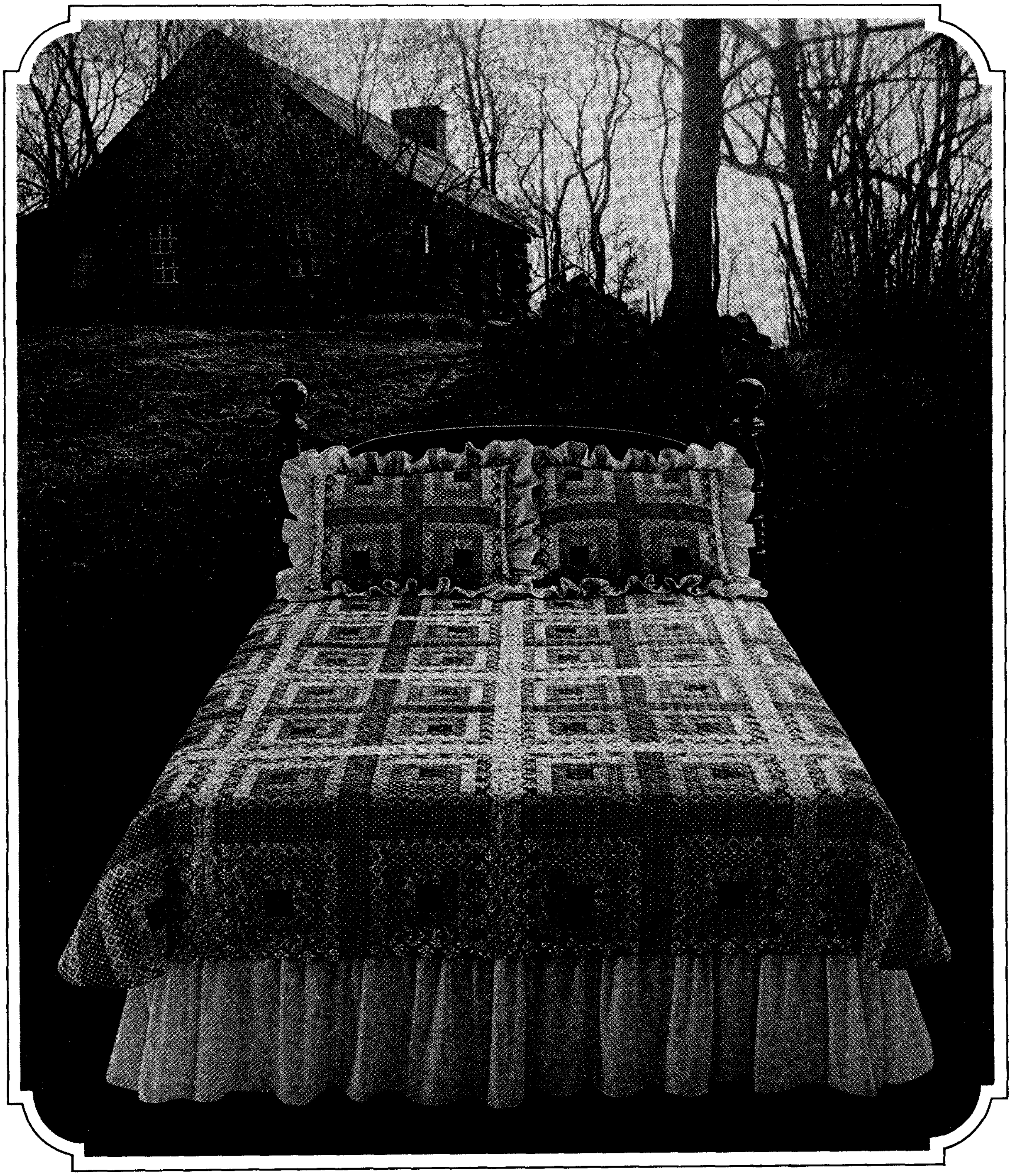

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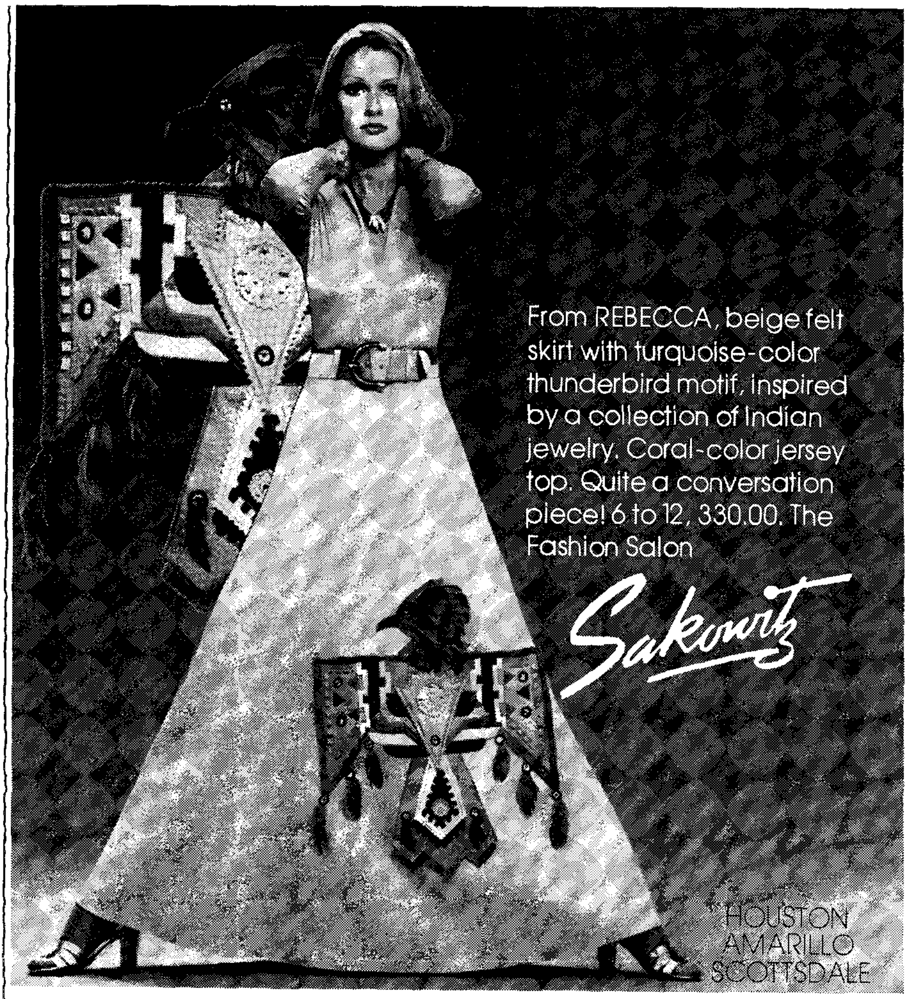
tion that treated the race issue as a fact of life.

The defecting East Indian radicals, on their side, claimed that Jagan, with his stale ideology and his near-worship of the Soviet system, had drained the Party of creativity and strength. Some of them now belong to a group called the Indian Political Revolutionary Associates—IPRA—which was started a couple of years ago by a young lawyer named Moses Bhagwan, who used to be chairman of the P.P.P. youth cadre. IPRA is not a party in any normal sense—given Burnham's mood, it would not last long as a party anyway—and its major contributions to revolution at the moment are mimeographed bulletins that Bhagwan keeps turning out. Bhagwan is a stylish radical—not so much ideological as idiosyncratic. He sees himself as a sort of *consciousness-raiser* among the East Indians, and he likes to tell them that if Burnham has succeeded by exploiting the racial crisis, then Jagan has failed by pretending it does not exist. The East Indian students love him. He has the kind of feverish puritanism they associate with moral leadership, and he confirms their enthusiasm by talking a lot about their parents' degenerate reluctance to take a truly revolutionary point of view. He is right, of course, about their parents, who tend to associate social equity with the equity in their bank accounts, and he may turn out to be the first East Indian leader of any real political significance to surface here since Jagan himself came home from Chicago. His black counterpart is a man named Eusi Kwayana. (Kwayana's family name is King, but he adopted Kwayana—an African word that means "black man of Guyana"—as a sort of nationalist statement.) Kwayana is a contemporary of Burnham. He is the principal of a high school near Georgetown, but he is an economist by training, and until recently he was in Burnham's government as chairman of the Guyana Marketing Corporation. Now he has his own organization, which he calls the African Society for Cultural Relations with Independent Africa and everybody else calls ASCRIA. He is militantly black; lately he has refused even to talk with white people. Moreover, he has proved himself to be virtually incorruptible, and many black Guyanese regard him as a *saint*, their belief being that only a holy man would be capable of such inflexible incorruptibility in the face of all the temptations put in Kwayana's way by the People's National Congress. Kwayana was already a legend here when he was with the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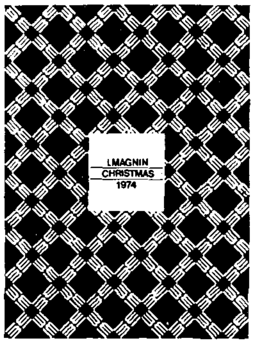

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government. One story goes that after a paid state visit to Africa he received a thousand-dollar check for "additional expenses and inconveniences," sent it back, received another check, and sent that one back with a note saying he had not had any additional expenses and, furthermore, had not been inconvenienced in the least. By now, he is the closest thing the black community has to an official conscience. He left the government when Burnham refused to deal seriously with evidence of some extravagant corruption involving Burnham's cousin Hamilton Green, who was then the Minister of Works and Hydraulics, and an East Indian in the Party named David Singh, who was Minister of Housing. Burnham sent the evidence to the national Ombudsman, where it disappeared, promoted Green to his new Ministry, and made Singh the Ambassador to China—and Kwayana became the first publicly acknowledged voice of black dissent.

Lately, Kwayana and Moses Bhagwan have begun working together, putting out joint bulletins about the moral crisis in the country. Many people think that the two of them, as political partners, could pull the country together, the way Jagan and Burnham pulled it together briefly twenty-five years ago. Few people, though, think that they will have the chance to do it. The government here is getting harsher, and more confident, in its crackdowns. This summer, Burnham had Jagan arrested, on a charge involving the possession of "component parts of a pistol." (Guns are licensed in Guyana, which means that few East Indians can have them.) Jagan was freed on a bond, but now he is in court, fighting the accusation, which could bankrupt him and his supporters, put him in prison, or both.

"We have an asymmetrical system out here in the Third World," a Guyanese historian named Bobby Moore said last winter, a couple of days before he took a job with Burnham and became the new High Commissioner to Canada. "When a man is in power here, he has the whole set of levers at his disposal. Out of power, he has nothing at all." —JANE KRAMER

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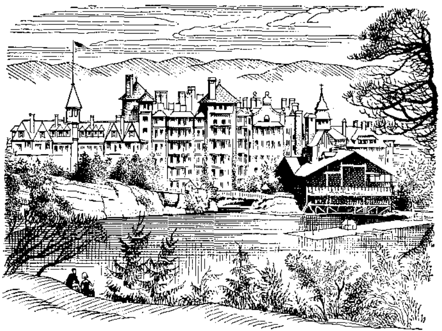

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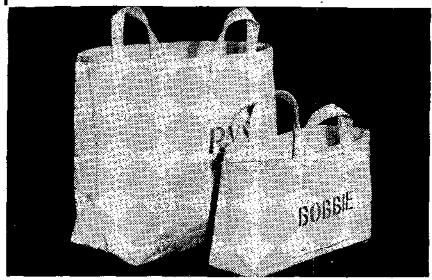

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Concert Records

TWO recently released recordings of old war-horses are interesting because of the highly individual treatment they have received. One is Richard Strauss's "Also Sprach Zarathustra," done by the Berlin Philharmonic, under Herbert von Karajan (Deutsche Grammophon 2530 402; one disc); the other is Mahler's Second ("Resurrection") Symphony, done by the Vienna State Opera Orchestra, under Hermann Scherchen. The cast includes the soprano Mimi Coertse, the contralto Lucretia West, and an unnamed chorus, presumably from the Vienna State Opera (Westminster WGS 8262; four sides). The Karajan recording is remarkable in that the conductor does not make a tremendous racket out of the gorgeous opening fanfare (later the theme music for the movie "2001"), which is what most conductors do (Reiner, for one), thus making the rest of the tone poem a lengthy anticlimax. Scherchen's Mahler No. 2 is conducted with great freedom of tempo, in the Romantic manner Mahler would have preferred, but I find it lacking in forcefulness.

THE
RECORD
RACK

A large number of other single discs have lately appeared. Erich Wolfgang Korngold's Symphony in F Sharp Major has been given its first recording, this by the Munich Philharmonic, Rudolf Kempe conducting (R.C.A. ARL 1-0443). Korngold has dropped out of the standard repertory—assuming that he was ever in it. This is a pity, for he was one of the great composers of his period. (He died in 1957 in the United States, of which he had become a citizen after fleeing Austria because of Hitler.) I think I am not overstating the case when I say that this is the finest symphony since the time of Mahler. Its style is unabashedly Romantic, its slow movement is one of the most eloquent in symphonic music, and it represents the last wave of the Austro-German Romantic tradition. It was dedicated to Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Its revival as a concert item dates from 1972.

The seventeenth-century German composer Johann Pachelbel has recently attained popularity with the recording companies. His most famous work, the Canon in D Major, has now been set down by Erato, along with his Suite No. 6 in B Flat Major, his Suite in G Major (all of these written for strings and continuo), and several works by his younger contemporary Johann Friedrich Fasch, including a Concerto in D Major for Trumpet, Two Oboes, Strings, and Continuo, a Sinfonie in G Major for Strings and Continuo, and a Sinfonie in A Major for the same combination. These are played by the Orchestre de Chambre Jean-François Paillard, Paillard conducting. The soloists are Maurice André, trumpet, and Pierre Pierlot and Jacques Chambon, oboe (STU 70468). Pachelbel was a polished and supremely gifted composer. There is no denying the nobility of the famous Canon; it is simply stunning. The other Pachelbel items are at least pleasing. Fasch, in his youth a contemporary of Pachelbel and in his maturity and old age a contemporary of Bach, has a distinct personality, and his work is dignified and playful by turns.

Mozart's early symphonies, K. 16, 19, 22, 74, and 81, have been recorded by the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Neville Marriner conducting (Philips 6500 532). Mozart was only eight when he began writing them and only fourteen when he finished them, and the sureness of his grasp of the symphonic style at such an age is amazing. It is interesting to note that in the slow movement of K. 16 he uses the venerable *cantus firmus* he used later in the finale of the "Jupiter" Symphony. The performances of all these symphonies are admirable.

Max Bruch is another composer who is worth reviving. For many years he has been regarded as the composer of that venerable standby "Kol Nidrei," and of nothing much else. His Concerto for Two Pianos and Orchestra, Opus 88a, is a first-rate concert piece. The influence of Brahms is evident, but not so evident as to obscure the presence of an original personality. The work has been recorded by the London Symphony Orchestra, Antal Dorati conducting, with Martin Berkofsky and Nathan Twining at the pianos. On the reverse side, Mr. Berkofsky plays Bruch's Piano Pieces, Opuses 12 and 14 (Angel S-36997). The concerto was for many years performed in a version thoroughly rearranged by Ottilie and Rose Sutro, a pair of pianists who made it a specialty

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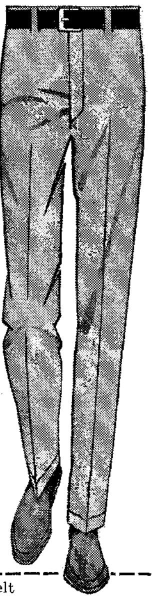

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of theirs. Mr. Twining and Mr. Berkofsky happened on a version of the work at the auction of the Sutro sisters' effects, discovered how many changes had been made, and decided to perform Bruch's original version, which is the one they have recorded. The Piano Pieces are individual and charming, though the Opus 14 is slightly on the heroic side.

Another forgotten, or almost forgotten, composer, and a younger contemporary of Bruch, is Joseph Joachim Raff, who similarly was remembered for many years merely as the creator of a corny work—a Cavatina that all violinists played almost from the time they escaped the cradle. His Symphony No. 5 in E Major ("Lenore") has been resurrected by Bernard Herrmann, who conducts the London Philharmonic Orchestra through it (Nonesuch H-71287). It is nowhere near as strong a work as the Bruch concerto. It was occasionally performed by symphony orchestras in the twenties, but then it disappeared. Raff's idiom is a cross between Wagner and Brahms, plus a little Schubert. The third movement (a march) is banal, but it has the makings of an effective pop number. The work is based on one of those standard German stories about Death and the Maiden. It is a trifle garrulous, and the performance, for some reason (perhaps too close miking), is noisy.

Rossini's "Messa di Gloria" is a recently discovered item, found in fragmentary form by Herbert Handt while he was researching music history in Lucca, and arranged by him in a performable version. It is an important work, from Rossini's best and most acclaimed period. Although it is a religious composition, it is, as is always the case with Rossini, distinctly operatic. It has been recorded by Mr. Handt and the English Chamber Orchestra, along with the B.B.C. Singers. The soprano is Margherita Rinaldi, the contralto is Ameral Gunson, the tenors are Ugo Benelli and John Mitchinson, the bass is Jules Bastin (Philips 6500 612). The vocal parts are extremely florid, and the performance is certainly more than adequate.

The Australian pianist Bruce Hungerford continues his recordings of the Beethoven Piano Sonatas. The latest are Nos. 6, 7, 19, 20, and 21 (the last of which is the "Waldstein"), issued by Vanguard as VSD 71186 and 71187, two separate discs. Mr. Hungerford is an exceedingly thoughtful and scholarly pianist as well as a superb technician with special feeling for Beethoven. His interpretations are superb.

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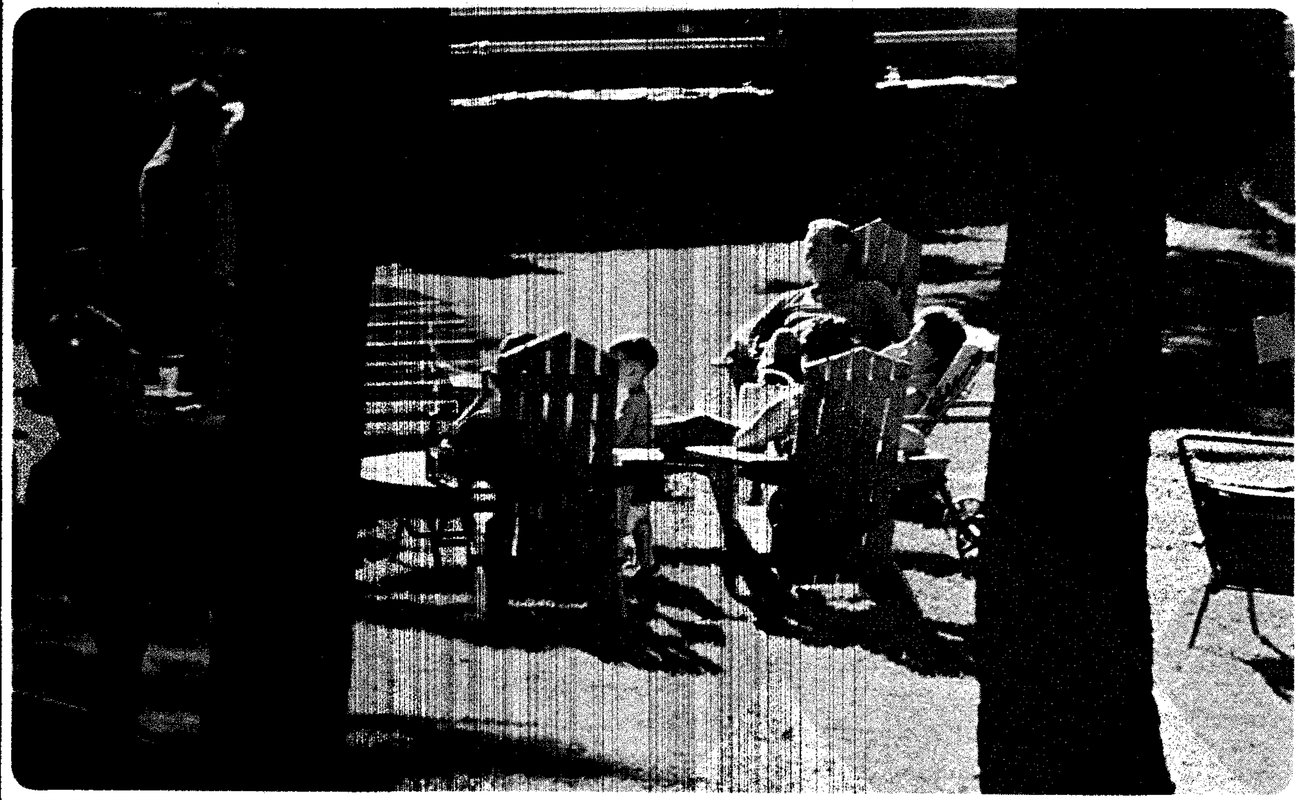

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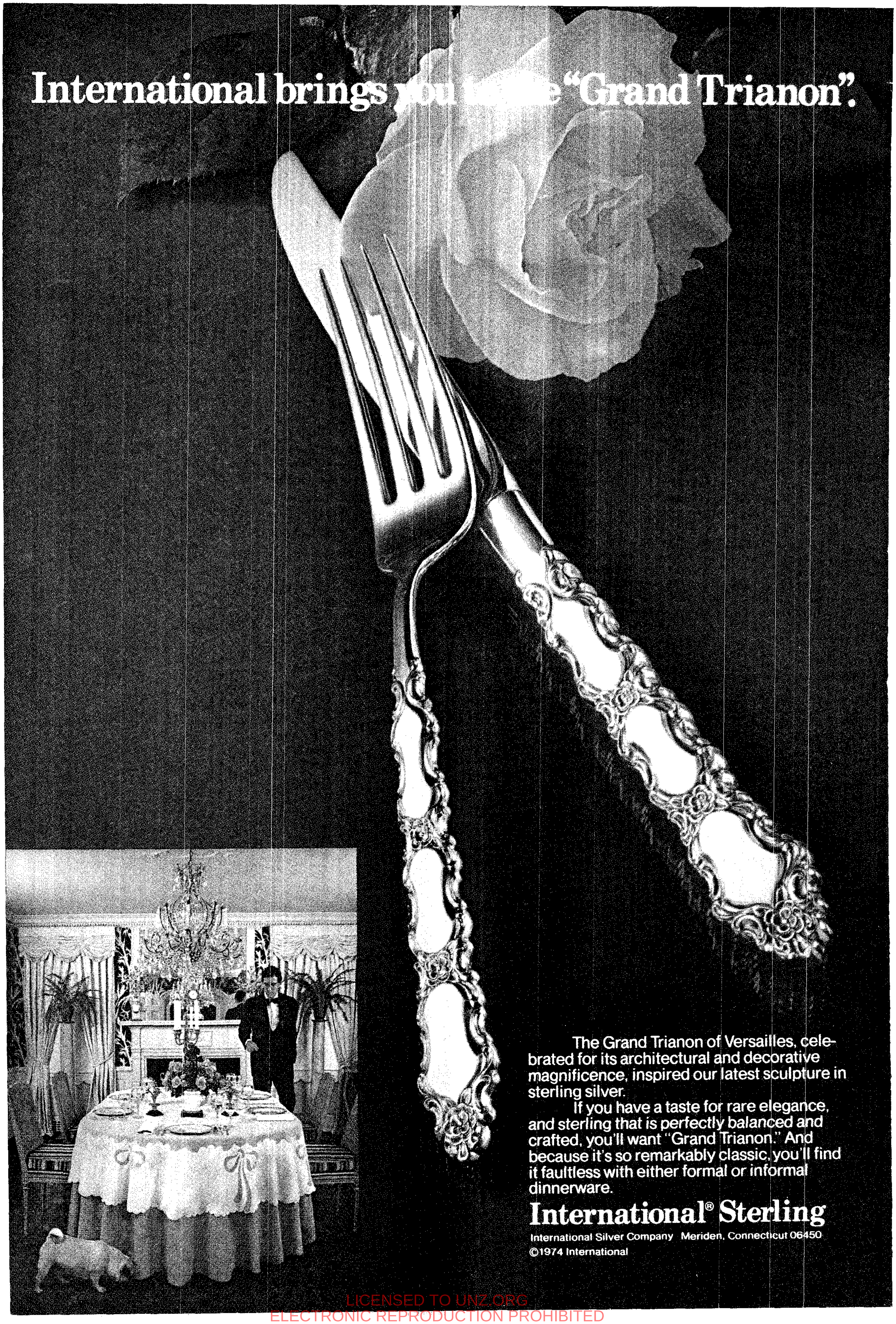

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Editions, at 88 Lowell Road, Wellesley, Massachusetts 02181, has issued its first recording (SD 1001) a couple of semi-rarities—the "Livre d'Orgue," by Pierre Du Mage (1674-1751), and selections from the "Premier Livre d'Orgue," by Jean-François Dandrieu (1682-1738). Frank Taylor performs them on the Charles Fisk organ of the Old West Church of Boston. The organ is particularly well adapted to such Late Baroque music, and Mr. Taylor is a resourceful and understanding delineator. The "Livre" by Du Mage, published in 1708, was familiar to Bach. Du Mage was an organist in the provincial town of Laon and, for a time, in Paris. His work is simpler than that of Dandrieu, who was a sophisticated born Parisian. But both composers were masters of their craft, and these recordings provide a rare glimpse into the French Baroque.

Saint-Saëns, a prolific composer whose reputation is no longer as grand as it was during his lifetime, started writing symphonies when he was thirteen. His officially numbered First Symphony, however, was a later work, written when he was eighteen, and his Second Symphony came along when he was twenty-one. Like Mozart and Mendelssohn, he was a prodigy, seeming to have attained complete mastery of his medium in his teens. Gounod called him "the French Beethoven" ("the French Mendelssohn" would be more appropriate, to judge by his First Symphony), and Berlioz is credited with the witty remark that "he lacks inexperience." The First and Second Symphonies have been recorded by the Orchestre National de la R.T.F., under Jean Martinon (Angel S-36995). The First was greatly influenced by Mendelssohn and the Second, at least in part, by Brahms. Saint-Saëns was not the most original of composers, but everything he wrote was well made, and this recording is of particular interest: the only Saint-Saëns symphony that has been played with any frequency—as well as recorded—is his Third, the one with the organ.

A recording has finally been made of two beautiful works by Frederick Delius—"Sea Drift" and "A Song of the High Hills." They are performed by the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra and Chorus, under Sir Charles Groves, and John Noble is the baritone soloist (Angel S-37011). Both works have the haunting, nostalgic quality typical of Delius, and "Sea Drift" was inspired by a poem by Walt Whitman about the separation of loved ones. The performances are fine.

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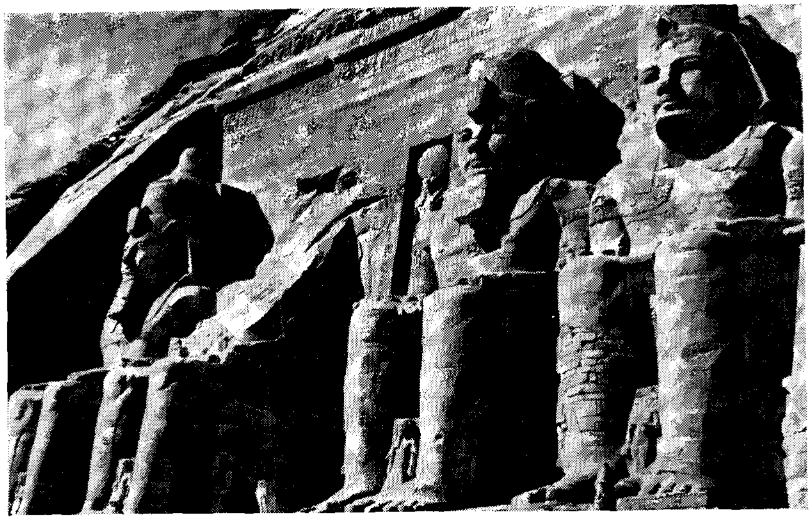

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

SEPTEMBER 8

AFTER taking Holy Communion this morning, President Ford announced that he was granting Richard Nixon a "full, free, and absolute" pardon for any and all crimes that may have been committed by Nixon during his five and a half years as President. It was an altogether astonishing—and, to many, appalling—move, and it almost certainly will put an end to the new President's honeymoon with Congress, and the prospects, to use his own metaphor, for an enduring marriage. Most people expected a pardon on some terms sooner or later. Ford laid the groundwork in his press conference of August 28th, in which he said that he agreed with Nelson Rockefeller and the Senate minority leader, Hugh Scott, that Nixon had already "suffered enough," but he added that "until any legal process has been undertaken, I think it's unwise and untimely for me to make any commitment." This was understood to mean that he would abide by the judgment of the Special Prosecutor, Leon Jaworski, and the grand jury as to whether or not Nixon should be indicted and tried, and that he would not intervene until the conclusion of that process. But Ford seemed to be implying that when final judgment had been rendered he would probably grant executive clemency. Had he done so, a few objections would surely have been raised, but the criticism would not have been severe, particularly if he also pardoned those already convicted and those facing conviction for illegal acts performed while in service to Nixon. In the commitment he has made today, Ford has clearly gone back on his own word, for as of the moment at which he spoke the "legal process" stood exactly where it was in late August. And, in fact, Ford spoke only a few hours after what seemed to be a new charge of defiance of the democratic, if not the legal, process—the evidence given the *Times* by Representative Michael J. Harrington, of Massachusetts, concerning the intervention by the C.I.A., with the approval of Henry Kissinger, in the electoral and, later, the governmental process in Chile between 1970 and 1973. If the allegations, said to be based on sworn testimony before a House subcommittee by the present director of the C.I.A., William E. Colby, prove sound, the Secretary of State could be the next candidate for impeachment. In Nixon's case, however, Ford did not let the legal process take its course; he arrested it before it began to move.

This appears to change everything. Up to now, Ford has been criticized on several points, but the terms have not been harsh or personal. His choice of Nelson Rockefeller for Vice-President offended many people on the far right and several on the left, but most of the criticism was directed at Rockefeller rather than at Rockefeller's new patron. Such remedies as Ford has urged to restore the health of the economy were widely held to be inadequate, but at the White House conference of economists a few days ago those who disagreed spoke in the most civil and good-natured terms of and to the President, criticizing his doctrines as if they were no more than disembodied and somewhat out-of-date theories rather than the strongly held opinions of the Chief Executive. Likewise, his wish to hand over eight hundred and fifty thousand dollars of the taxpayers' money to Nixon was spoken of less as a misjudgment than as a misdirected charity to a man who had betrayed the American people. Now there is no way of putting the responsibility anywhere but squarely on President Ford. The action was his, and his alone—and was characteristically received by the former President with a statement that he now sees that there were some oversights on his part while he was in office. This statement debases Ford's pardon; it asserts that Nixon did nothing he need be "pardoned" for, since the crimes he was accused of were in fact not crimes but merely the result of unfortunate neglect by an overworked man too busy to keep a check on everything and everybody.

Ford has not only stopped the judicial process dead in its tracks but deprived the nation of an opportunity to learn as much as possible about the mistakes and misdoings of the last five and a half years. Of course, Nixon, free from the most severe consequences of his behavior, may meditate in the splendor of his Casa Pacifica and decide to serve posterity, and also make some big money, by coming out with the truth and nothing but the truth about his life from 1969 onward. If he did so, we would all learn something not only about Nixon but also about ourselves, the people who kept him in office by a staggering majority two years ago and paid little or no heed to the early accounts of Watergate. But that seems rather too much to expect, for it is highly doubtful whether he could ever ask himself and then answer the kind of hard questions that would be asked by a determined prosecutor. Either Nixon will treat Watergate as a "crisis" similar in magnitude to the six about which he has already written or he will dwell on such matters as his fascinating trip to mainland China and all the benefits supposedly accruing to the world from it.

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Ford's earlier statements seemed to show a firm commitment in principle to the judicial system and the concept of equality in the administering of justice. That commitment has clearly been abandoned. It is conceivable that Ford felt he had some higher commitment, political or moral or, as his statement this morning implies, religious. It may be that he knew something of what might emerge if Nixon were rigorously examined under oath, and feared that our morale as a nation or our standing in the world community would be damaged beyond repair if the whole story were known. Perhaps the C.I.A. under Nixon was meddling on a far larger scale than William Colby is said to have acknowledged. In any case, the pardon confirms, as perhaps no other action in our history has done, the existence of a double standard of justice, and for a good many decades those accused and found guilty of even minor crimes and misdemeanors will cite this undeniable example of inequity in their own defense. It will spread cynicism and contempt among the criminal and the law-abiding alike, and will make law enforcement on every level more difficult and painful than it is at present, which is to say all but impossible.

Some incidental good may come of it all. If Ford has in mind anything like unconditional amnesty for draft evaders and deserters (he is due to announce his position in two or three days), he is likely to encounter less opposition from those who approve his pardon of Nixon. If he contemplates the restoration of normal relations with

Cuba, the pardon may soften up those who sense treason in any such act. But the possible benefits of the pardon seem far outweighed by the almost certain damage. And Ford himself and his party may suffer the most from it. Until today, he has impressed just about everyone by his calm and his plain speaking, by his flexibility and his dispensing with as much Presidential pomp and ceremony as possible, by what seemed an utter lack of secretiveness. The Democrats were disarmed. Two months ago, they were confident of strengthening their representation in Congress and several state capitals in November's elections. They were confident, too, of being able to recapture the Presidency in 1976. Then Nixon dealt a cruel blow to their prospects by resigning and making way for this most amiable of men, who gave Republicanism what seemed to many an almost entirely new aspect. A Gallup Poll last week showed that seventy-one per cent of those questioned approved of Ford's performance, with only three per cent disapproving and twenty-six per cent having yet to form a judgment. The Nixon pardon in itself is not likely to sour any large bloc of public opinion, at least not right away. But it will restore much of the old sourness and shrillness to American political life unless Ford can find some magic with which to stop such a development, and that appears most unlikely. He may think that what he has done is a simple act of compassion—a virtue he has praised much of late and one he may have in abundance. Some citizens will perhaps see it that way, but the Americans truly deserving of compassion are likely to think only of how pleasant it must be to be white and powerful and well connected with the rich. What is a bit of crime and corruption among such people?

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

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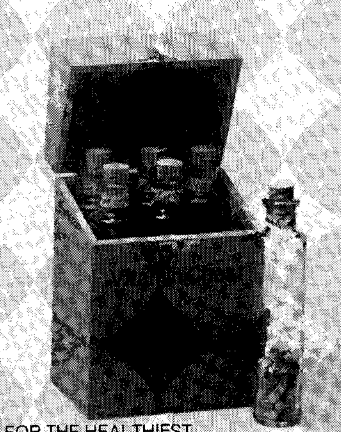

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THE RACE TRACK

One for the Book

OFFHAND, I'd say that the Governor Stakes at Belmont Park on Labor Day brought out the best field of older horses for a race on Long Island this season, and it ended with a result that only a crystal gazer could have foreseen. It's hard to believe from their past performances that Forego, the favorite, and True Knight, his longtime rival, wouldn't be in the first three. Well, Forego finished fourth, half a dozen lengths behind Big Spruce, Arbees Boy, and Plunk, while True Knight ran last for most of the mile and a furlong, and beat only two horses. Come to think of it, though, any optimistic long-shot player could have given Big Spruce, Max Gluck's colors-bearer, a chance; his form wasn't too bad, and he ran second to Secretariat on one occasion last year. Anyway, a number of optimists evidently did give him the chance, to judge by the squeals of delight that arose from the crowd of forty-seven thousand when his payoff price—$48.40—was flashed on the tote board. There were ten runners, and Infuriator, a speedball, did the first six furlongs lickety-split, in 1:09⅗. The final time was 1:46⅕. Big Spruce was next to last leaving the gate, and remained there as far as the three-quarters mark; then Hole, who rode him, set him down, and although he went wide turning the last corner he ran over everything in the stretch. Forego, who carried 128 pounds and gave weight to all the others except True Knight, never got going.

WHERE are all those glamorous two-year-olds who were supposed to turn out for the Futurity? A dozen youngsters went to the post for the eighty-fifth running at Belmont last Saturday, and the Buckland Farm's Just the Time, who had won only once before in five tries, took it by a head from High Steel. Valid Appeal was third, a length away. L'Enjoleur, the favorite, who had been a stakes winner in Canada, was never in the picture. Just the Time, a bay by Advocator out of Shoshanna, picked up $66,801 in prize money.

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In the case of Edradour, the whisky is so good that many of our contemporaries in the scotch business would like us to trade some of ours for some of theirs. However, we ourselves use every drop. At the moment, we have barely enough, so no one blames us for refusing to share it. Should our hopes of success in the American market be realized, our current output will, in fact, be hardly sufficient. Our purpose in adding a fourth man was to meet that eventuality. (The additional whisky won't be usable for twelve years, so you have plenty of time to make up your minds about us.)

Quaint as it may sound that we have so few workers in our distillery, Whiteley is not exactly a "cottage industry". Our blending, warehousing, and bottling facilities in Glasgow boast several hundred gainfully employed. That hardly makes us huge, but it is nothing to sneeze at.

The decision not to trade the Edradour was laid down generations ago by Mr. William himself. Having decided to create the world's most expensive whisky, he hoarded every cask and made it the basis of a blend named, with some justice, King's Ransom.

King's Ransom still derives its unique character from the Edradour malt and every drop is still twelve years old. A couple of things have changed, however. There are now a few other whiskies whose prices are equally intimidating. And there is now one other scotch which contains Edradour. Our eight-year-old, House of Lords. The price, as befitting a whisky named after a deliberative body, is considerably more democratic.

Greed compels us to admit that we'd prefer you to drink King's Ransom. Honesty compels us to admit that except for weekends and holidays, we ourselves favor House of Lords. It isn't that we're cheap, it's just that good bookkeeping demands we pay, or at least debit the ledgers, for whatever we take home as samples.

William Whiteley & Co.

King's Ransom
LORDS

Qui Uti Scit Ei Bona

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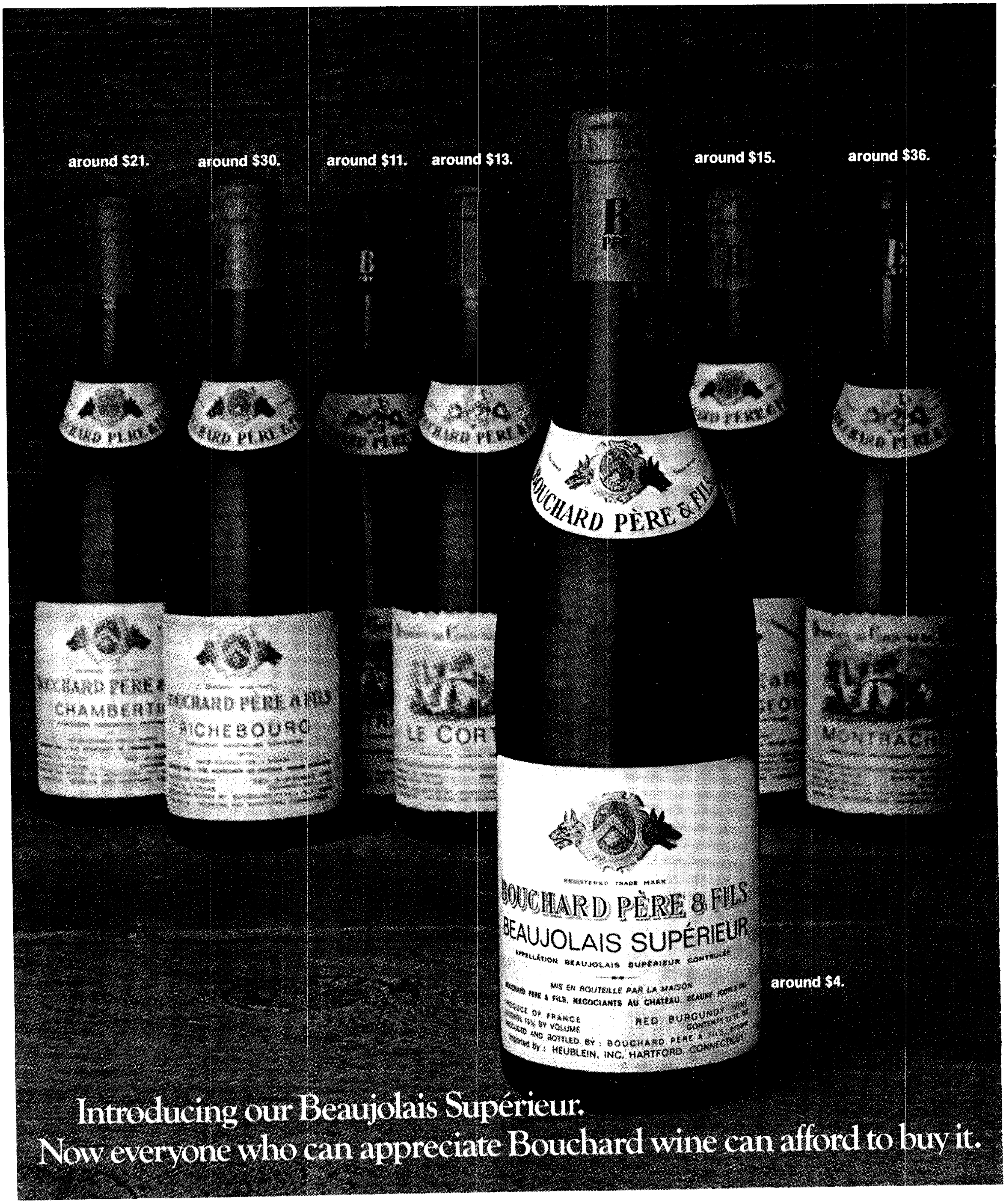
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well on the grass. His most recent success was a dandy double he brought off in the past fortnight with E. P. Taylor's Halo in the United Nations Handicap at Atlantic City and the Cragwood Stable's Prod in the Lawrence Realization Stakes at Belmont Park next day. A year ago, Mr. Taylor bought Tentam from Cragwood and won the United Nations Handicap with him, and at Saratoga last month he gave $600,000 for Halo. Some time before, Halo had caught the eye of Irving Allen, a Hollywood movie man who races in England and who was prepared to put up $600,000 for the colt but called the deal off when he learned that Halo was given to cribbing, a common vice among horses. Cribbers chew wood—their food bins or anything else available—whenever they get a chance, and they grunt while they're doing it. They are usually very much looked down upon (most horsemen feel that their breathing will ultimately be affected by the habit), but their racing ability doesn't always seem to be impaired. If I were to whisper the name of a certain famous horse who I know was a cribber, I'd probably be hanged the next day for lèse-majesté. Halo, for all his cribbing, was quite the best in his race, outfinishing London Company. As for the Lawrence Realization, which Prod won by nearly four lengths, the running led to an unhappy turn of events. Little Current fractured an ankle in the mile-and-a-half run over the turf course, and has been retired from racing. The Lawrence was to have been a test for his proposed trip to the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe in Paris next month. He'd never run on grass before, and as I watched him he appeared not to like it. It's easy for a horse to make a misstep on unfamiliar footing, and when he does he's likely to break something.

THAT three-per-cent cut in the mutuel take is working out great for Belmont Park. On Labor Day, it had a five-million-dollar handle (actually, $5,280,960 was bet in the tote)—the first a New York track has had in months.

THE Marlboro Cup is the big event at Belmont Park this weekend. This department's choice is Holding Pattern. —AUDAX MINOR

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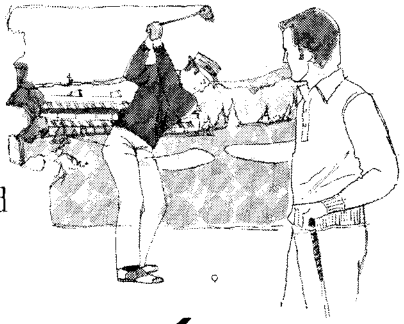

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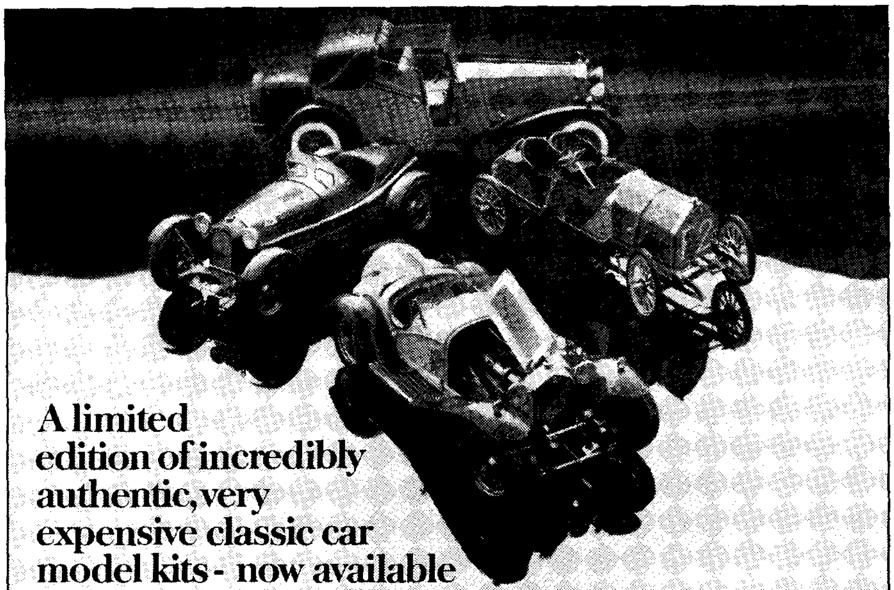

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BOOKS

Before the Sky Collapses

"XINGU: THE INDIANS, THEIR MYTHS," by Orlando Villas Boas and Claudio Villas Boas (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; translated from the Portuguese by Susana Hertelendy Rudge), is certainly one of the best books of 1974 whose title begins with "X." The volume shows love, from the publisher's handsome two-color printing job to the lifetimes of service the authors have devoted to the Brazilian Indians. Since 1946, the Villas Boas brothers (a third brother, Leonardo, died in 1961) have dwelt with small intermission among the dozen or so tribes that live in villages along the Rio Xingu and its tributaries, in virtual isolation from the modern civilization that dominates and threatens them. This book, edited from the brothers' journals by Kenneth S. Brecher, an American anthropologist who himself spent two years among the Xinguanos, consists in the main of thirty-one tales, or "myths," transcribed from oral narrations. The Villas Boases state, in their introductory notes, "There were no pressures of time; instead, our interest was to transmit with the greatest possible accuracy everything heard and understood over . . . twenty-five years of daily, hourly, and minute-by-minute communal living with the Indians." The stories are shared, with some exceptions, among the tribes, and they are prefaced by a brief but affecting description of the region's geography and fauna and climate and history. Affecting, that is, in its sense of achieved intimacy with the alien, of modern men willfully dissolving their calendars and chronometers in the joyous cycles of the natural year:

> In April the rains taper off and the waters recede. . . . The clouds turn white and vaporous and are propelled by cold gusts of wind coming from the south and the southeast. It is the beginning of "summer."
>
> At this time of the year, it is common to see birds flying across the skies, beautiful formations of jabiru storks, flocks of white herons, and pairs of colhereiros in search of lagoons and *igapós*.
>
> As the waters recede from the shores, gulls, *bacuraus de coleira branca*, ducks, and marrecãos fly in. The *tracajás* [fresh-water turtles] and small alligators, who at flood time had clung to floating tree trunks, search for sandy shores to enjoy the heat of the sun.

There are worlds sequestered from our world; there is a history remote from our history:

> As a result of violent attacks unleashed on them by a nation called Aussumadí, who invaded their lands, the Trumái decided to move. Under the leadership of two great chieftains, Auaturí and Jaquanarí, they headed for "where the sun sets." After trekking through extensive forests, they arrived at the banks of a river that they said was the Kuluene (the Xingu, in our nomenclature).

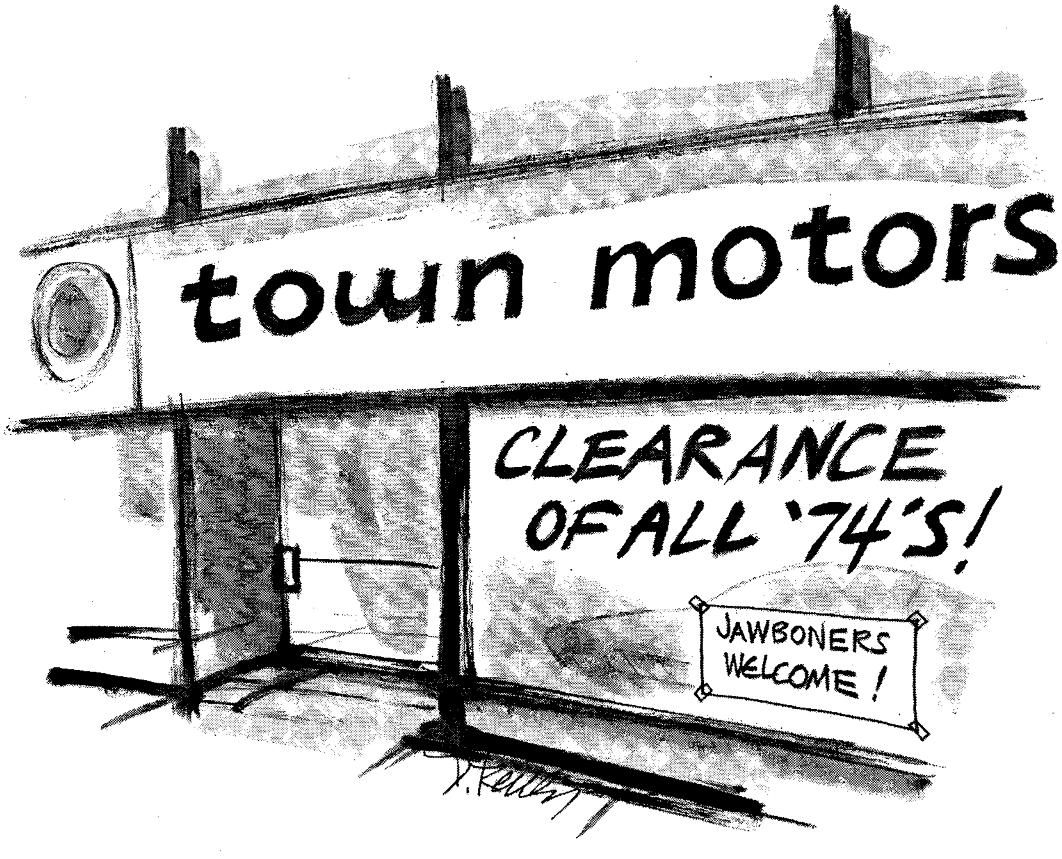
Amid our human multitudes, how much such history has been hidden and lost! Even within the microcosm of the Xingu, there are mysteries, problematical events just beyond the reach of memory, and tribes that are "hostile" or "asocial;" they have the vividness of the half-seen:

> In temperament, the Txikão are nervous and restless, reacting promptly to any novel stimulus or situation that crops up. This trait, very pronounced in them, may be a natural result of the isolation in which they live.

Isolation within isolation. More exotic still are the reports of the Minatá-Karaiá. In a bygone time, a legend among the Kamaiurá tribe runs, some of their men, travelling, heard a whistling sound:

> Curious to know what it was, they walked in the direction the sound was coming from. After a while, they reached the village, which belonged to the Minatá-Karaiá. The village was full of people, and the men had a hole in the top of their heads that produced the whistle the Kamaiurá had heard from far away. The Minatá-Karaiá had another peculiarity: from underneath their armpits bunches of *minatás* [coconuts] grew, and they were constantly snatching the fruits off, breaking them against their heads, and eating them.

What the Villas Boas brothers call "the human mind's natural penchant for the marvellous" does become, as the white introducers yield to the Indian tellers of the thirty-one tales, wearing. These myths make stiff reading. Some of the fault, perhaps, belongs to the translator. There seems an unnecessary plethora of italicized Portuguese and Indian terms; in the passages already quoted, why not simply say "turtles" and "coconuts" instead of "*tracajás* [fresh-water turtles]" and "*minatás* [coconuts]"? Is there *no* sufficiently accurate English equivalent of *jakuí*, *püa*, *itóto*, *irracuitáp*, *imurã*, *tucunaré-aruiáp*, *moinrucú*, etc., etc.? A conscientious, if not ideal, reader of this volume would be turning to the glossary


town motors
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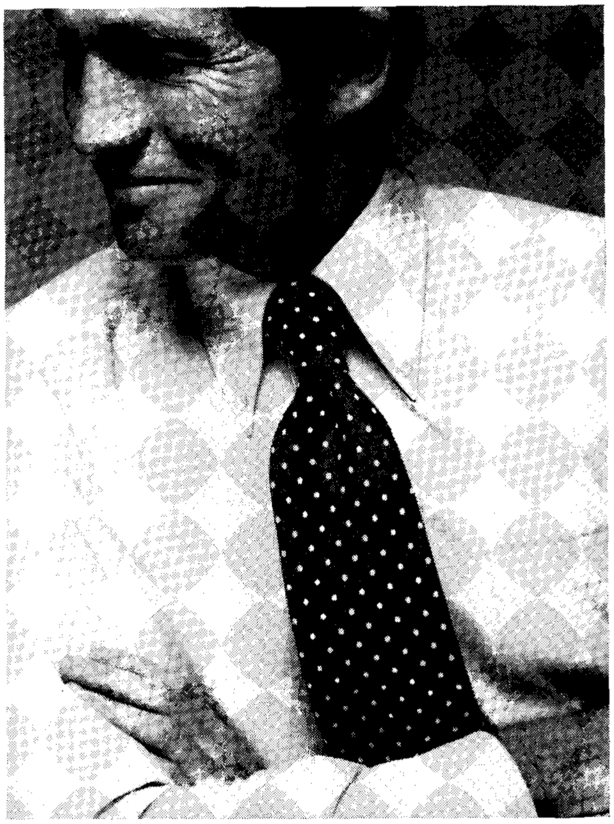
several times for every page. An ideal reader would know Portuguese and the relevant Indian languages and would have already read the Villas Boas journals in the original. While an excessive verbal pedantry constantly pricks the eye, footnotes are rigorously excluded where a clarifying note on ritual, or animal habits, or Xingu customs would often be helpful. And though the original was probably not a masterpiece of style, does the English have to be quite so flat, colorless, and arrhythmic? "The Juruana had everything when the waters began to grow with the rains." Was there no more concrete way of putting that? "She had plunged into a murky part of the woods, and finding the ladder by way of a shortcut, she climbed up and was gone." The sloppy comma aside, is "by way of a shortcut" really the thought? For me, it imposes upon the murky part of the woods a suddenly urban pedestrian saving valuable seconds on the way to an appointment on an upper floor.

But the mind meets resistance in the texture of these tales mostly, I think, because they are indeed primitive, and not only is the milieu an alien one but the habits of narration are different. The laconic closeness of event, no doubt relieved in oral rendition by pause and gesture, tests the attention of a modern reader. One can skim a paragraph by Henry James, get the general picture, and either go back for the furniture and nuance or get on with the story. Skim a paragraph of these myths, and one is lost:

> When the boys fell, the tapir went around stepping on them and burying them with his foot. The tapir, after killing and burying the boys, left and went a long way away. After a while the boys in the ground began to be born, some in the form of little turtles, others as real people. The one up in the tree said to the others down below, "How are you doing down there?"

A relatively transparent passage. But this reviewer's mind—after trying to imagine how to bury boys with a tapir's foot, where "a long way away" is, why the dead boys so easily begin to resurrect, and why some make it only "in the form of little turtles"—is too boggled to recall that one boy, the paragraph before, has managed, despite the kicking of the wicked tapir's foot, to stay up in the genipap tree, whence he calls down his cheery and—considering the circumstances—rather bland greeting. The story continues (in case you've been gripped) with the boys following their murderer by interrogating successively warmer piles of

Paul Stuart



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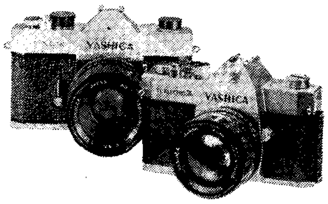

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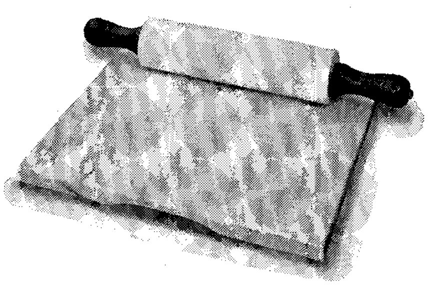

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excrement and killing him when he is asleep; then, "seeing that they had come a long way, the boys decided to climb up to the sky," where they casually turn into stars.

A modern story, however fabulous, proceeds subject to the discipline of some reality-derived premises; these Brazilian Indian narratives seem closer to the flow of dreams, wherein nothing is questioned. The sheer authority of the narrator is justification enough for any turn of event. His own decisiveness is echoed in the decisiveness of his characters: the boys decide to climb the sky; and, in one of the more vivid openings, "There once was an old man who wanted to get married, but no woman wanted to marry him. He was very ugly. Saddened by this, he decided to die."

As the distinctions between animals and men, the living and the dead, earth and sky are vaguely felt, so is the opposition between the inner will and the outer world. Things happen easily; in "The Origin of the Twins Sun and Moon," an old jaguar, "very angry, peeled a piece off her fingernail and threw it at her daughter-in-law, cutting her head off." Beheaded by a fingernail, the daughter-in-law thrashes, is referred to as now "dead," now "dying," has vitality enough to give birth to twin boys, the Sun (Rit) and the Moon (Une), and, pages later, after the sons have grown and revenged her by killing their wicked grandmother, still seems to be alive, and talking. A Western reader might expect from the title (imposed, I suspect, by the anthropologists) a coherent if fanciful account of cosmic origins, but this story takes place in an already created cosmos, wherein the growth of the twin Sun and Moon is measured in moons. The twins figure in many of the stories, yet with hardly a trace of celestial grandeur; they are often victimized, sometimes impotent, and rarely luminary. The elemental connection between the Sun and daylight is curiously grasped; in one myth, day is stolen by the Sun from a village of vultures. Another story is reminiscent of the Greek myth of Phaëthon, and offers a little of its tragic poetry. The Sun has been slain (by a bunch of coconuts!), and his widow, seeing the world lost in the ensuing darkness, persuades her three sons to don their father's headdress of feathers. Two of them find the headdress too hot, and come down from the sky; the third manages to wear it across the sky, but runs. When he learns to walk, he be-

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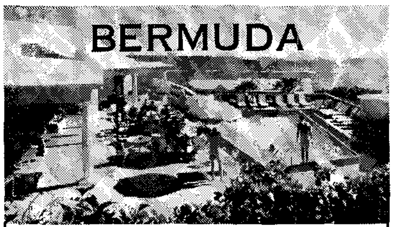

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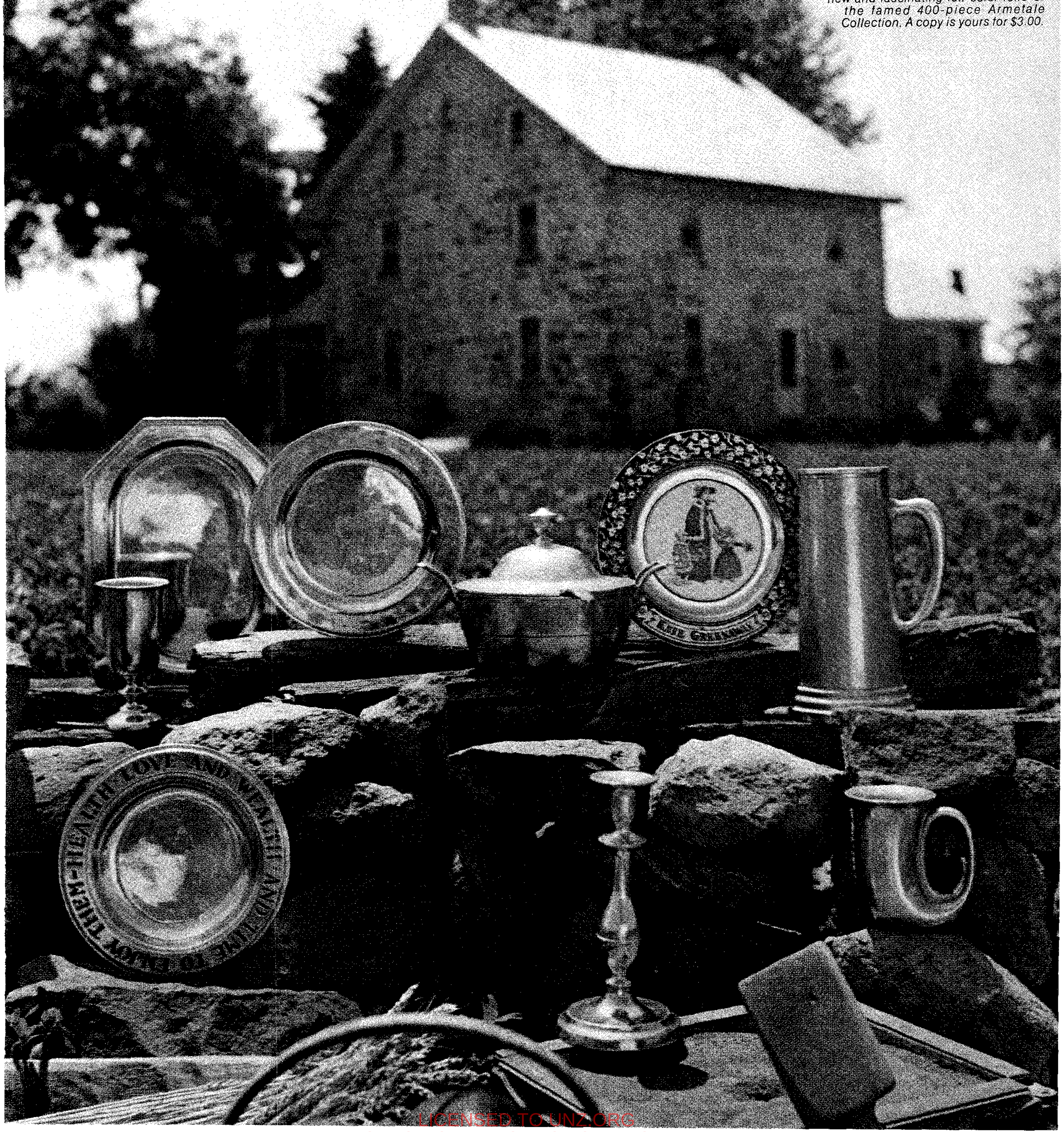

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comes the Sun, and his mother weeps, knowing he can never return home. The weeping mother is also the motif of the Xingu equivalent of the Adam myth, so brief that it can be quoted entire:

> In the beginning there was only Mavutsinim. No one lived with him. He had no wife. He had no son, nor did he have any relatives. He was all alone.
>
> One day he turned a shell into a woman, and he married her. When his son was born, he asked his wife, "Is it a man or a woman?"
>
> "It is a man."
>
> "I'll take him with me."
>
> Then he left. The boy's mother cried and went back to her village, the lagoon, where she turned into a shell again.
>
> "We are the grandchildren of Mavutsinim's son," say the Indians.

The Judaic differentiation of man and God has not yet occurred; Mavutsinim is both. Metamorphosis, in this slippery Amazon world, is no miracle but a mere matter of wishing. The heroes, animal and human, are not agonists, struggling to allocate eternally the one life that is theirs, but spirits, with something of the spirit world's playful elasticity. The lack of final moral consequence encourages a kind of teeming nastiness absent from Biblical legends. "Kanaratê and Karanavarê" is an Abel-and-Cain story in which Abel keeps "messing around" with his brother's wives and Cain keeps botching the attempt at murder by such tortuous methods as scarification and starvation, but Abel at last slays *him*, and inherits his wives. The moral: "Now it will always be this way. Husband will be jealous of wife and brother will fight with brother." A kind act is as rare in these tales as a logical progression. If any moral principle emerges, it is that sexual relations with women interfere with a warrior's hardness. Though there are glimmers of humor, of earthy wisdom, of a quickening sympathy with animal life, this is a low-ceilinged world, murky and mean; the myths seem drained of religion, perhaps by an unacknowledged awareness on the part of the Xinguanos that they, as a culture if not as a population, are doomed. Though presented as if timelessly isolated, they were visited by a German ethnologist as long ago as 1887 and have ever since been subject to infiltration by white adventurers, predators, missionaries, and saintly anthropologists. "Xingu," as a presentation of a cultural situation, is deficient just where Lévi-Strauss's "Tristes Tropiques," describing not dissimilar primitive societies in the Mato Grosso, is

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rich—in the sense of cultural interplay. Humanity, in types ranging from Lévi-Strauss's ironical self-portrait to the half-caste adventurers living on the margins of Indian territory to the Indians themselves, presents itself as a giant weave nowhere totally broken. In one of the book's many brilliantly melancholy passages, Lévi-Strauss, emerging onto the Amazon and the outposts of white civilization, witnessed (or thought he witnessed) a tribe, the Tupi-Kawahib, in the process of liquidating itself, in November of 1938. There, on the banks of the upper Machado, as the departing anthropologist hastened "to reconstruct from its last fragments a culture which had fascinated Europe," the Tupi-Kawahib prepared also to depart, and to sink the remnants of their tribe into a stronger one. At this juncture, one night, the chief, Taperahi, startled Lévi-Strauss by rising from the hammock of apathy and singing a song, a many-voiced dramatization that, in the summary, sounds like a lot of the stories collected in "Xingu"—the farcical adventurers of a *japim* bird amid talking jaguars, tapirs, lizards, and spirits. In the myth that concludes "Xingu," the Godlike Sinaá (who becomes "young again each time he took a bath, pulling his skin off over his head like a sack") shows us the forked stick that supports the sky and says, "The day our people die out entirely, I will pull this down, and the sky will collapse, and all people will disappear."

The forked stick in this case is the so-called Xingu National Park, set up, at the urging of the Villas Boas brothers, by the Brazilian government in 1961 and now gnawed at, if not yet knocked aside, by the Trans-Amazon highway. Of course, honor is due the effort of human preservation—by legislation as long as the needs of the powerful allow it, and by museums and literature afterward. One regrets of this book that the fragments were not given a context to enhance their value. Much that seems incongruous or unintelligible must allude to circumstantial details that could have been specified. Parallels with other myths and fables, especially those of other American Indians, might have highlighted the seldom memorable flux of incident. How many primitive peoples, for instance, have, like the Xinguanos, created myths to explain the invention of the anus and the origins of toothache? Beneath the muddy surface of these tales, the deeper significances swim unfished-for, while on the surface dance wonderfully spindly and clear-eyed draw-

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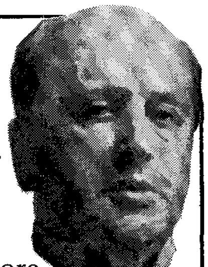

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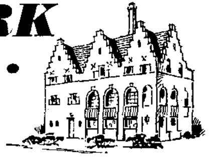

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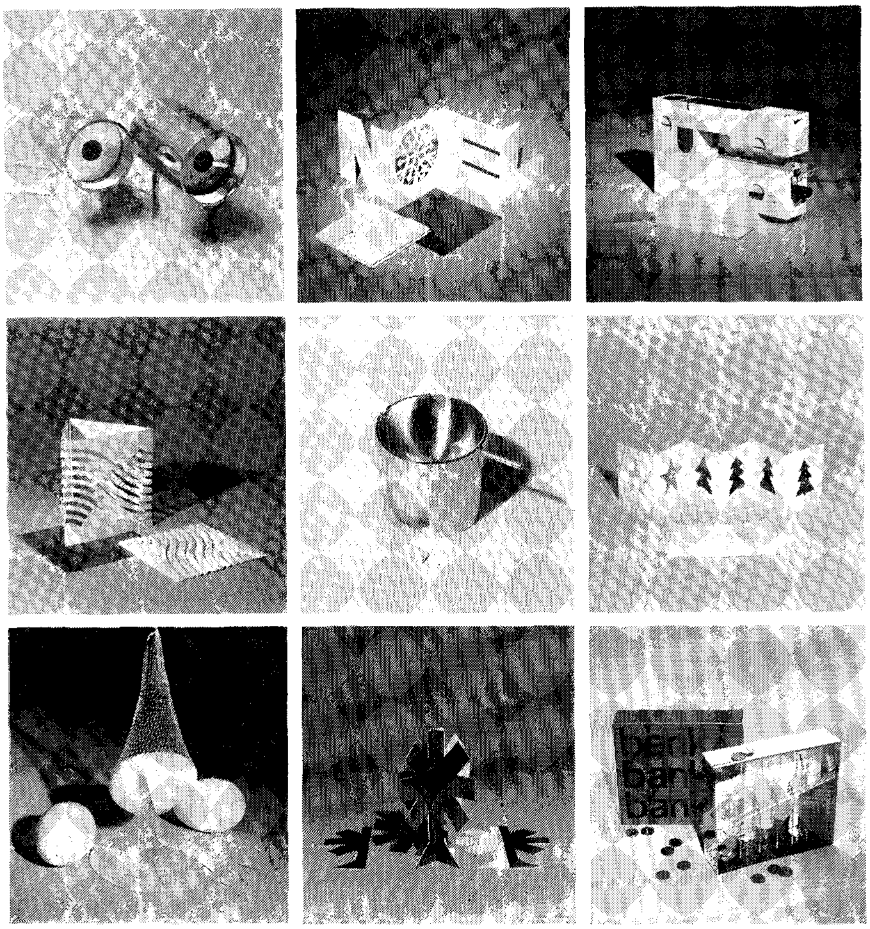
ings of animals and artifacts by Wacupiá, a Waurá tribesman who had never before put pen to paper. Including them as illustrations was a beautiful editorial stroke; they bring a Xinguano man as close to us as Picasso and Klee, and brighten an otherwise rather tristful volume. —JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE DEATH OF THE DETECTIVE, by Mark Smith (Knopf). A "serious" detective novel that starts off rather temptingly but eventually sinks under the weight of its murky subplots, overdrawn minor characters, and convoluted tales of—to cite the book—"insanity, imprisonment, adultery, abortion, rape, venereal disease, illegitimacy, threats of murder, along with less definable actions of inhumanity, sacrilege, perversion." There is an interesting retired detective in the course of all this (hotly pursuing a homicidal maniac), but much of the time he gets lost in the background. Background, in fact, is what we are given most of the time here—portraits of Chicago's hillbilly bars, of its political life, of its prosperous Gold Coast and seedy ghettos, and of the least twitch of a hoodlum's eye. The picture is rich, and Mr. Smith's style is deft, but the book is exhausting and not very satisfying.

IN THE SPRINGTIME OF THE YEAR, by Susan Hill (Saturday Review-Dutton). An intensely simple novel about a young widow who almost collapses in grief. When Ben Bryce is killed in a forestry accident, his wife, Ruth, withdraws to their cottage in rural England, shunning callers, admitting only Ben's gentle, consolingly quiet fourteen-year-old brother, Jo. Ben's parents resent her seclusion and wait for her to go mad or kill herself. Her recovery comes slowly, through tiny distractions with Jo, through remembering Ben, through learning the facts of his death, and through insights into a curate's family stricken by its own grief. One woman's mourning may seem a limited subject for a novel, but Miss Hill's apprehension of Ruth's experience has the richness of a good long poem. The writing is active, alive, unpretentious, and, as the spring of Ben's death gives way to the summer and autumn of Ruth's renewal, touched with a growing and well-grounded lyricism. This is the eighth novel by the



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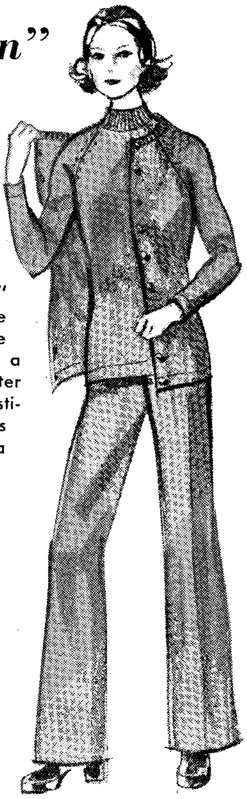

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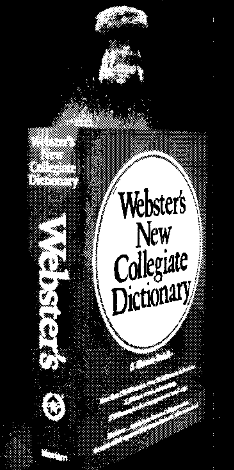
GENERAL

Ross and Tom: Two American Tragedies, by John Leggett (Simon & Schuster). In the late nineteen-forties, two young writers—Ross Lockridge, with "Raintree County," and Thomas Heggen, with "Mister Roberts"—each produced a first novel that was considered a candidate for that perennially elusive accolade of Great American Novel. Each book won immense applause and each earned huge amounts of money for its author. Neither man wrote a second book; both fell into despair, and both committed suicide. Mr. Leggett, himself a novelist as well as an editor, wrote this dual biography to investigate the awesome phenomenon of sudden eminence followed by catastrophe. There is little cross-reference between the men, except that Heggen, who died in 1949, was extremely affected by the news of Lockridge's death, in 1948. They did not know each other (though they had the same publisher), and the sum of their similarities is not great. Lockridge married young, stayed married, and had children. Heggen divorced and died childless. Lockridge rarely drank; Heggen drank to excess. Lockridge's family distrusted psychiatry, and he withdrew from treatment, while Heggen saw a psychiatrist regularly. On the other hand, both came from Middle Western middle-income families; neither had a notably successful father, and both had mothers who were more tough than tender. Mr. Leggett asks whether success itself is the villain—what he thinks of as a particularly American dream of getting everything all at once. Luckily, he does not overstress this hypothesis. He admits that (like most people) he does not wholly understand suicide. And his book's fascination is not in providing answers but in creating—with lots of data and exact language—a marvellous feeling of reality.

Swinburne: Portrait of a Poet, by Philip Henderson (Macmillan). A literate, thoughtful biography by a scholar who believes that Swinburne was a much better poet than either contemporary or recent taste has recognized. Swinburne's life is a peculiar tragedy: a precocious literary intelligence encased in a tiny, agitated, tense body; gifts so various



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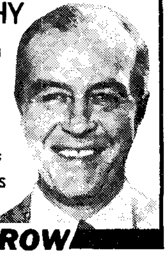

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(for criticism, parody, and every variety of jest as well as verse) that only early helpful discipline could have settled them. Instead, Swinburne was flogged by tutors and teachers until his sexuality became masochism; he seems to have been psychically arrested at a childish stage of development at which dirty words and flagellation obsessed him, and at which, moreover, his taut, ebullient personality was unable to cope with the alcohol he drank. Swinburne presents a temptation to write a case history; Henderson resists it in favor of a broader, more inclusive approach that balances Swinburne's deviance with his achievements.

Crime and Compromise: Janos Kadar and the Politics of Hungary Since Revolution, by William Shawcross (Dutton). The subject (scarcely the hero) of this book, who is at present the First Secretary of the Hungarian Communist Party, is not the de-facto ruler of his country; the Russians are, and Kadar has faithfully carried out all their orders, including some appalling betrayals—of his best friend and fellow-Communist, Laszlo Rajk, whom Kadar induced to confess to treason in 1949, with a promise that his life would be spared (it was not); of Imre Nagy, in whose 1956 government Kadar briefly served before going over to the Russians, and whose life was not spared, either; and, most recently, of the Czech leader Alexander Dubcek, with whom Kadar conferred for the last time only four days before the 1968 invasion of Czechoslovakia, to which Kadar contributed Hungarian troops. The tragedy of Hungary, as this book makes plain, is that this wretch is the best leader his country can hope for. Within the limits allowed by the Russians, Kadar has improved Hungarian living standards and mitigated the cruelties and nastiness of earlier Hungarian Communist regimes; Hungary is no longer the concentration camp it was before 1956 but more like an ordinary prison. Mr. Shawcross, who works for the London *Sunday Times*, is fascinating and convincing in all his details and in his exposition of Hungary's problems.

The Aryan Myth: A History of Racist and Nationalist Ideas in Europe, by Léon Poliakov, translated from the French by Edmund Howard (Basic Books). The author

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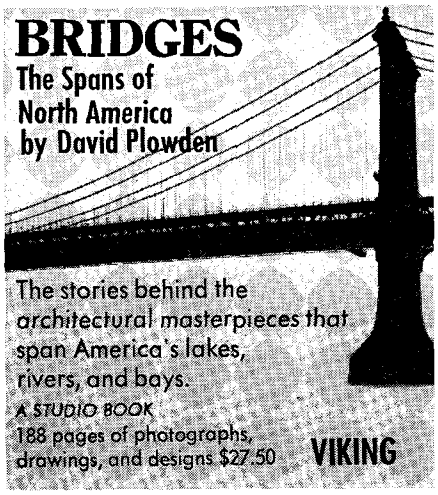

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says that all peoples apparently need to define who they are, and have done so by myths, legends, and imaginary genealogies that invariably prove their own tribe the best. Christianity raised a difficulty: it taught that everyone descends from Adam and Eve, which ruled out fabulous descents (from totemic animals, say, or demigods) and also forbade racism. Europeans at once reinvented fabulous descents (from personages mentioned in Genesis) and restored *racism by right of conquest:* that is, Goths and Franks were better than peoples they conquered. Yet the modern myth of "Aryanism" and its concomitant anti-Semitism—other students besides this author have stressed the point—are intimately related to the revolt against Christianity that was an aspect of the Enlightenment. "Science" and "reason" were out to discredit Christian claims to authority, and disrupted such ideas as the unity of mankind. (Voltaire's notorious anti-Semitism was primarily anti-Christian.) These arguments put not only anti-Semitism but anti-Negro feelings on a "scientific" footing; Europeans were now free to believe (many did) that blacks were not wholly human—perhaps a species of ape. Indeed, when Mr. Poliakov, who is head of research at the National Center for Research in Science, in Paris, describes the ludicrous theories that composed nineteenth-century anthropology, linguistics, and, all too often, history and sociology, one realizes that "science," like myth, was essentially devoted to making scientists feel better about their tribe; the wildest claims of all nationalisms were "scientific." Were it not for the dire consequences of the absurdities the author details, the book would make extremely funny reading: the historic moment when everybody in Europe wanted to be an Aryan descended from Indians who climbed down off the Himalayas is pure intellectual slapstick.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE SCHOOLGIRL MURDER CASE, by Colin Wilson (Crown). Mr. Wilson's story of a double murder in a swanky part of London would have been much more interesting if the main character, Manfred Lytton, had not been killed off before the book opens. In this slow and talky exhumation of Mr. Lytton's character and personality, we learn that he had a liking for various kinds of perversion in his pursuit, which was

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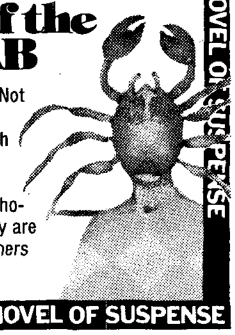

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ceaseless, of sexual pleasure, and that as a rich and childishly wayward bachelor he was easy prey for any self-styled witches, magicians, and false priests who would promise him sex embroidered with overtones or undertones of the occult. Gregory Saltfleet, Chief Superintendent of the C.I.D. of Scotland Yard—a nice, hardworking, rather wooden man—is diligent in tracking down and interviewing the assortment of tattered and for the most part furtive eccentrics who turn up as suspects in the case, but Mr. Wilson's thought is so tedious and his manner is so amateurishly macabre that all the good police work in the world would not transform this book into a believable detective novel.

A BURIAL IN PORTUGAL, by Noah Webster (Doubleday). Jonathan Gaunt, a Scottish government official, flies from Edinburgh to Lisbon and then drives to the village of Claras to attend the funeral of the famous archeologist Francis Preston. After the funeral, Gaunt sets about his real mission—investigating any reports he can find of Preston's last great discovery, an immensely valuable collection of early Christian church plate. The search leads Gaunt on what used to be called a merry chase, with shootings, muggings, sudden tumblings of ancient stone pillars, and so many murders and narrow escapes from murder that the scene, which is extravagantly handsome, gets to be very much overcrowded, although the presence of a really beautiful young fado singer lightens the atmosphere a bit. Mr. Webster's work does not improve as the pace of his story accelerates, but his main characters are interesting and hold up well, and Portugal is obviously a fine place to be if you know enough to keep a safe distance between you and the archeological digs.

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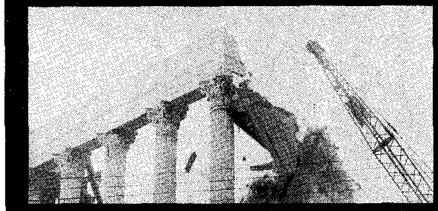

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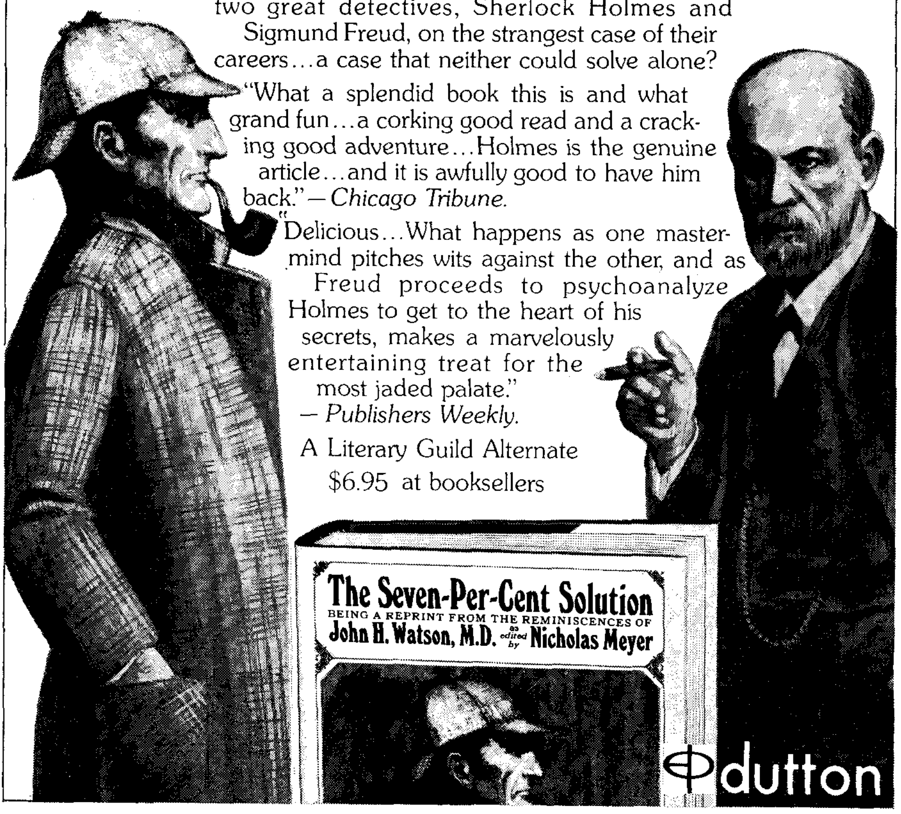

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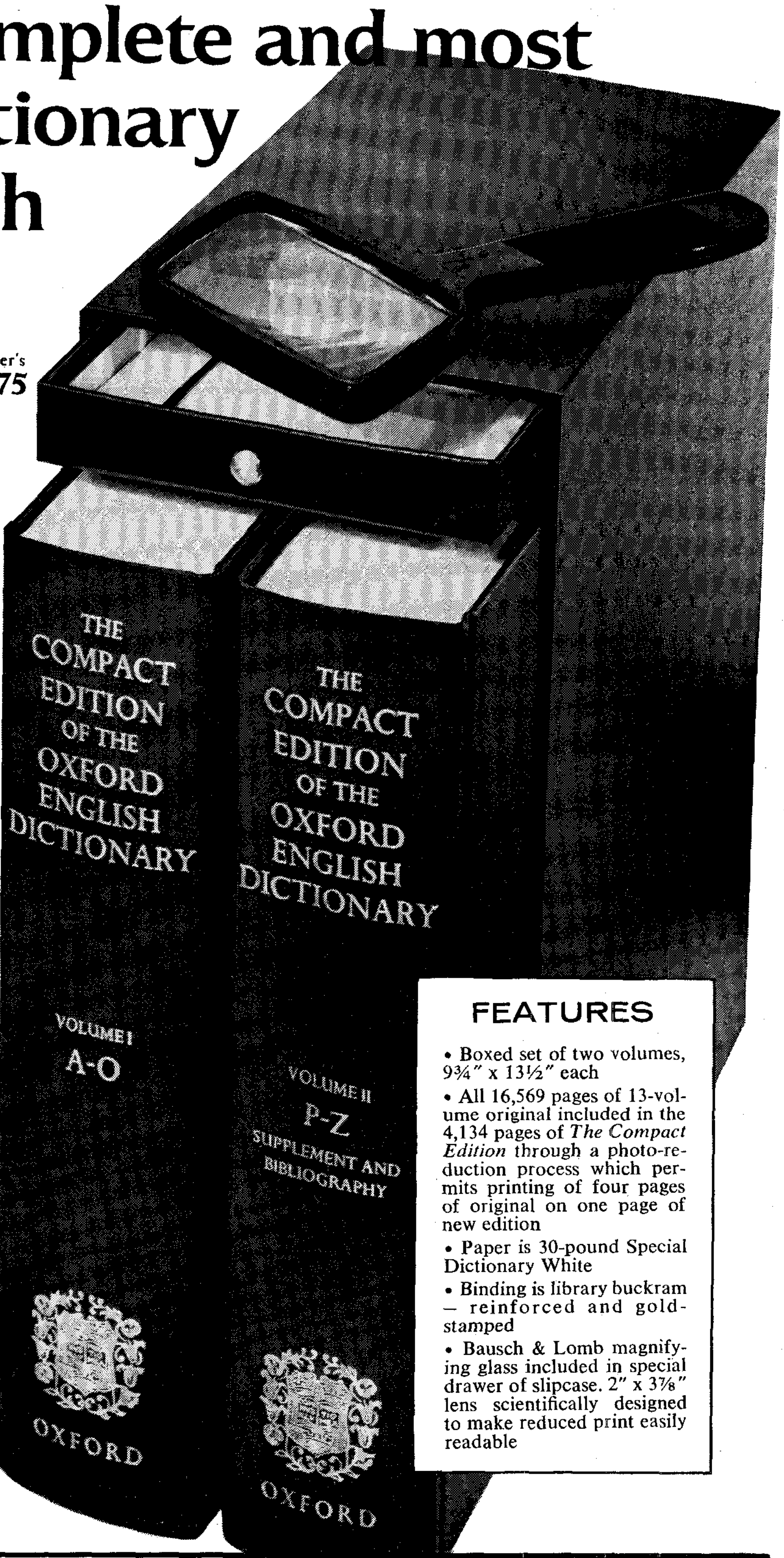
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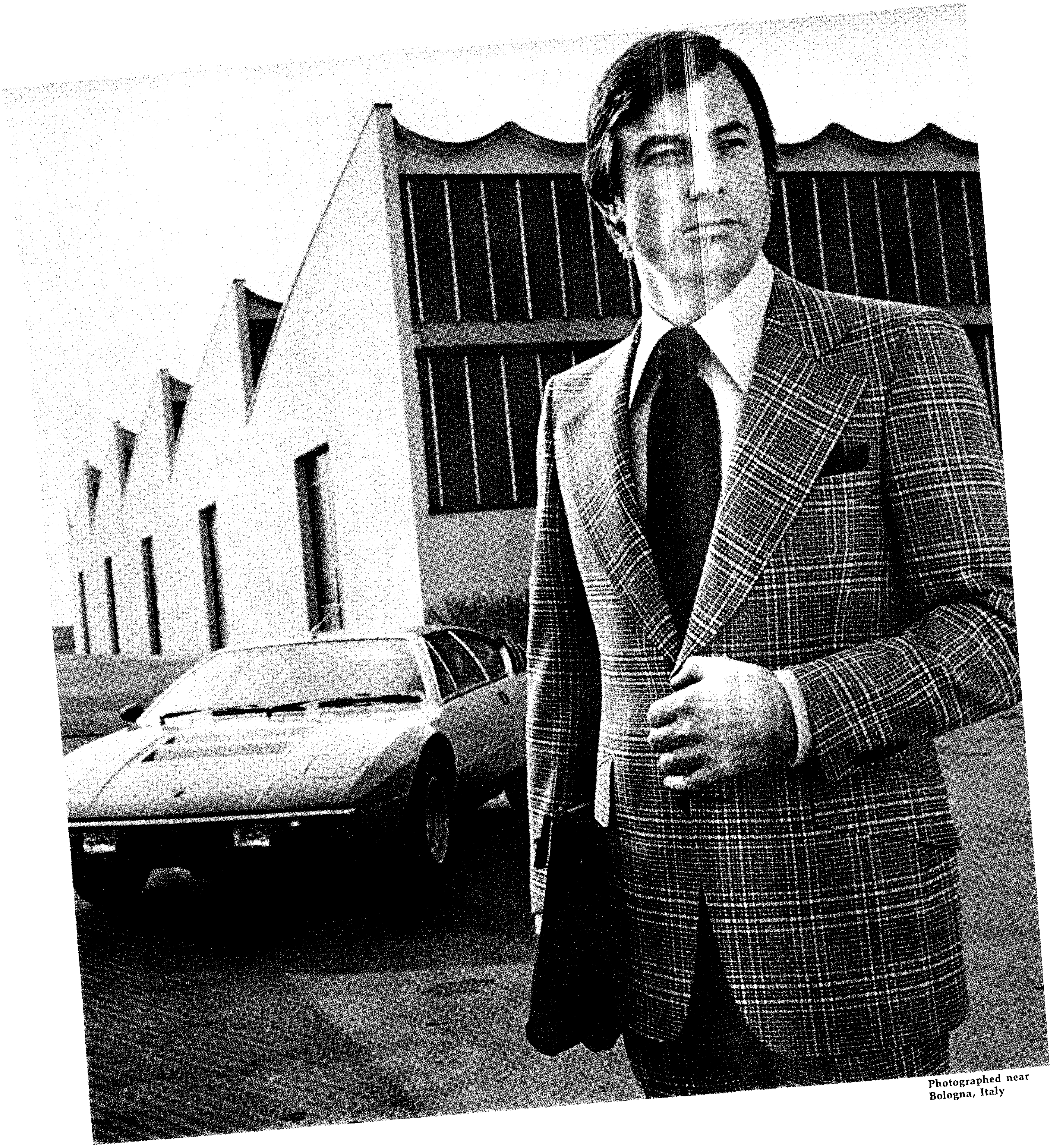

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